THE LUCKY BAG

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THE LUCKY BAG

THE ANNUAL OF
THE REGIMENT OF MIDSHIPMEN
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

1918

EDITED BY
THE CLASS of 1918

Copyright 1917
by
J. W. FOWLER

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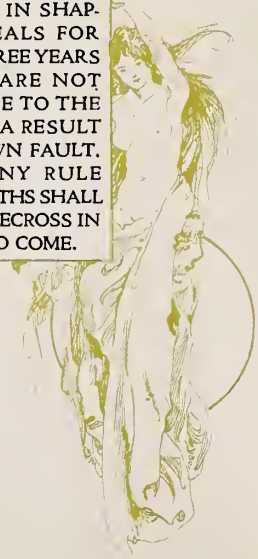
FOREWORD

IT is with feelings not unmingled with doubt that the Staff of the 1918 Lucky Bag presents this volume to its readers, for we realize that the shortage of preparation by nearly one year must have left its effects. Whatever the relative value of its literary merits, however, we shall rest assured that our efforts have not been entirely in vain if in the future it may at some time be instrumental in bringing to mind the happiest days of Eighteen's life, namely, those spent at the Old Academy.

TO KNOW "CLU" IS TO ADD SOMETHING VITAL TO YOUR LIFE. HIS PERSONALITY HAS AIDED MATERIALLY IN SHAPING 18's IDEALS FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS AND IF WE ARE NOT WORTH MORE TO THE SERVICE AS A RESULT IT IS OUR OWN FAULT. MAY DESTINY RULE THAT OUR PATHS SHALL CROSS AND RECROSS IN THE DAYS TO COME.



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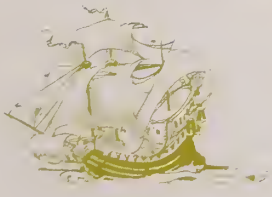
W. T. CLUVERIUS

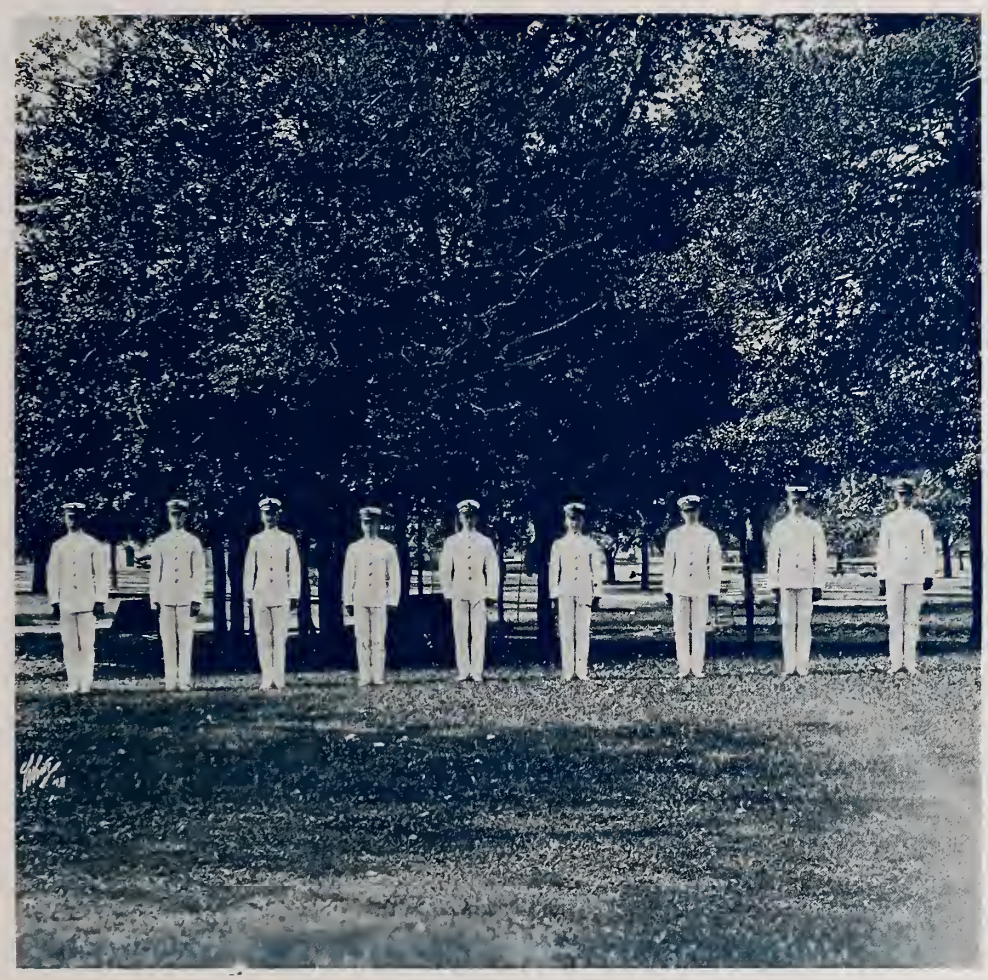
CAPTAIN
E. W. EBERLE

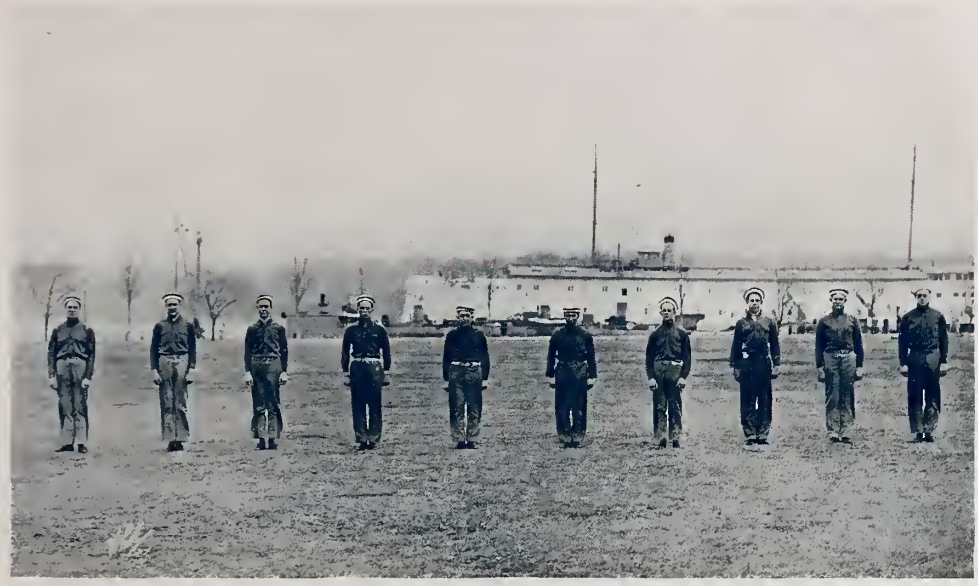


CAPTAIN
LOUIS M.
NULTON

COMMANDER
SINCLAIR
GANNON

What follows is an attempt to show in some slight degree the beauties of our Academy Home, to perpetuate the congenial groups or clans into which the class naturally divided and to recall to memory in the future what was meant by the word "The uniform for drill is Infantry X-ray" or "Seamanship Watch"





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RALPH CLONTS ALEXANDER

Cleveland, Ohio

"Alex" "Aleck" "Clonts"

Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); 1918 Plebe Crew Manager Crew (1); Masqueraders (2, 1) Buzzard; Musical Clubs (1)

THE correct Old Navy answer to the oft-repeated Sunday night question: "What's the good word?" would seem at first glance to describe Aleck's temperament, but this is only the impression he tries to create, for Clonts, you know, is an actor. Under his exterior mantle Alex has a cheery disposition, is popular, willing to take a chance, has been classed as an insurgent, and has an affinity for a 2.50 rather than a little bit of heaven on his collar.

In regard to acting, why it has become second nature in his daily life—he tries to appear as though he were at odds with the world. His lordly manner, sea-going roll, abruptness, and downcast countenance are merely a curtain which tends to hide his true disposition from inquiring eyes. He is a man of fads and fancies. Youngster year he was strong for the West Coast and comments on the joys and treasures it held were of daily occurrence. Second class year the fad led to being a sportsman, when interest in crew, etc., ran to high limits. During first class year, Alex became a politician and in this line, as in all others he has tackled, he achieved notable results.

In spite of Aleck's wonderful distinctive dance, he is always among those present when the roll is called at our social functions.

Clonts has been an active worker on the crew and in the Masqueraders. He also has a propensity for appearing in Smoke Hall at the after end of some advanced model cigar. This taste for the weed may have been created en route to the Army-Navy game youngster year, when he tackled a B. & O. rope in the Baltimore tunnel.

"No, no, that's not it, listen here."

HENRY ARTHUR HUTCHINS, Jr.

Portsmouth, Virginia

"Hutch" "Hooch" "Handsome Harry"

President Y. M. C. A.; 'Varsity Football Squad (3, 2) Class Basketball (4, 3); Numerals (Captain) (4) 'Varsity Crew Squad (3, 2); Three Stripes

LITTLE did we dream, when we read in the Evening Capitol of the advent of Henry Arthur Hutchins, Jr., savoir extraordinary, naval officer par excellence, etc., that the Hutch we knew was the man. Such introductions around here are always harder to live down than to live up to, and as it was well-nigh impossible to live up to, you can see what a hardship he started under.

Seriously speaking, we don't know a great deal about Hutchins. He started out to make good, quickly got on his course, and so far has sailed it steadily. He believes in the "regs" and abides by them, simply because they are regs. We have it on the highest authority, however, that not a few academic restrictions went by the board, when the "Little Girl Back Home" paid a short visit to Crabtown. We don't know how true it is, and perhaps shouldn't have mentioned it—three stripers can't afford to have their ancient "delinquencies" brought back to them.

Hutch isn't in the strictest sense a savoir, but he's right up there with the boys when the monthly marks go up. He has a world of good common sense, which, coupled with hard work, and an inherent habit of "standing from under," got him his three stripes first class year. He rated them all right but he surely had a job on his hands with the non-reg Third. It's a two-man job to keep Alec—his roommate—on the straight and narrow.

In the fussing line he has passed in his checks, since youngster year, but every once in a while still throws a "wicked foot" around the gym floor.

As for athletics, he's worked pretty hard and done well—hustlers, crew squad, and class basketball. His work here, as every where, has been steady and unselfish.

Hutch is a mighty good man, but has kept within his shell pretty consistently,

"Still water runs deep."

HUBERT HAVEN ANDERSON

Chillicothe, Missouri

"Andy" "Jo-Jo"

Buzzard; Wrestling wNt; Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2)
Lacrosse Numerals (4); Expert Rifleman

THIS husky farmer lad from the "show-me" State enjoys nothing more than a rough-house or a good joke—particularly if he or the joke is on the other fellow. He gets as much whole-hearted enjoyment from a joke at the expense of someone else as a kitten with Miladi's sewing kit. And a rough-house is never too rough for him—ask Olaf the Swede.

Plebe year he played on our all-but-champion class lacrosse team and made the 'Varsity squad. Youngster year a long confinement in the Hospital forced him to quit lacrosse. His best work has been with the wrestling squad. His heart is in it, and he has done a great deal of good, conscientious work on the mat, his first chance and first victory coming simultaneously second class year.

Jo-Jo is quite some fusser. He frequently falls desperately in love, and with equal frequency becomes fancy-free again. Many a heart has the fickle-one shattered. Although cursed with a perverted sense of humor, he is the owner of a fund of common sense, and is ever ready to offer friendly advice. The fact that it is not always accepted does not detract from its value. He, being a true Missourian, is hard to best in a "swap" or any other deal, and never hesitates to take a hand in any "game of chance."

Andy has thoroughly well-defined ideas of right and wrong, and is one of the few who never fall from the straight and narrow. In studies, hard work is not the only thing that puts him well above the middle of the class, for he is far from wooden.

"A maximum silencer is the latest ordnance invention, sir."

ELMER VICTOR IVERSON

Badger, Minnesota

"Haversine" "Haver" "Olaf"

Buzzard; Lacrosse Numerals (4); Football Numerals (4)

ONLY a fraction of the nicknames in which this sturdy Scandihoovian rejoices appear above. He has the greatest variety of anyone in the class. He is one of our oldest members; he even has false teeth. We shall never forget how he lost that tooth on the Polo Grounds youngster year, and fiercely lisped the yells during the rest of the game.

Plebe year Tryg was at once the joy and the despair of the upper classes. Hazing the Swede was the king of indoor sports, but after the first month of academic year they gave up trying to make him carry a brace.

In nearly all things he is a true Berserker, but his sea-going blood must have been lost in inland Minnesota, for he is ever among those present at extra swimming drill, and even worse than that exquisite torture, suffers from "mal de mer" immediately upon getting off "soundings."

Haver is a non-fusser extraordinary. He has positively never made his debut. It's a crying shame, too, for "he's got the sweetest little dimple in his chin."

Without overworking himself he has been able to keep on the safe side of a 2.50 in most subjects, but his early struggles with the Dago Department will go down in history.

Swede has a personality which defies description. His most notable characteristic is true, lasting friendship. The only time you can't count on him is in a poker game—here his gambler instinct gets the better of him and he's out for coin. Still, he'll always treat the party on his winnings, so we don't mind. It's a safe investment.

ROGER FRANKLIN ARMSTRONG

Bristol, Tennessee

"Shad" "Sam"

'Varsity Football Squad (4, 3); Sharpshooter
Expert Rifleman

SAM is one of the characters of the class. No matter in what company he is seen he stands out distinctly individual, a ward boss of the waterfront district, marshalling his forces together as he puffs away on his black Havana, doling out two dollars a vote, loudly denouncing the oligarchy and the demagogue and forcing you into voting for the People's Candidate on the platform of free tariff, free licker, and free skags.

On leave, Sam, with a loud-checked suit, striped shirt and cap pulled down over his eyes, has all the poise and appearance of a race track gambler, and being a silver-tongued orator holds forth at the corner cigar store, where he keeps the languid natives spellbound with his tales of the Whisky's black gang and Jake's rangefinder liberties.

In Mercersburg, Sam made an enviable rep playing football steadily four years and taking a shot at track, and played at the Academy plebe year, but since youngster year an athletic heart has kept him in the stands.

When it comes to an argument Sam has most everybody backed off the boards, not by logic or reason but by lung power; the less his argument has to stand on the louder his voice grows, until he overwhelms and browbeats his opponent by the simple process of drowning him out.

During youngster year Sam had the acid test of friendship applied to him when none other than his old friend Emmett Betts asked him to drag for him. Sam complied and Emmett produced a maiden whose beauty if measured in tons displacement would rate a cold forty.

"Now don't you feel like a ————?"

"What's that? What's that?"

GORDON BENTLEY WOOLLEY

Salt Lake City, Utah

"Mud" "Mud-hen"

Buzzard

"NAME the seven masts of a schooner, Mister. Come down with them or your name is Mud." And Mud it was; and will remain.

Mud hails from Salt Lake City, and as you have already guessed is a follower of Brigham Young, although he has not yet annexed the number of wives attributed to the Mormon Founder. Needless to say, Mud's tendencies are towards Mormonism, and recently he sent a first installment of six miniatures, and probably as time passes he will have them scattered all over the State of Utah.

Since this cactus-covered State is too arid and barren to furnish a dweller on its bleak plains enough nourishment to keep body and soul together, Mud is a little man, but you'll find him every inch a man, ready to back his word. A rough egg with his mitts, as more than one discolored range finder will prove, and the best "swivel-chair strategists" prefer not to force their own point of view upon him.

Notwithstanding this, Mud is a peace-loving citizen, whose whole soul is given to the worship of the Lady Nicotine. He and his side-kicker, Fin France, braved the elements during the long winters for three years "ketching" on the fourth deck roof until the coming of the Smoke Hall privilege gave them their well-earned opportunity to smoke in comfort and ease, "like a white man." Still the old game of eluding the vigilant O. C. did not fail to add zest to life when times were dull.

"Oh, Fin-lie-e-e, we have a sacred duty to perform, bust out the Bull."

WATSON OSGOOD BAILEY

Lynn, Massachusetts

"Bill Bailey" "W.O."

Buzzard; Track Numerals

WHEN the master's voice started chanting "Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?", Bill thought it was the Marine Corps. Even though he likes the Navy, coming as he does from the coast of Massachusetts, yet there is a valid and potent reason for his intentions. It is said she possesses all the virtues of two pilgrims, six fairies, and the queen of England.

Bill is the genial, open-hearted pride of his fellow-statesmen, who maintain that the rule of the State isn't universal. He is one of the boys who increases the activities of the Academic Departments, and then, just as victory and the acquisition of another victim seems certain, he crowns the exam with fervor and gleefully takes a new lease on life. In regard to re-exams his "Capsule A" for all such ills is "Don't let a little thing like that worry you."

Games of chance are his specialty. He was one of the owls on board the Wisconsin who sat up until three in the morning in a thorough and exhaustive research to determine who had the luck; and he tells us that he left home on Friday, June 13, rode in car 13, arrived in Baltimore on track 13, took train 13 to Crabtown, and strode into military life with 13 wrinkles.

Bill has tried the stage, bicycle racing, the mile run, malignant chemistry, and the German tongue as diversions, achieving a fair success in each. The fluency with which he speaks German is positively immodest. We fear, however, that he won't have much chance to demonstrate his ability in this last, and as for his favorite game of pinochle—it's too dangerous to attempt any more.

PETER KALSCH FISCHLER, Jr.

Wellsboro, Pennsylvania

"Pete" "Iswish"

Class Baseball (4); Baseball Numerals; Two Stripes

PETE comes from the coal fields where "the Pennsylwania Wolunteers once charged waliantly up the walley, firing wolley upon wolley but all in wain," and although he may be German enough to rate being interned, he is loyal to the core, as "My boy Peter's" picture proves.

Iswish has one quality that is paramount among men of genius and letters; he is inclined to be somewhat of a pessimist when an altercation between himself and the Academic Board is at hand. He bilges fifteen times a week with one for luck on Saturday. To see him returning from a Nav P-work reminds one of the retreat from Warsaw. When his wife departed this life of joy and frivolity, Peter was certain that the gods intended it for an omen of his own ultimate disaster. But he is still with us, and his two stripes are not a gift of the rewarding "angels," but are the result of three years of conscientious work.

Little did Pete dream, when he became an inmate of this factory for the production of polished brass and fish food that a whole battalion of embryo admirals would soon answer his beck and call, but it's true, and now our hearts fill with joy when he orders us to "report to express office for package."

If all Pete says about indoor sports in Wellsboro is true, his podunk certainly takes the cut glass mustard bottle. In spite of his devilish ways in his own home town he is the reddest of red mikes here. Perhaps the daily missives prove that his abstinence is entirely a matter of constancy and not a slam at the unfair sex.

"She bet me I was, so I proved that I wasn't."

"I'm always around when the Fats are being dished out."

"My Gawd, I'm bilged!"

VAUGHN BAILEY

Chicago, Illinois

"Tucker" "Tuck"

Buzzard; Masqueraders (3, 2, 1); Log Staff (2, 1); Musical Clubs (1)

THIS gentleman with the "grad terms" name has for his home port Chicago. He came to the Academy with the navy bee in his bonnet, for he had seen ships sailing up and down the Great Lakes ever since he was a little tacker, and he was sure that the only life for him was a life on the rolling deep. To be sure, he has changed his mind several times since then, but it still looks as though he were going to sail the seven seas, even though he has talked of going into the Marine Corps at various times.

Vaughn is a person with a fertile brain and is never satisfied unless inventing or building some diabolical contraption which occupies most of his study periods and most everyone else's as well. He has constructed everything from a phoney-graph that played records backwards to a tendency inducer that was guaranteed to fill your room with smoke on one Fatima. Hence we do not wonder that the boy's academic standing has been steadily declining.

He has been one of the mainstays of the Masqueraders ever since plebe year, and was the leading lady in both the shows in '16 and in '17. As an actress he would make Ethel Barrymore and Geraldine Farrar look like a couple of Swedish washerwomen.

Vaughn has a keen sense of humor and makes an ideal room-mate; he has a good, likeable disposition and you can count on him like you can count on getting a B. & W. Boiler second class semi-ans. He will argue, but you can always shut him up by clouting him one on the ear, at least so his room-mate maintains. Although he is not known by a great number of men in the class, he has made a bunch of life-long friends and he will carry them beyond the Academic walls with him when he leaves.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER STEWART MACKLIN

Ilchester, Maryland

"Was" "Stew" "Mac"

Masqueraders (3, 2); Log Staff (2, 1); One Stripe

ONLY the social editor could supply the "copy" for the biography of this gay "Lothario,"—this social lion. Social lion he is, for there is not a chateau in these environs in which he has not balanced the tea cups, munched the choicest cake, and asked for one more "Academic Fatima."

Buddy is our criterion as an interpreter of modern dance music; in fact, he follows Louis Fisher and Bernstein with more facility than either Bullard or Stickney. Speaking of studies, you would hardly say that Math was written in waltz time for Stewart, either. Those hairbreadth escapes are probably forgotten now, and debutantes and informals completely eclipse double integrals, ellipsoids, etc.

But fussing isn't Stewart's only accomplishment. Fussing for him is a necessity, for the girls won't let him rest. Handicapped by light weight he has not made a wonderful athlete, but we still remember him playing plebe football in a place where you would naturally expect a heavier man. He has a special build for aquatics, and he has made the boys hustle for their places on the swimming table.

The Masqueraders proved a ready outlet for much of his energy. The "stage-gang" gets neither N's nor honors, but Buddy labored long and faithfully with them. The handling and staging of many productions can be traced to his work, and their success is, in no small degree, due to his efforts.

Mack influenced his family to move to Crabtown, and since then has kept open house. We have felt it our privilege to drop in at any time to turn an eventless liberty into one flavored with Maryland hospitality. He is just as eager to make you feel at home as are his friends to leave their latch strings out for him.

"Assistant, take charge; I'm going to Smoke Hall." "I've been waiting for three years to say that!"

WILLIAM OWEN BALDWIN

Montgomery, Alabama

"Red" "Meestah Baldwin, Sah"

Log Staff (3, 2, 1); Submarine Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)
Buzzard; Co. A

ARE you from the North, South, East, or West? It makes no difference, for here is a person who knows someone that knows someone you know. He has never been known to forget a face, and as for remembering names—well, his personal pride would suffer quite a shock if he could not recall a cognomen he had heard or read about.

Red is a walking encyclopedia on things naval. No one can remember the time when he could be caught by any question pertaining to the Service, for he knows every ship from stem to stern and from truck to keelson, and every officer from the highest to the lowest.

Early plebe year, Mistah Bawldwin, Sah! began to have a "sister" or a "cousin" down to see him, much to the envy of the rest of us who did not have the courage to follow in his wake. And he has continued a heavy fusser, too. Not a hop passes but Red is dragging a veritable queen—a 4.0—a Southern Beauty—in his own eyes?

Although never an active participant in any form of athletics if we bar the Mexican form, the "Cow" always took an interest in things, always knew what was going on, did a good share of the boosting. Why even our first class year, our days of luxury and ease—such as it is at the U. S. N. A.—Red always knew the schedule far in advance, a la plebe of the Old Navy.

Red was never what you might call a savoir, neither what you would call wooden, but—well, just hard to interest. True, he adorned the bushes occasionally, may even have been numbered among the honored few of the Christmas Tree, but he has always reached the goal.

Just how the name, Mistah Bawldwin, Sah! was tacked on is a long story and space forbids its entrance here, but Red likes to talk, so ask him about it.

"Mistah Bawldwin, Sah! Is the mail out yet?"

"No! Mine hasn't come yet."

LLOYD ERWIN CLIFFORD

River Forest, Illinois

"Dona" "Cliff"

Gymnasium Squad (4, 3, 2); Buzzard; gNt Choir (4, 3, 2, 1); Log Staff

"THIS one wins," said the judge of a Chicago baby show, as she pinned a blue ribbon on little Lloyd Clifford. It did not take long for this story of his first victory to follow him to the Navy. As usual, some Spanish savoir was on the job and called him "Dona Perfecta" and the name stuck.

Perfecta has quite a sentimental nature, and likes music, poetry and drawing. Since plebe year, however, a few of the classics (especially Bullard—Vols. I and II) have so absorbed his interests that he has gradually drifted away from those coarse and less gratifying pursuits. But Juice with all its fascinations cannot keep Dona away from the Gym—that is, on the day of the meet. He does not look inside Luce Hall until Saturday at 2.30, but at any gym meet Dona can be seen lightly twirling about on the horizontal bar, while admiring misses gasp and wonder with suppressed fear lest he should fall.

Dona's career in the U. S. N. A. has been rather stormy. He came in with a slightly wrong idea of the Navy and before he had a chance to get his bearings and settle on the new course he was branded as extremely "ratey." And so it has continued for three years. During his frequent rhino spells he swears that the Navy is no place for him, but at no time is he quite sure that he ought to be a "cit" except during the three months of every cruise. Dona starts getting green behind the gills when word is passed for the chain tierers to lay below, and remains out of commission until port is reached again. Once on dry land, however, and the unpleasant incidents forgotten, he jokingly refers to his experience as those of "Inbad-the-Sailor." But his old grudge against the ocean will never be forgotten.

According to the latest dope La Perfecta will go into one of the land branches of the Service where his sense of equilibrium will be less subject to disturbance.

"Me and Colerige." "Yea, and slimy things did crawl with legs upon the sea."

GRAEME BANNERMAN

Red Granite, Wisconsin

"Red" "Rojo" "Touch" "Cerise"

Masqueraders (3); Cheer Leader; Soccer Squad (3, 4); Musical Clubs (1)

THE now famous Rouge made a flying leap into the stern of '18 as we shoved off on Oct. 1, 1914, for the passage of eight rivers. He was not content to remain idle ballast, and his charm of face, figure and fluency brought him all too soon to the attention of sundry bucko-mates, known to that generation officially as first classmen. Nicknames showered upon him fast and furiously until he could answer to any name or none, and still plead confusion. As toastmaster at impromptu banquets, and as editor of the weekly "bumwad," he was the find of the season for the first class, and the curse of his colleagues, the plebes. He furnished the humor, and we the pathos.

Seriously, however, we have in Touch a sound man, and one of the bright features of our class's countenance. Sturdiness, honesty and a total absence of affectation is the foundation of his character. Good-natured always and possessed of the gift of drawing the sting from all harsh words, whether his own or another's, he has healed more than one raw spot.

Athletic? Of course, at the true Scotchman's game, soccer, Red's shin crackers twinkled in the van always, as several bruised and astonished upper classmen could have testified. Ye-es he does swim, but one cannot expect the swimming instructor to be wise to the latest strokes from Red Granite, hence the annual disagreement.

His major sport is the national pastime of Central America and Sunny Spain. At throwing the bull Red acknowledges few peers, and as "raconteur" of "lances-cortas" of a spicy variety not always heard in the most exclusive circles he is admittedly "res rexorum." Nobody has ever tried to pass a cloture act on Red; he can hold the floor from "turn to" till "the Cow" comes on the deck to get an altitude of Vega, and never say the same thing twice. His line has been a never-failing, ever-refreshing scuttle-butt to his shipmates as they are gathered on the foc'sle after a long day's toil.

EARLE WATKINS MILLS

Nashville, Arkansas

"Luke" "Pop"

Three Stripes; Class President (3, 2); Manager Football; Football N (4); Crew Squad (4); Director Y. M. C. A. (2, 1); Athletics, The Log; Assistant Business Manager The Lucky Bag; Name on Thompson Trophy Cup; Class Honor Committee (1)

"LUKE McGLUKE" he was christened on youngster cruise—why, no one seems to know, but the name stuck; so has Luke.

That broad and sunny smile is native of Arkansas just like Luke, and it takes little more than a glance to see that behind it lies a striking personality. Luke is a born mixer and leader, and one may get some idea of the man's tasks he has performed when it is known that he guided the destinies of '18 from plebedom to first class year. In the position of Class President he has demonstrated rare ability, whole-hearted interest and an initiative that we all have admired. The many privileges that he secured for us under Art. 819, N. A. Regs. will not soon be forgotten by grateful classmates.

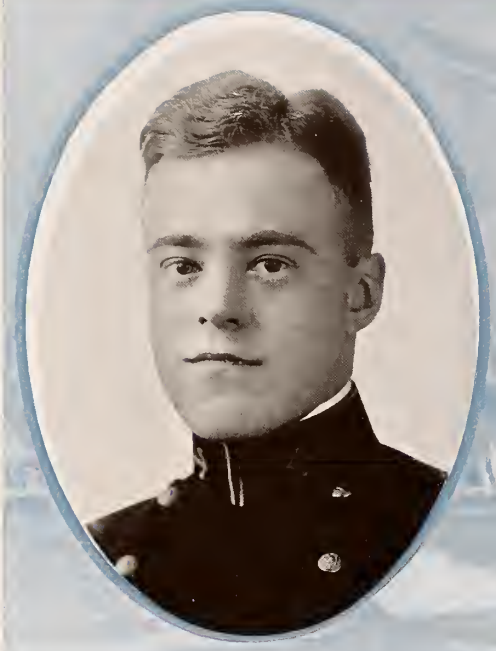
Luke entered the Academy endowed with a goodly amount of brawn which he has used to advantage on the football team. In the Army game of that first year, however, he wrenched his knee seriously and ever since his lot has been extreme mental agony, sitting in enforced idleness on the side lines. Perceiving that he was of little use in that capacity, he lent himself to the task of helping out in numerous other ways possible. His unfailing efforts in this direction brought him the football managership, and you'll find his name where it belongs, inscribed on the athletic cup.

He has always delighted in general "rough-houses." Because of this, the Old Fifth made him their official hangman for the desperate characters. Many of the latter have regretted their relations with him in that capacity. "Chick Hellmers," especially, was the goat for these scenes of carnage—in fact he was generally the carnage.

The Commodore's one great drawback is his unfailing attachment to "Clown Bannerman." "Say, Commodore, are you going to give us liberty in Boston?"

"I'll have to get four bits from each one of you guys today."

"Hey, fellows, go easy on that red-eye, we've only got two bottles left."



EDWARD EVERETT BELL, Jr.

Leonia, New Jersey

"Tinkle" "Professor" "Mike" "Chin-Chin"

Submarine Squad (4, 3); Buzzard

IF you see a short, compact, cute little fellow, with a very pugnacious looking jaw, you will recognize him immediately as "Tinkle," the human chime. Edward Everett landed in this peaceful and quiet place early plebe summer and soon made known his arrival by disturbing the sanctity of Lover's Lane. After that incident, Ting-a-ling quieted down and became a model plebe. Even youngster year failed to draw him from his shell; he was a confirmed Red Mike. Then came Spring, with its wonderful attractions and its balmy days. They were too much for Tinkle, and he fell. He dragged; it wasn't so bad after all; he dragged again. Thus, our Edward became a fusser. Second class year found young Bell a heavy dragger. Some people said he was in love; we refuse to say.

Despite his prize-fighting appearance, he has never been known to be "hard." A gentle reproof such as, "You poor weird nut," is his usual response to anyone rousing his ire. Against the Medical Department and the Department of Physical Torture, however, Tinkle really did fight. It took him three years to convince the Medical Officers that "eyes is eyes" and that his were of the 20—20 model. The Gym profs were even harder to convince than the Medical Officers, and Tinkle couldn't get over the habit of swimming a la rock. Finally, after several months of winter training he made the required six laps, and gave Otto more than he bargained for by swimming at least half of it under water, not to mention swallowing several gallons of the luscious contents of the tank.

Tinkle may not be built for cruising continuously on the surface but we're pretty confident that when the rough weather sets in he keeps his head above water with the best of 'em, and if he does ship a little water now and then, he'll keep the seas all right until he's ordered to "make best of way to mooring."

"Mr. Bell, what makes you look so ——— hard?"

J. WARREN QUACKENBUSH

Paterson, New Jersey

"Quack" "Bush" "Bushwhacker"

Class Crest Committee; Buzzard

ROCK-BOTTOM! That's Bush for you. Slow to take offense, slow to believe dope, never jumping at matters, but tolerant of the hot-heads, the old artist and piano manufacturer sails serenely along with that slow, broad, half-apologetic smile. The fact is, he is so apologetic about his accomplishments that you don't realize them until he strolls in to pull you out of a hole in Steam with his "Now, don't you think this goes, now-w, this way?" or until your girl supremely ignores you from the moment that "dandy Mr. Quackenbush" shoves his beaming face on the scene.

Game to the limit on a liberty and with enough brains to support his laziness, Quack will always be in at the finish. Most of his surplus energy has been wasted on the vile weed, and his "Hey, Percy! Avez-vous quelquechose? Let's catch" will long be remembered by the Third. Smoke Hall was his dream for nearly three years, during which time he was a charter member of the Catcher's Club. The squelching of Tinkle Bell's wild flights occupied no small amount of his time, not forgetting his assistance in the strenuous efforts to bring the latter out of his Red Mike hole.

The rest—Bush is a passable hand at tennis, commits desecrations on the mandolin which he terms music, likes sailing, despises Math, feels happy when he can don cits, prefers something raggy in music, and becomes embarrassed when anyone's attention is centered on him.

"Aw-w-w! I'm a pessimist! Get your damned dope out of here!"

HAROLD BIESEMEIER

Modesto, California

"Snapper" "Togo" "General" "Politician" "Biese"

Track N; Track Squad (4, 3, 2); Track Numerals (4); Football Squad (4, 3, 2); Wrestling Team (3, 2); wNt; Captain Wrestling Team; Two Stripes

"LADIES and gentlemen, particularly ladies, this is Togo." He is the peer of mimics, a passable football player, a wrestler of no mean ability and elected wrestling captain for the season he will never see, a good weight man on the track squad—but above all a stellar fusser.

He surely blossomed out in that gentle sport, until now it is rare indeed that a mail arrives without at least one letter for the Snapper. He really believes that he has an irresistible way with the fair sex, as "Luke," "Greek," or his wife "Ezra" will testify. The Snapper and "Twitter" Johnson are having a hard run to see which of them can show the ladies the best time.

You have probably heard of tales called fish stories, but snake stories are more than a novelty. If you want to hear a good one, ask Togo to tell you about the rattler's mouth he fell into.

Did you happen to see him as the Chaplain when we buried Math and English? Or, passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, as a rather husky Spanish singing and dancing girl at the Smoke Hall show, when he rendered "La Paloma" in the original Spanish?

General, we've seen your lighter side, we've seen you giving the gang a few pointers to think over in a "fest"; and our thorough affection for you is coupled with admiration for the way you can drop pleasure for business—the mighty efficient business you make of it.

HENRY SAMUEL KENDALL

Baltimore, Maryland

"Ezra" "Henry"

Three Stripes; Lacrosse Numerals (4); Class Supper Committee

YES, his nickname is "Ee-zra," and it was given to him because it is indicative of the man. If you care to look up his venerable namesake, you will find that he was a very precise individual back in Biblical days, and our Ezra perpetuates his qualities.

He is orderly by nature; if anything, too much so, which is a virtue extremely irritating to most midshipmen. His room and his work are always scrupulously neat, and he is liable to overlook the large points in paying too much attention to the small things. In his appearance and clothes he is usually a model for us all, though not necessarily an adopted one, and we have spent hours figuring out how Ezra always looks as if he had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox.

Withal he is a thoroughly sensible man. He takes a broader view of conditions here than do most midshipmen, and he conscientiously works to acquire a large fund of knowledge and information for future use. Ezra showed a great deal of ability at lacrosse our plebe year, and he would have made the team had he not early formed the habit of teasing the Academic Board by toying with the required 2.50. However, on the final tests he has always finished strong, and the Academic Departments have nothing on him now.

As a fusser Ezra was fast developing into a regular Lothario —until his friend Douthit brought him down a queen who quickly made him into a one-girl-power man. Of course, she could never have performed such a thorough job if Ezra had not co-operated in every possible way.

Ask any man in the old Fifth Company, and he will tell you that Ezra is a man you can safely moor alongside of, and is a friend to the core. Ambition he has, and he plays the game for all it is worth.

"What do you think of that, huh?"

"You'll have to admit that's right, won't you?"

JOSEPH HASTINGS BRADY

Du Bois, Pennsylvania

"Johnny" "Irish"

Masqueraders (3); Glee Club (2, 1); Choir (1); Buzzard

OF this descendant of the Old Irish King, with a 4.0 brace and the smile of Old Erin, a man once said upon meeting him, "Do you know, there is something I like about that fellow Brady; he has a good hand-shake." There you have it! Hastings Brady is sound to the core. He has many old Irish characteristics, but the fact that there is as much personality in his politeness as character in his hand-shake, wears the best. But Johnnie tops off his serious strain in a most unique manner. In short, he's Irish, and will fight to prove it.

For the "Pennsylvania Irishman" the world holds an abundance of pleasure. Heaven, a finite quantity to him, is Sep leave at home in an easy-chair, with his favorite smoke and a magazine. Moreover, he's a connoisseur of smoke; he has spent the maximum allowable time at sea on account of it, and he is now, ex-officio, the president of the 40% Fatima Club. In addition to these he has passed the weary hours between smokes—which he believes in having "before and after everything"—with wrestling, the Masqueraders, the Choir, and even work. All of these he has integrated between the limits of fun and happiness. But there is always something to take some of the joy out of life, and to him this one thing is reveille. At one minute before formation he lifts his head and greets you with a "What time is it?"

Like his friend, Rigo, Brady's love affair remains one of the tragedies of the Regiment. Not to be outdone, though, the King is now, to use his favorite expression, "in love with love itself." So beware all ye would-be conqueresses of the wild Irishman's heart! Revenge is sweet, and he is on the warpath.

Whatever else might be said of him, he is O'Brady.

"There he is; he's got green whiskers."

EARLE HILL KINCAID

Covington, Virginia

"Kinky" "Kink" "Earle"

Plebe Record Relay Team; Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Buzzard Lucky Bag Staff; Submarine Squad Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2)

VIRGINIA cannot boast a more loyal son, for he never tires of extolling her virtues; it is his religion. Furthermore, he looks the part of a true Southerner, and, of course, he is a heavy fusser, being of the handsome, devilish type that is absolutely irresistible. He had his head shaved second class cruise, but the only result was the loss of his grease with a certain young lady in Provincetown, who refused to be seen with "a human sugar bowl."

Kink has had more than his share of trouble, but his horseshoe has always turned disaster into victory. The worst was first class year, when he had to go over expert sharpshooter's course of 20 exams, in 2 months.

When the Virginian reaches the last river with us he will have pulled through more genuine tough luck than most of those famous personages who bilge three or four times. To those of us who know all the circumstances the mere fact that he is not now a member of '19—or a cit—speaks a library.

Kink has a keen sense of humor that is in accord with the Julian Calendar. He loves to dig up and relate a quaint fable that was old when Louis XIV was still young. All his stories are clad in the green ivy of age that bring back to his hearers fond memories of childhood days, stories that have stood the wear and tear of the Ages, and have been long adopted as the standard nursery tales in all the best families; —that is, some of the stories.

He likes to rhino; he likes to argue; in fact "you'll have to acknowledge" that he clutches the self-winding Victrola in all branches of Mexican athletics.

Earle has been a hard working member of the track team and the submarine squad. He was on the plebe record-breaking mile relay team. If you don't believe that he can run ask the watchman in the railroad yard at 'Frisco.

"I swear — —." "Don't you see?"

EVERETT BENNETT BROWNE

Ramsey, N. J.

"E-B" "Phoebe"

Mandolin Club (4, 2, 1); Buzzard

ALTHOUGH his name is just plain Brown plus an extra "e" yet this pink-cheeked youth from the wilds of Northern New Jersey belies his name by his eccentricities. "Hep-hep. Hey, Brownie, how is it to get in phase?" His eccentricities, you see, are some of them physical. He and Scoop are the greatest of pals, being drawn together in great part by their social ventures, and are two of a kind.

Brownie has remained a quiet, serious-minded person from the first, emerging unscathed from our numerous battles with the Academics, for hard work has made him pretty much a savoir at books. His worst battle has been with the Medical Department instead, and a physical exam has since youngster year been for him a repetition of "Step up if you can't see those letters."

Though being shy and modest, he does not enjoy having an eager audience gathered around him, yet Brownie is an adept with the mandolin and takes great pleasure in picking off a tune. Quiet and unassuming as he is, he is still a fun lover and is never behind when it comes to having a good time. He is seldom rhino, maybe because he's too busy to worry, for as we have said, he is a hard worker. As a natural consequence he is keen for an argument, and his powers have had plenty of practice.

His greatest failing is his sleepy and worn out attitude, so we accordingly advise:

"Wake up, Brownie, lots of life!"

MILES RUTHERFORD BROWNING

Mountain Lakes, New Jersey

"Skeeter"

Class Crest Committee; Swimming (4, 3, 2); Captain Swimming (1) sNt; Class Numerals; Silver Medal (Swimming); Reina (4, 3); Black N; Lucky Bag Staff; Class Championship Swimming (2)

MILES R., alias Skeeter, hails from the usual habitat of his genus. Unlike his namesake, however, he delights in the presence of Lady Nicotine. Indeed his devotion to that fair damsel and his general insurgent attitude has contrived to make him a thoroughly sea-going man. Besides having been a lengthy visitor at that most popular of resorts for midshipmen, the Reina, he has had an extended course in military maneuvers, having spent many enjoyable hours with the Terrace School of Infantry.

Skeeter is a prominent member of the 40% Club; in fact, he has been decorated with the fitting honor of the special rank of "Idgit." As some contemporary once said: "God always protects fools—and Skeeter Browning." But to his own way of thinking it is genius. This he proved by his renowned essay, the "Fourth Dimension of the Soul, or the Line of Demarcation between the Finite and Infinite."

Skeet broke away from the ranks of Red Mikes just once. That was after his return from Sep leave second class year. The first evidence of his sad new condition manifested itself in sighs, daily letters, dreamy replies, and hours spent listening to "My Laddie." He almost became a fusser, but later returned safely to the fold.

To be serious, as the day is long in December and Skeeter so always, the Perth Amboy prodigy is a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care, Cosmo-boning savoir. Always ready to make a nuisance of himself, that's Skeet.

An expert swimmer, he has thereby earned an sNt and he is possessed of considerable artistic ability, examples of which are scattered throughout this volume.

Browning and the trail he left behind him will not soon be forgotten by the old Second Company. Many a classmate has been sorely tried by his deviltry, yet we all enjoy his exuberance and general don't-careness—provided we are not his section leader.

"Naughty, Naughty, Naughty."

EGBERT FRANK BULLENE

Pacific Grove, California

"Bull" "Oeuf"

Football Squad (4, 3, 2); Swimming Team (3); Glee Club (4, 2, 1) Manager Glee Club (1); Choir (4, 3, 2, 1); Buzzard

"JEEMINY CRIMINY, this is the fruitiest stuff you ever saw!"—and then a little "Get the 'ell out of here, I gotta bone."—then quiet reigns for five minutes. "Hey, Perry, were you up to the meeting tonight? It was the funniest—" and he's off until eight thirty. Someone blows in, and the subject changes to football, track, or crew—who's the best discus thrower of Southern California, who ought to be on the All-American and who ought not to be—until two bells. Eggie then realizes that study call has busted and puts the Mexican Embassy "a la porte." At nine thirty Bull breaks out the old "uke," and coaxes from it what he calls "barbershop chords." Unfortunate inmates within earshot stuff their ears with oakum and make allowances for Eggie's lyric soul—or perhaps the other seventy-five per cent. of the "Beerless Quartet" drop around and after spending twenty-five minutes "getting the pitch," serenade the corridor between warning call and taps. Egg loves to sing and he certainly can, too; for three years he has been the Enrico of the first basses in choir and glee clubs, and many an evening on the cruise has his rich baritone floated out on the still tropical air, in soft harmony revealing his weakness for "Buckwheat ca-akes."

To the Oeuf, as Joe has dubbed him, the call of the sea is as welcome as reveille at four A. M. What part of the cruise he is not eating or sleeping—the Egg-head is just like a big domesticated grizzly bear, there's nothing appeals to his soul on a hot day in the tropics like a cool spot in the forward turret's lee or some canned peaches—he spends cursing four-fifths of the surface of the globe—the sea. We hope, however, that he will change his mind, for old Oeffy is very dear to the hearts of "the clan," and we would hate to see him leave the Neveh for service ashore.

"C'mon, now George, Buckwheat ca-akes—oh hell! start it over again; I didn't get that swipe at all!"

"Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair?"

PERRY ROOT TAYLOR

Oil City, Pennsylvania

"Perry"

Fencing Squad (4, 3); Buzzard; Class Honor Committee

PERRY—and as Perry alone is he known to all—invaded the sanctum of Uncle Sam's hospitable home for heroes from the wilds of Oil City, Pa. He was extremely unsophisticated at first, but three years' close association with the rollicking Third have done wonders. He is the highest bidder for the laurels of the best-looking man in the company. Thinking that a beard was necessary for a manly appearance, Perry spent several years of useless shaving daily, and now manages to present a manly stubble on his cheeks.

When it comes to writing letters, he gets the Special Zinc-Protected postage stamp every time. The days are few and far between when he cannot be found vigorously pushing the pen and "spreading the honey."

Outside of his ambition to write more letters than anyone else, Perry has been imbued with aspirations for track honors. His self-imposed leaning rests and knee stoops which form a part of his after taps system of training remind us of the days of the Old Navy.

One, and about the only one, of Perry's troubles has been the English Department. Although he was never in danger they were always trailing him.

He has been a fairly consistent fusser, but has not clung as tenaciously to his first choice as we had expected. Perry is one of the few non-combatants in King Nicotine's army, for he has been very reg. Until January, second class year, he had hardly ever frapped the pap, but one day he surprised the boys by collecting 10 D's for receiving visitors.

Perry is very obliging, good-natured, neat, cherishes his amount available, and above all is extremely thoughtful of the rights of others.

"Say, Proc, let's go to the movies."

WILLIAM BUSK

Utica, Nebraska

"Willie" "Bill"

Buzzard; Expert Rifleman

AN odd thing about Willie is that he never knew how, when, nor why he came to the Naval Academy, but, being a fatalist, he is contented with his lot and smiles through his varying fortunes with a fortitude which we could well imitate. And more odd still is the fact that he just lets whatever the future has in store for him come as it may; he lives in the future.

Busk led a hilarious life plebe year. Between goadings of far-famed '15 men and the inimitable push of Rummy, he certainly had a thin time. Studies never worried him, no matter how many bushes he hit, but he soon showed us all that he longed for French society.

No one ever saw Willie play anything more strenuous than an occasional game of elephant and cuckoo, and then only when duly urged by some humorous persecutor. However, if he didn't make his N he certainly beat us all at the game of throwing the honey, which makes him "persona mucha grata" among the fair sex. There Willie shines. He is a regular line puncher when it comes to breaking through the reserve of prim old maids and the simpering pests of the girl's seminaries. In section room, Busk has always been the bane of a prof's existence. "Sir, would a circle with square sides be a square?" To tabulate all of his "chef-oeuvre" in class room would entail the preparation of an appendix to this volume.

That glorious harvest of wavy locks above his forehead—add a cane and a pair of gloves, and there is Willie on Sep leave. But no one ever learned what he did when he went away. He always did like secrecy. More than once he has been surprised in the various nooks and corners of the gym. "Say, wife, are you going to see her today?" No one has yet found the mentioned "her."

"Who's got that foo-foo?"

JOHN WILLIAM ROWE

Wautoma, Wisconsin

"Rummy" "John"

Plebe Football Team; (Numerals); Boxing Squad (4, 3); Two Stripes; Clean Sleeve

"WHO is that small man with the big look?" "Oh, that's Rummy Rowe." Though hampered by such a plebeian nickname, and by more scrapes per square inch—and he has a lot of them, for all his being only 5 feet 6 inches tall—than any other man in the class, John William is approaching the tape in the best of form. Those scrapes have chased him ever since he tried—rather vainly, to tell the truth—to relinquish his hold on the strings of a sack of Bull Durham, 'way back in September, '14. He managed to escape with minor injuries until first class year, when just after breaking out with two stripes, he was apprehended using bread dum-dums in the trench warfare under mess-hall tables. Soon thereafter, the three diagonals were on his sleeve, but it didn't make Rummy "slacken his speed, stop, or reverse." Stripes, class standing, or grease are scalar quantities only with Rummy; they have no direction.

Rummy hadn't looked inside a book for many years before he slid in here, and it took him nearly all plebe year to settle into his stride. The Dago and Steam Departments printed him on their trees along with the headings for a few months, but John finally trained his fingers to do all the little tricks required on a Mech board, and developed a French accent worthy of a domesticated walrus.

Rummy played a strong tackle on our class teams, and had not the acquiring of a black N prevented efforts on the Varsity Squad, a yellow N might be on his sweater now.

John W. declared plebe year that he was the reddest of Mikes, and he didn't look inside the Gym or even speak to a lady until second class year. Then he fell hard, due perhaps to the siren calls of the dashing "Willie." Be that as it may, you'll generally find an "E" after Rummy's name on the list for hop liberty, and his Battle Cruiser No. 11 with its sister ship, his left shoe, is frequently seen in active service on the Gym floor.

"Sir, are my sailing orders signed yet?"

FRED MERRITT BYERS

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

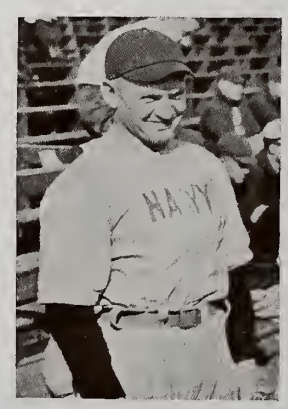
"Freddie" "Swede" "Freddie Best" "Beers" "Fritz"

Manager Basketball; Basketball Squad (4, 2); Baseball Squad (4, 2, 1); Football Squad (2); Choir (4, 3); Glee Club (3, 1); Hop Committee; Buzzard

CAN you stretch your imagination to the extent of picturing a sawed-off Swede with a build like the Baron, an underslung chassis, a face like the war-map of Germany, and a smile as open as a Pittsburg bar on Saturday night? Well, that smile is Freddy. For, no matter how the game is going, how heavy the drag is, or how much his name is decorating the Academic bill-boards, it never fades. When you feel blue, go see Caruso and get him to break it out and tell you about Christmas leaves he has left. Ask about Olaf's crab cake-walk down the aisle of Keith's or "Who knocked me down?" You will catch the twinkle in Freddie's eyes and come away with a new punch.

Beers weighed in at about 130, but thanks to the rugged Navy training and the rugged Navy bean he has rounded out to the proportions of a $1,000,000 pork packer. If he had a greater overall length in proportion to his beam and draft there is no telling what his athletic record would have been. For all sports are alike to Freddie, if they require nothing more than strength, speed, judgment, skill and nerve. "They ain't no men living what can pass him on the ball-room floor." And when the links are in good condition he even manages to develop tonsilitis so that his game of cow-pasture pool shall not suffer.

When more strenuous sports fail, the Swede sings for exercise, and his whiskey-tenor has been the subject of much adverse criticism and the bane of the existence of the Ninth Company. However, it is really not as bad as it sounds, and for three years his sylph-like form has graced all public performances of the choir and glee club.



But Freddie's characteristic is his smile, for it is a smile that wins friends, and there is a spirit behind the smile that keeps them.

"I say, Chaffe, 'at a boy."

"Say, Dawn, how's it to pipe down?"

"Feeling low tonight, ain't yuh, Chaffe, boy?"

SAMUEL HANSFORD HURT

Blackstone, Virginia

"Sam" "Hungry Pete" "Silent Sam"

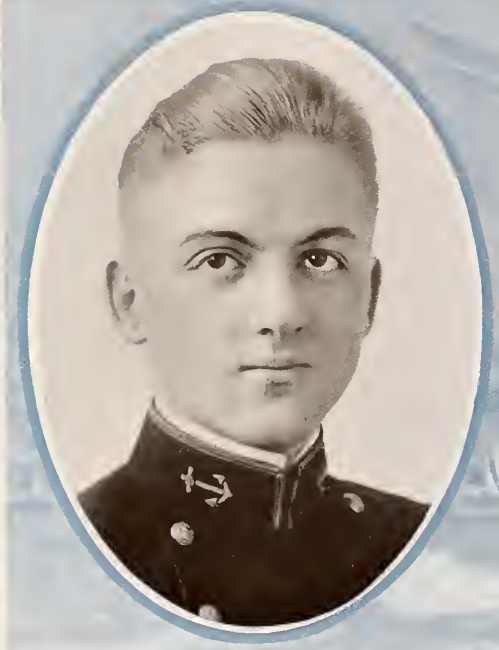
Class Ring Committee; Farewell Ball Committee; Baseball Numerals; Baseball Squad (2, 1); Buzzard; One Stripe

HERE we have an electro-mechanical Edison who would make the Cutler Hammer or General Electric Co.'s emit ultra-violet rays of envy and despair, for S. Hurt is a tinker who gets as much fun out of inserting leads in the proper plugs as the Cow does in extracting them. Alarm clocks or phonographs, door springs or automatic windows, arc lights or slide rules, are slum and cottage cheese to him. Although his fly-trap, in which the unwary pests were to commit hari-kari by falling down a companion-way and breaking their necks, was the subject of much patent litigation, and his pantographical angle trisector was so original and unique that the promoters turned it down.

Nature designed him for a cavalryman from the start, but the Navy won the toss, so Sam taught his nether extremities to oscillate in true Navy style and developed a gait with a roll like the Idaho and a speed like the Maine. Sam takes his time, but manages to beat late blast with ennui and precision—usually. Not that Sam can't step out when the bugle spreads mess-gear or a long fly is sailing out over left field. Then Sam puts the hook-worm under hatches, weighs anchor, unwinds his legs, hoists the bean rag and begins to start. What is more, he gets there with a will. Life will come as easy to him as catching the high ones does. Never rhino, never a hard luck story, never an alibi, that's Sam. No matter how distasteful the duty or how many buckets are at the yard-arm Sam never loses his smile.

"I apologize, Sir."

"If you fellows are thirsty there are some lemons on the table."



MOSES BROWNLOW BYINGTON, Jr.

Byington, Tennessee

"Mose" "Whiffle"

Buzzard; Masqueraders (4, 3, 2); Log Staff (2, 1)

"YOU didn't hear? Then pull out another hair and bleat for us, Mr. Byington!" "Ba-a-hington, Si-i-ir." Thus Mose soon developed an acute sense of hearing plebe year, for he probably found from bitter and painful experience that deafness would make him bald-headed.

Mose has quite a variety of hobbies. He is somewhat of a Fairy Godmother to storm-tossed plebes in a water-logged condition. On the summer cruises when he was not checking a deserted king with an overwhelming force he was working out counter attacks for every possible move in checkers. His room is built on the plan of the Misery's radio shack; the time signals and daily press reports from Arlington are received as ordinary matter.

Who has not read that leading article in the Log about the "Rough Egg of the Eighth Company?" If a copy of this prized number is not available Mose will probably supply full particulars with pride and pleasure.

Nora has been a good worker among the Masqueraders. Just recall those stirring lines from her part and Steele's reply thereto and you will have a lasting image of Nora, who very timidly says: "Do I look just like you thought I would?" "Oh yes, only more so, only more so."

When it comes to the "Best Method of Plotting the Equation of the Second Degree" Mose could probably make the Chauvenet Club look like a bunch of coal heavers sitting on coal buckets and figuring out their liberty money on the back of an indicator card. Stereo, Calc and Swedish Movements with a log book are child's play for this Tennessee prodigy with his superheated brain; he headed the batting list in Math for two years, and was Chief Mourner at the summary justice visited upon that Late Lamented. He knows Tables 1-47 inc. of Bowditch, and only takes it over to P-works as a matter of form.

"They're gawn! My jewels! They're gawn!"

ROSS PALMER WHITEMARSH

Bellingham, Washington

"Ross"

Choir (2, 1); Glee Club (3, 1); Buzzard

ROSS is one of the few who says little but thinks and does lots. He hails from Bellingham—please say you know where it is for it pleases him immensely—from the Golden West, and from what he says, Sunny California extends as far as Bellingham, Washington.

The weak squad claimed him plebe year, said squad being a constant source of annoyance; Ross prefers to sit in his room with a rubber band around his head reading a Cosmo.

Did you ever notice that sea-going sway? He is a salt, and has been ever since the youngster cruise. Ross slept in a hammock four times. Four nights being fairly successful, he managed to keep in, but on the fifth something happened, no one knows what. Ross was found on the deck in a most unusual position. He was carried to Sick Bay where he remained for two weeks.

If you hit the pap and want to get out of it, let him write the statement. Behold a phenom. He once wrote a six page statement to get out of a 5D pap, and as one sentence was slightly vague, he wrote four more pages to clear it up. The statement was accidentally misplaced, or else it might some day be included with Spencer, Emerson, and Huxley in the books "specially prepared for the use of the Midshipmen of the U. S. Naval Academy." Who knows? It was a masterpiece, and by the way, he got out of the pap.

Second class leave Ross made a trip across the continent to his home, and among the more important incidents was a purchase. Ross bought a pair of glasses—regular nose pinchers—and not satisfied with the appearance they made alone, he bought a yard of black ribbon, tied it around his neck and flipped it over his right ear. He wore this for about six months until the wind blew it away.

Don't count on Ross for a shipmate unless you intend to make the Pacific Coast for he's going there to stay if possible.

"Oh, don't you think Mr. Whitemarsh has the loveliest ears?"

JOSEPH JAMES CLARK

Chelsea, Oklahoma

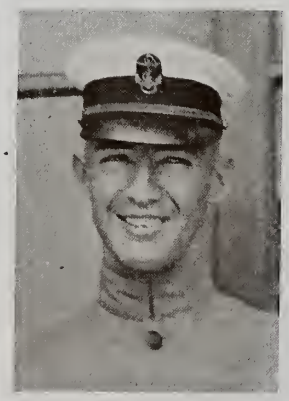
"Joe" "Jock"

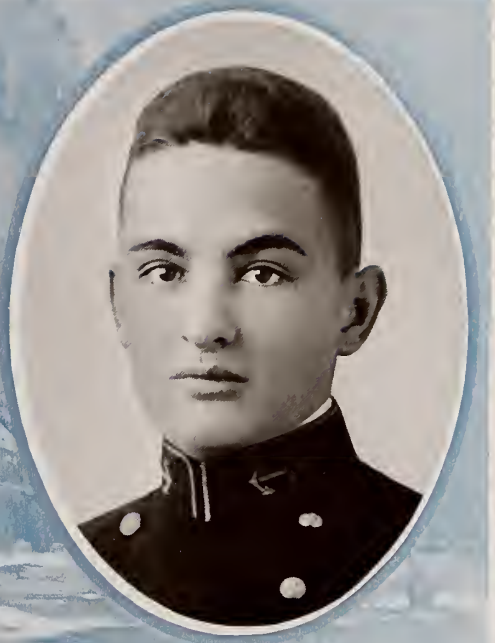
Buzzard; Soccer Numerals; Lacrosse Squad

JO-BOY first busted into prominence when he went to the Hospital his youngster year, remaining there a space of about two months, freed from the cares and worries of life. But his active dome could not remain quiet that long, and soon he concocted a scheme whereby he was to startle the financial world and make those poor old millionaires curse the day he was born. Joe had some money, and listen—he bought stock. He has been paying for it ever since. He has it all doped out that by the time he is a rear-admiral he will have it all paid for, providing he doesn't buy candy tickets or Fats.

Along about the end of youngster year, Jock instituted what was known as the "Reign of Terror" for plebes. Plebes who had the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with him always referred to him as Satan and his room as Plebe Hell. Seventeen bequeathed Jock to us owing to a series of circumstances culminating in a final argument between Midshipman Clark and the Judge Advocate on the subject of fourth classmen in general and one or two plebes in particular. The Judge won.

As a fusser, dancing man, and general tea-lapper, we are forced to admit that Joe gets the cheese. But when you want a he-boy alongside of you in a fight or a frolic I guess old Joe could just about fill the bill. There is no limit to what he will do for his friends.





ARTHUR BURGIN CRAIG

Asheville, N. C.

"Abe" "Smock" "Arthur"

Buzzard; Baseball Squad (3, 2, 1); Football Numerals

ITHY blew into here with his innocent look with the class of '17, worried along to the end of youngster year, sailing free with Bull Durham, Fats and Piper Heidsieck as a cargo, and along comes old man Hard Luck and Arthur became one of the poor unfortunates who braved Company A one summer and got a turn-back. We inherited him from a class that hated to lose him and we are proud to call him friend and classmate.

For all his cherubic look he has seen heavy weather. He has been near to bilging so many times that he has actually had to bone. And furthermore, the young man was the hero of one of the most exciting, daring, thrilling, and nerve-racking trips that a man ever took in a Ford limousine. He didn't ride far, however, for the cops made him and his little playmate transfer their flag to another kind of vehicle. It was a scandalous night. Get him to tell you about it.

His chance for an N were nipped in the bud when the baseball schedule was cancelled. Up to that time he was holding down a regular job at short in fine style. While not a particular star in any sport, he always manages to do what he wants to and do it well—and plays every game for the fun of it.

Craig is a product of the old Tarheel State where they are noted for turning out thoroughbreds—he is one of them. Whether it is his last skag or only shirt he will give it and forget it.

He is all man; there is nothing small in his make-up, and as straight as a drop-forged die.

"Things in this room are beginning to whirl around, now, damn if they ain't."

SMITH DYKINS ATKINS COBB

Freeport, Illinois

"Smoof" "Edison"

Rifle Squad (3, 2, 1); Lacrosse Numerals (4); Buzzard

HAPPY the biographer of the Truly Great! Fortunate the historian of the formative years of Destiny's Children! Enviable is our lot, yet grave our responsibility in chronicling the inner life of this auburn-haired Prodigy of Nature.

"Smoof began his career as a war-correspondent, writing obituaries for the "Freeport Daily Scream." For three years neither man nor beast died in Freeport but his memory was painted a verdant hue in the columns of the City's daily classic. Things came to such a pass that no one dared die in Freeport, and Smoof was awarded the Iron Cross for his exertions in reducing the mortality.

Destiny called him, however, and he soon found his way to the foot of the ladder climbed by Nelson, Farragut, and Dewey. Two months after his arrival in our midst his prolific brain had produced the most stupendous conception of the century, a creation that will one day revolutionize naval warfare—aye, and shake the very seat of Mars himself! Beyond all question the goal of the ages lies before us. While we are pledged to the profoundest secrecy as regards details, suffice it to say that compared to this "obramæstra" the British Fire Control System is as primitive as the bows and arrows of neolithic man. It embodies the basic principles of Interior Ballistics, Thermodynamics, and Celestial Mechanics; its scope is bounded only by "Mechanical considerations" and Smoof's massive brain; it will shake the very foundations of science itself. Edison may well look to his laurels; his niche in the Hall of Fame stands in grave jeopardy. Let Nature herself tremble for her inmost secrets. This mild-mannered youth will yet wrest those treasures from her unwilling grasp!

"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face" and little can we tell what reincarnated genius looks out through those soft cerulean eyes beneath that luxuriant vermillion vegetation. Such are the Eternal Mysteries of True Greatness!

JOHN NICHOLAS WHELAN

Holland, Michigan

"Hick" "John"

Football Numerals (4, 3); Class Ring Committee; Football N; Class Honor Committee

FIRST and foremost John is an Irishman and proud of the fact. Yet he hails from Holland. We might add for the edification of the grossly ignorant that Holland is in Michigan, and not in Europe. Since plebe summer he and Edison Cobb have teamed together, and John has borne Smoof's invention with kindly forbearance. Although never a star, John had always been well above the 3.0 mark (the line of demarcation) without strenuous effort. He has taken an active interest in athletics since plebe summer, when he came into prominence playing shortstop on the plebe team. For two years, he played quarterback on the class team and finished his athletic career by winning a well-deserved N at New York.

When not training for athletics, Hick has been a faithful follower of Lady Nicotine. So faithful has he been, that for her sake he has spent several weary months in the Spanish Navy. Yet even such failed to dampen his habitual good humor.

John is a Rouge Mike for two reasons, we venture to state. First, there is a girl back home; second, he and Bally were greatly interested in viewing the celestial sphere—from the roof of Bancroft Hall. For who would desert the cool comfort of the roof for the noisy turmoil of a hop? Not John.

But laying poor humor aside, you can take it for granted that those of us who have known him will swear by him as a friend, honest and staunch. John, you can bet your last cent that those of us who have been in contact with you during our days in the U. S. N. A., will be mighty glad to be shipmates with you again.

FRANCIS BALLANTYNE CONNELL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Connie" "Mark" "Bone" "Francois"

Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Buzzard

CONNIE missed his calling—he should have gone into the diplomatic service. Of the epoch-making upheavals during our sojourn here, there have been none potent enough to elicit from him more than a lifting of the eyebrows, and a non-committal grunt. In spite of this, however, he has never been seen rhino—and higher praise than this is not in our power to give.

A man of the world, is Francis. He has always had an opinion on the big subjects of the day at his finger tips. Lesser issues—such as studies—always bored him, and will probably continue to do so; but even the Cow hesitates about bushing him. There is something about him which rises superior to the petty troubles of the day. As the Duke would say—"He has the manner."

In strong contrast to these grave characteristics is the undercurrent of anarchy which undoubtedly exists. He has slipped a great many over, he has been ragged at not a few, but he never gave a Discipline Department the satisfaction of feeling that they had caught him. His condescension toward any quasi-superior so unfortunate as to report him is nothing short of magnificent. One and all, the "reporting officers" have felt that he has come and given himself up. It took us a good many months to get onto Frank. He's not our savvy subject and we can't say we really know him well.

Not a few radiation fire-control officers have tried to get his range and have had as much success as Sol Endel had with that ill-starred speed cone with its detachable monkey-wrench. After three years "on the range" with Frank, however, we're bound to say that if his steering is at times a bit erratic, and even hazardous, he manages to keep in a general Easterly direction; we cannot say whether he'll use the rhumb line or a Marcq St. Hilaire, but we feel entirely safe in predicting that Frank will eventually "arrive."

"Oh Bone, the Cookie gave me honorable mention today."

CLIFTON ENYART DENNY

Glasgow, Missouri

"Colonel" "Scoop"

Buzzard; Gymnasium Squad (3, 2)

"WHAT'S your name, Mister?"

"Denny, Sir."

"Well, the next time anybody asks, you tell 'em it's Scoop, get that?"

Maybe he did resemble that famous reporter in the "Comics," we don't know. At any rate, the name has stuck. Scoop has suffered with the rest of us the torture of breaking into the Big Leagues. Very often, common burdens and trials like plebe year, for instance, will nourish the strongest friendship. By his good nature throughout the storm of our first academic year, Scoop earned in our eyes an esteem that will take more than ordinary brine to corrode.

He has worked hard and consistently for a place on the Gym Team and his steady efforts have shown their results—despite his disadvantage of good old clodhopper gracefulness—in many thrilling stunts on the horizontal bar.

Scoop is by temperament quiet and easy-going. He rides smooth, head-to-wind in most any sea, but about once every lunar month his goat breaks out its anchor, causing no small stir if it happens in a crowded fair-way. Although not a phenomenal savoir, Scoop plugs away like the true Missourian that he is, and he has never been worried by being unsat.

Youngster year he began to build up a reputation as a fusser, and kept at it until now he utilizes all his friends to discharge his obligations. How he has geared down that motion of his to dance music is beyond surmise.

"I could only recollect six of these defects, Sir."

HORACE SUMNER CORBETT

Franklin, Massachusetts

"Corbeau"

Basketball Numerals (4, 3); Lacrosse Numerals (4); Buzzard

BEHOLD the prodigy from the land of Cape Cod—sailor man and savoir; Horace qualifies in both. He pulls down the thirty-fours with little recourse to Muir, Alger and the rest of his ten feet of Naval Institute classics "especially prepared for the use of Midshipmen." Moreover, Horace knows that he knows, and always wants to show the next man that he does. In his opinion he never gets all the honors or credit he rates—and we must admit that many times he doesn't. He does work hard, for he hates to see anyone beating his time in chalking up the probs. As for his sea-going qualifications, he knows the Navy from jack-staff to taff-rail. Whether there's a bet to be decided or a fast signal coming over from the flag-ship, it's a case of "send for Corbett."

Corbeau has seen more of the world in all of its phases than most of us; consequently a study hour spend listening to his yarns is not wasted. The Seven Seas have borne him and the four winds have carried him now down, now up in life. Equally at home on Broadway, or in the alleys of Tangiers, he has at last settled down to the dignified attitude of "soon to wear the yoke." Eight in one mail in the same hand-writing is a record that will not soon be broken.

Horace is inclined to take his troubles seriously, and joins a rhino party con mucho gusto. His presence there adds a zest and relish to the affair, for he is a word artist and an authority on "All-American" Teams, past, present, and future. He believes in Sobie's motto concerning plebes, hence uses the gentlemen of the fourth class as a frequent source of amusement.

Corbeau has been the mainstay of the class basketball team for three years, and the class championship was due in a large part to him.

Horace has worked hard around here; he knew the practical Navy before he started on the book end of it, and the combination ought to hoist him well over many obstacles.

"Huh?" "Well, it's a great life—if you don't weaken."

HERBERT RUSSELL SOBEL

Cleveland, Ohio

"So-bell" "H. R." "Sobie"

Buzzard; Clean Sleeve; In² Club

THIS husky Buckeye hails from the town of towns. What? Never heard of Cleveland? Well, let me tell you, it's the finest town on the map. Got the best baseball team, the tallest cop, the graftingest politicians in the country. Want to bet? Right near Lake Erie, too. Why, that's what makes them so sea-going.

Sobie has had a long and rough pull against the current of 2.4's, but that's due rather to his attitude of "you've got to show me" to the profs, than to any woodenness on his part. He's a firm believer in formulæ and Bobby's Method. But it's a fact that his calc note-book was much in demand youngster year.

A life in, rather than a life on, the ocean wave, made it's appeal to him early in his career, and so the submarine squad added a name to its roll but never to its numbers, for he was always conspicuous by his absence. "Was the water cold today, H. R.?" "Aw, say, what do you think they have a doctor for?"

"Plebes is plebes" is his motto, and those who are doubtful about their status acquire definite and not-soon-to-be-forgotten information when they cross his bows. Brought up under the careful eye of the "Chief" he knows the ways and means that Otto never dreamed of, and his variety of Swedish has been the regret of many a ratey plebe.

But under it all, this is a man who never forgives an enemy, and never forgets a friend. And every man is a friend until he proves himself otherwise. Being a Red Mike, Saturday night usually finds him on duty for some fussing friend. "For greater love hath no man than that he lend his last pair of clean gloves to his friend."

"Say, fellows, did you hear that dope?"

FRANK JOSEPH COURTNEY

Marquette, Michigan

"Swabo" "Raffles"

Hop Committee (1); Assistant Manager Basketball (3)
Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1); Glee Club (4, 1)
Keeper of the Bull (1); Buzzard

SWABO, the dress suit king! Put him in an evening dress, furnish him with a cane and a monocle, and he will do the rest. Famed as an actor, both on the stage and off, he is justly proud of his abilities along dramatic lines, for he has been leading man in the Masqueraders the past two years. And who ever saw an actor unattended? We don't know whether he learned his tricks from Polly Manton or whether Polly got them from him; at any rate Swabo charms the yearning maidens like any matinee idol. The only thing he likes better than being Keeper of the Bull is his job on the Hop Committee, and to keep up his reputation he has been borrowing white gloves for every hop since plebe year.

As plebes we used to enjoy an evening with Swabo more than anything else. His tales of what a youngster cruise was like, graphically told in his impressionable style, caused us no end of fear and foreboding. That night on the crowded Idaho when he was forced to sleep with a door banging against his head with every roll of the ship certainly moved him deeply to sympathize with us for our future. For Swabo, you understand, appreciates and craves the luxuries of life.

We would be anxious for his welfare since his association with Perce, Aleck and Murph were it not for his notable escapades on the West Coast and his self-granted extension of Christmas Leave, second class year.

"Speaking of mistakes reminds me of a story."

THOMAS FREDERICK REMINGTON

Hornell, New York

"Type" "Remmie" "Thug" "Stubby" "Max"

Captain Plebe Football Team (4); Football Squad (3); Athletic Representative (3); Secretary Athletic Association (2); President Athletic Association (1); Three Stripes

FIRST impressions of the Thug put you in mind of brass knuckles and sand bags. "Remmie" certainly is a hard looking "goofer," to use one of his own delightful additions to the language of Shakespeare; but a more genial, kindly hearted "yokel" never shoveled coal. He wears an eighteen and a half sandpaper collar, a brace like a Prussian "oberst," and a drop-forged jaw with about as much "give" to it as the overhang of the after turret; but unless some poor misfortunate rouses the old Irish in him he's content with holding battle practice running old "Oeuffy," making sleep and food an empty joy for him.

Stubby showed big stuff in football for two years, but the dynamic pressure finally exceeded his elastic limit and he retreated to the Marne to engage the Academics at close quarters. It was a hard fight, but he went after them with the same pep he put into that football team he captained plebe year, and drove them back across the Rhine, not perhaps with any frightful losses, for Remmie never was a tamale at dishing out punishment in that line, but he got them there and succeeded in concluding a satisfactory truce. That was youngster year; second class year he became involved in international complications with the Juice Department over repeated violations of Kirchoff's Laws but finally agreed to a tie game.

Max's parlor athletics are not his major sport and he does not lay claim to reptility. Nevertheless, we are bound to confess that he is thereabouts. "Ah, dat Meestair Reemington is such a grande homme!" When Belgian princesses come down with a eulogy like that we feel bound to state that our Goofer is no back channel bateau in the ball room. He claims that wide beam and heavy draft with consequent difficulty of handling in a heavy sea have made him a fit victim of misfortune in that line, however. "If there's any concrete to be dragged I'll get that piece of terra-cotta!"

JOHN DANIEL CRECCA

Newark, New Jersey

"Wop" "Crackers" "Tony" "Johnny"

Buzzard; Glee Club: Soccer Numerals

SCENE—Back Bay road, Provincetown. Down the road comes a midshipman gesticulating wildly. Gazing up at him is a rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed, "Dusky Portugoose" maid. Oh! yes, the Wop is right there with the best of the fussers—just see his eyes flash and his face light up when the "goils" are passing. His conquests are not yet countless, but oh! those asphyxiating envelopes. "How's Ed-die, Wop?"

One thing Wop is especially proud of is his voice. Most any old time of day you can hear him warbling some sweet ditty in his inimitable basso, "Night and the shadows falling————"

Johnny possesses one of those "things" known as a Latin temperament. As a rule he is the happiest guy around, but whee! just watch his little Nanny go romping around the deck at the least little thing. "What do you know about it, Kewp? this guy has tried to give me an argument!" And argue—well just drop in some evening and listen to Kewp and the Wop go to it.

"No use, Kewp, can't talk!" (gestures).

After youngster cruise, when we could really get acquainted Alonzo allied himself with the old Twelfth's gang, and proceeded to liven things up. One of his greatest delights is to worry Melchton until said well-fed middy can hardly get his full rations per day. "Now, Melchton, knock off feeding that reptile." As Wop was heard to whisper as he sunk into the depths of his Pullman chair: "That's all right, you guys, you can't hammer that thing-g into me if you talk all the way from Long-g Acre to Long-g Island."

"Melchton, Shweinthuntz, where iss you?"

"Ri-ight avay you start talking about something to eat!"

GEORGE RANDALL KALBFUS

Washington, D. C.

"Baron" "Kewp" "Henshaw"

Buzzard; Reina Squad (4, 3)

THE Baron landed in our midst one fine day in June '14, and very shortly gave evidence that he was very much here. That summer furnished him with rather an unusual amount of excitement. Kewp believes in preparedness from start to finish. He demonstrated this in one of his first visits to the range when he proceeded to knock flies off the "ammunition house." Unfortunately, his gentle pastime was interrupted by the appearance of Osborne. After showing the way for the best part of a mile the Baron threw up the sponge. "Say, Stewart, look at my young Nimrod up there."

On our course to Frisco Kewp and "Willum" took in all the sights; they lined 'em up in every port—San Diego, Frisco and Los Angeles—just ask the Baron about it. Last summer, Kewp joined the 7-W's Club and proceeded to get in good condition for Sep leave. "How'd you like the Massachusetts coast, Baron?" "Whoo!" !*!? (Censored). "I want to ba-ack." "All right. Back you go."

The Baron enjoys the honor of being the gang philosopher and fiddler. He just "eats up" Schopenhauer, Kant and a few other celebrities, simply revelling in the deep stuff. In fact, he has nearly convinced the Wop. Besides the trophy awarded for excellence in this branch, he deserves a lot of credit for persevering with his fiddle, even under the possibility of incurring the gang's displeasure.

Kewpie seldom drags, but when he does you can be sure he is out for a good time. "Oh, yes, me and Habby are dragging together." His favorite pastime is leading forth the Boob's angora. He can play upon the touchiest spots of the said gentleman's rather touchy nature with immediate and great effect.

"I've got forty-five minutes this period—twenty pages at two minutes per, and five minutes to catch one. I've only had twelve skags so far today."

CHAUNCEY ROLFE CRUTCHER

Holden, West Virginia

"Rudolph" "Crutch" "Chauncey" "Erg."

Buzzard; Class Ring Committee; Manager Tennis Team (1)
Choir (2, 1)

THE Erg fairly radiates good humor, his sunny smile is a panacea for every academic ill. No one ever hears him growling about his hard luck, and, believe us, he has had his share. Part of plebe year he spent beyond the grave, rendered "hors d'oeuvre"—or rather "hors de combat" by an attack of rheumatism that few rear-admirals have any conception of, and suffering intensely—from the horrible remedies.

Although good-natured and easy-going, he has his own opinions and isn't afraid to stand by them. They are usually worth listening to, as they are not the result of snap judgment.

Despite his nickname, the Erg is a hard worker, as anyone who knows him will testify. He has done good hard work on the Tennis Squad, and would undoubtedly have made his letter if it had not been for the suspension of athletics. He is also something of a pugilist, and has spent quite a lot of time over in the Gym with Mr. "Spazama."

He isn't wooden, nor yet savvy. "Academics" have made the road rough for Crutch; not once, but often has he stumbled on the Academic Board, and it is only by applying himself that he has managed to land on top. He is always willing to learn and has the ability to work hard and never get rhino—three cardinal virtues that have never failed to keep him on soundings.

The Erg is far from being a Red Mike, and when hops were in vogue he was always present with his choice—and he never was a mason. The cancellation of all hops hit him hard. That winning smile of his has caused great damage among the ranks of the fair ones.

Now, however, when he graduates so many hearts won't be broken.

OLTON RADER BENNEHOFF

Tiffin, Ohio

"Benny"

Soccer Numerals (4); Company A; Buzzard

HERE we have the wild and woolly German from the vast wildernesses of Ohio. Note the glare in his eye and the savage set of his jaws. You may well tremble when you see him, for his bark is worse than his bite.

The outstanding feature of Benny which first strikes the eye and holds the attention of all, is his legs. He has a remarkable set of legs, and they form an ellipse not unlike the earth's orbit. If he were in the Army, Benny would undoubtedly be in the cavalry where his legs would be very handy. Plebe year Benny's legs caused the file closers of his company much worry and attracted the attention of all the upper classmen. Benny, however, took it all good-naturedly, which speaks well for his control of his temper.

In the academic line, Benny has it pretty easy as he is rather a savoir. When the semi-ans and ans roll around they always find Benny well prepared and with high averages. Consequently he suffers no damage. Although he does not wear a star on his collar, Benny is well within the "First Hundred Thou."

As regards the fair sex, Benny tends towards the Red Mike class, but is not a total abstainer. He drags occasionally, and at these times he usually helps to raise the general average. Benny claims to be free, but we always notice that at least once a week he receives a letter which gives him much enjoyment, judging from the grin which spreads over his face at the first reading—he always reads it more than once.

He is steady and never jumps at conclusions; he is always looking ahead, and this gives him a few points leeway when trouble is brewing. Benny, however, is always ready to have as much fun as the next one, but he has the excellent faculty of knowing when to stop. He is always ready to help a friend, and does so to the best of his ability.

"Aw————."

GEORGE THOMAS CUDDIHY

Alto, Michigan

"George"

Three Stripes; Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Expert Rifleman

IF you want to know anything about Michigan ask George. He is firmly convinced that it is the best place on earth, and delights in boasting of its production of automobiles, furniture, apples and good men. And as for Detroit's ball team—it can't be beat. If Ty Cobb hasn't made more hits than anyone else since Napoleon, no one knows it. A man who is crazy enough to lose his dinner after a morning's work of loading beef on the cruise, in order to see a ball game, wins the cast iron chest protector for certain. With a desire to emulate his hero, George has worked every season on the diamond himself, and is a pretty good pitcher. But he lacked the one almost vital characteristic of a ball-player—it's a well-known axiom of the diamond that big-league calibre sans "crust" is like an armature without hysteresis, and if there's one thing out of phase with George's character, it is any semblance of "crust."

A redder Mike, a more confirmed misogynist, a more inveterate fourth deck hermit on hop nights, 1918 cannot boast. His obvious ruses, his painful strategies to avoid contact with the enemy—the other sex—are amusing in the extreme. Put him with the bunch, though, and George is very different; his habit of going after things with the throttle wide open and eventually "getting there" has won him many friends.

Studies have never called forth more than average crank effort, but he gets better than average marks. That his good qualities have been recognized to some extent at least is evidenced by three well-deserved stripes.

"Only second class rate before dinner. Call the roll, G-nom-e."

THOMAS JAMES HAFFEY

Bay City, Michigan

"Tom"

Buzzard; Submarine Squad

"HAPPY" hails from the city of trees. We wonder if that has had anything to do with his attitude toward them here; anyway we have noticed that he has frequently roosted thereon, and also that even then the Red Book has never gone begging for want of more than its share of Haffey's study periods. His love for magazines is all powerful, and the Cosmo Club has been the limit of his athletic tendencies. Fussing, however, has held much of his attention. Being rather susceptible to the blandishments of the fair sex, he has often fallen rather suddenly, but thus far has revived nobly from each shock.

He has always been a great tormentor. If anything he can do will enrage a fellow-being, "Happy" is sure to find it out—and do it. And to gloat over another fellow's hard luck—Ah, this were paradise enow! He believes in bringing people around to his way of thinking, and generally accomplishes it by his damnably persistent persuasion. You'll admit anything, just to quench that "line" of his.

Haffey has been unfortunate—or maybe fortunate—enough to idle away much of his time at the hospital, thereby increasing his amount available for big Sep leaves in Bay City. And we understand he's pretty much a heller out home.

Scrapbooks are a hobby with him, and his unrivalled collection of beauties has undoubtedly brought him his greatest notoriety.

"Yes, the feminine form is God's greatest creation—but I guess you'd better get those off your locker door."

DAVID ERVIN CUMMINS

Prescott, Arkansas

"Dave" "Domingo" "Dimples"

Football Numerals (4); Basketball Numerals (4, 3); Buzzard

"YOU poor nut, whada yer want to do, tear my p-jams?" You can be sure Dave has just finished a rough-house. It's just his nature. Strange to say, he never gets sore or rhino, even when he doesn't receive that daily "carta" from "somewhere in the U. S. A." He is the popular boy to be sure. After making a thorough acquaintance here on earth he ascended to higher realms. Second class year found the "Puddin" spending his leave studying aviation in the Hackensack Meadows. Just another turn of his nature; he's progressive. However, there surely must be some attraction above this earth or Dave wouldn't be there. He says he's in the business because he loves it, but we believe he's in the business for "love."

"Oh, bebby, she's coming down tomorrow. Come kiss me."

Puddin-head hasn't paid much attention to athletics, although he takes his weekly workout. Plebe year he made the class basketball squad and in fact has tried every form of exercise including early spring football, cross country runs, and starvation. He has a special hunch of his own, and it seems to work wonders. About every two months he knocks off a meal a day because as he says "I feel much better, and besides it gives me more pep." Every Wednesday after the regular "workout" he dolls up and dashes out to town to see the "little one."

Talk about the cruises being dull! Just make one with Dave. You will be sure to have an "extensive" time, especially on a liberty. When he draws out that little leather book of addresses, well, stand by—"Which one will it be?"

Books never seem to worry him, yet he always pulls through with plenty of velvet. Enter his room at any time and he is always at your service. It's a question whether he knows any more about it than you do, but David will do his durndest to help you over the rough places.

"Come on Puddin, let's go out in town." "Oh I can't. Just lookee here at all these letters that just gotta be answered."

WILLIAM RAYMOND NICHOLS

Los Angeles, California

"Pig" "Nick" "Gordo" "Willie"

Four Stripes; Star (4, 3, 2, 1); Mandolin Club (3, 2, 1)

"SURE, I'll drag for you. What does she look like?" There you have Nick. He always agrees to do the favor first, then asks for details later. But you mustn't think for a minute that he has to depend upon blind drags. Willie has a new one every so often, and they all seem to like him. So do we, especially those of us who know him well. He isn't a noisy man, and is not talkative unless he knows the crowd well; even then he is a good listener at the right times.

The Pig has gone out for only a few things around here, but he has made good at those few: a fixed star, the Mandolin Club, four stripes, and the Saxophone Sextette. He works hard at everything he makes up his mind to do, and it is always well done.

His correspondence is treated in the same thorough manner and it is a voluminous one too.

Sleep? and eat? It's a question which he likes the better. Perhaps the latter wins by a hair; Willie eats from bell to bell, even on the cruise, without a kick about the grub. "How much for your pie, Pig?" "You haven't enough!"

Nick is unusually reg; at any rate he believes in the old slogan, "If you can't be good, be careful." He courted Princess Fatima three years without mishaps, but otherwise he has taken few chances. "O. C. is in his office; let's procure one!"

Nick doesn't rhino, doesn't rave of what a h--l of a Navy this is, and doesn't talk of leaving it;—somewhat foreign to the genius of the average midshipman and "highly commendable" to say the least.

"Can't go ashore today; must write some letters and then turn in."

GARRY DeMOTT CUSTER

Marion, Indiana

"General"

Masqueraders (3); Glee Club (3); Log Staff (1); Choir (2, 1); Buzzard

"WELL, I don't see how I could possibly have gotten over a 1.3 on that Ordnance exam. I've a 1.0 on answers, but he ought to make it a 1.3 because my method was right in some of them."

Yes, that's General's little spiel every month. Whether he means it or not I can't tell, but I can say that his 1.3 maximum usually swells to a 2.7 or a 2.8 when the marks are posted.

General was unsat in Math most of the time plebe year, and only hard boning pulled him sat. Since then he has kept on the weather side of a 2.5 in everything, and around the thirty mark for an average. Remembering his plebe year academic difficulties, as a second classman he kept one plebe from bilging by helping him every day after drill, instead of boning the Cosmo.

Custer couldn't live without his puns, and it does him worlds of good to put one over on Stanley Jupp. He springs them on Julius several times a day, but generally in a mild form. For instance, don't bite when he asks you what you would do first if you fell overboard in a heavy sea in mid-winter. Quite a bit of his funny stuff has appeared in the log from time to time. It usually serves to break the monotony, being somewhat different from the ordinary.

General made a big hit youngster year in the Masqueraders when he took the part of Gus Selman's wife. We were all expecting him to come out on the stage and sing a solo, for he has been in the Choir and Glee Club for three years, but instead he showed us an exact representation of how Gus Selman's wife should act, and he played up to Gus as we thought no one could.

Garry doesn't use the honey route to fame; most of us don't know much about him, and we're not prepared to put forth many statements regarding his future. Nevertheless, it isn't the hop dispenser who makes the most to windward on the long tack. "Who can you beat? You need a rep to play me."

JULIUS TAYLOR WRIGHT

Frankton, Indiana

"Julius"

Basketball Squad (4, 3); Basketball Numerals (4); Buzzard

JULIUS is a tall, heavy-set blonde, well-built after a fashion—you can tell that from his picture. Carry a brace? Yes, now and then—chiefly then. Julius can be recognized anywhere by his walk. When he propels himself he just bobbles up and down, and carries himself a whole lot like the much renowned "Vache."

Jool might make a hit with the ladies if he made up his mind to go after it—which he hasn't done, to the best of our knowledge and belief. He has been one of the bulwarks of that ultra-conservative party, the Rouge Michaels. Since leaving Indiana he has neither dragged nor fussed, but he answers that letter every day or so just the same, and he's trying to get into the Marine Corps—he admits that.

Julius' public-appearance face always carries a smile, and he is ready and more than willing to spring a pun. It does him lots of good to spring one whether anyone else appreciates it or not. But with him, as with all practical jokers, it makes a difference who does the goophing. We need not elaborate on the time when Ion sent him to formation at first mess gear, to stand for five minutes waiting for the rest. Julius pulled no more practical puns on Ion. Sufficient ejaculated! Julius had hard luck with athletics; every year about mid-season he'd bust something. Once it was his hand, then his nose, and another time appendicitis laid him up for overhauling. But each time as soon as he recovered from the evil effects he was at it again, and as a result is proud to sport his '18. As a fresh air fiend and mess gear artist Julius is king.

In his lumbering, bobbling way old Jool is the most obliging duffer you can imagine. Nothing takes too much time or trouble if someone asks him to do it as a favor, and he's always ready to lend a hand or a shoulder where it's a question of a couple of hundred foot-pounds of work to be done for a friend.

"Say, Jool, did you notice what I got in Juice this month?"

"Wait a minute—Oh yes, you got a 2.97 and you stood 119."

MARTIN RICHARD DERX

New York City

"Melchton" "Schweinhundt" "Doix"

Buzzard; Soccer Numerals (4, 3); Choir (4, 3, 2, 1); Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1); Leader of Choir (1)

SOMEONE has remarked that Melchton's idea of Heaven consists in a heavily-laden mess table as if for Sunday dinner, with nineteen vacant seats, and the twentieth occupied by himself. If the Commissary busted it was only in regard to the number of such tables. How Melchton stuffs it down in the brief time allowed by routine forms a yet unanswered question. A possible theory is, that his hands being engaged in shoveling with knife and fork it is a physical impossibility for him to waste time in conversation. The "Wop" has been the only one to succeed in making him throw down these implements in despair to answer a question after the nth asking. However, our Doix has other capabilities.

He can sing, and does so in the Chaplain's Choir, usually preparing for and recuperating from the exertion with a bounteous repast in said Chaplain's house. Impugning his motives? Certainly not? We merely mention it as a coincidence, an afterthought. Seriously, a good voice and that irresistible ten-acre smile have made the Divinity Department doubly effective in winning adherents.

And we cannot have a caricature of Melchton without a picture of him entertaining. You must be fortunate enough to catch him in a certain mood, when he is able to act natural, and all unconscious of his condition. Many a period, threatening to be quite dreary, both ashore and afloat, has been filled with mirth because of his performing. Possessing all the attributes of a young elephant and an abundance of good humor, Melchton really overflows with a varied assortment of farcical burlesque stunts. All in all, he is a good man to have around, cordially fitting in when things are rosy and being an adept at driving away the blues when necessary. He has been a valuable member of "The Gang" since plebe year.

"Carroll, can't you get us some rawr eggs?"

"Who's got de eats?"

EDWIN HUYLER PRICE

Hoboken, New Jersey

"Beagle Eak" "Julie"

Fencing Squad (4, 3); Fencing Numerals (4); Log Staff
Lucky Bag Staff; Buzzard

JULIE should be called the "Blushing Middie" because of his habit of wearing a flush of crimson when addressed by a stranger or when being kidded by the boys. And how did he get the title of Julie? That happened long ago during plebe year, when Julie once played the role of Mrs. Julius Cæsar in the mess hall. The plot differed somewhat from Shakespeare's version of the great story, in that Mrs. Julius was offered the crown. We remember how thrice "she" was offered it and how thrice "she" refused, until finally Willum insisted on a coronation and proceeded to crown Julie with an apple dumpling. Since this histrionic success he has always been known to us as "Julie."

The Academic has nothing on him, for Julie might be classed among the savoirs in books. But in practical work he seems to find pleasure in "gumming the deal." At the Juice P-works he took a childish delight in making motors and generators exchange functions, in admiring the beautiful aurora of sparks, or hearing the tuneful sound of blowing circuit-breakers. He is always ready to show you his way of doing it. "My way is shorter and better than the one in the book" is his favorite expression. Strange to say, sometimes his way is shorter.

Julie has, however, his distinctions, which we might "tabulate and discuss." After swapping wives several times during the course, he has settled down for two years with Melchton Doix. The match is not the most amiable one possible, however, as is attested by the heated arguments over sweet nothings often heard throughout the corridors of the fourth deck. Distinction number two; Julie is from "Ho-bucken," and is proud of his Podunk and of his "foist," "boids," "Moiphy," etc.

Julie, old boy, don't let the Ho-bucken goils tease you too much, and cultivate that swinging gait and girlish blush by which we remember you.

"You guys think you're getting my goat, don't you?"

FRANK RILEY DODGE

Adrian, Michigan

"Riley" "George"

Masqueraders (3); Buzzard

THE lad with the rosy English complexion registers from the State put on the football map by Maulbetsch. Some trifling ear trouble delayed his entrance into our midst until late in August. He and Erkie gravitated together from then on in that mysterious manner in which roommates take one another for better or for worse. These two rarely quarrel among themselves, but always give a single intruder a volcanic reception. The ultimate success of Erkie's valiant struggle with "Juice" and "Steam," after he became a marked man by achieving 0.3 on the monkey wrench, depended in no small measure upon Dodge.

Riley, as the Adrian folks call him (he detests his first name), is very quiet in his tastes, but not in the classroom, where his inordinate fondness for arguing with the profs has cost him several numbers. Dodge takes the stand that the book is usually wrong, unless the prof can prove it otherwise.

His hobby is guns; not naval guns, but archaic and defunct carbines, muskets, muzzle-loaders, etc., down to the latest Savage. His favorite pastime is to construct diagrams of their velocities, trajectories, and other eccentricities. He would rather spend his money for a new rifle than for anything else except a ticket to Brooklyn.

He has a habit of disappearing right after the Army-Navy games. She is a cousin studying Art at Pratt, he claims, but we know that cousins do not write plump letters to each other daily.

A delay in the arrival of his Adrian Daily Telegram grieves him almost as much as an invitation to exert himself physically. Mental tasks for him are a joy and delight, but manual labor is very, very repugnant.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE ERSKINE

St. Louis, Missouri

"Erkie" "Erksum"

Basketball Numerals; Basketball Squad (3); Baseball Numerals; Baseball Squad (1); One Stripe

ERKIE hails from St. Louis; it requires but a few moments conversation with him to discover that, for he sings its praises almost as much as he does those of Anita Stewart or Theda Bara.

Erkie must have been depressed when he first saw the inside of a room in Bancroft Hall—we don't blame him, for what one of us wasn't?—as a smile on his face was about as rare as a good mark from the "Cow." Since then he has progressed remarkably along such lines, and one is no longer astounded to hear sounds of merriment issuing from his room.

The Academic and Discipline Departments have both bothered him somewhat, Mech Drawing and Juice being especially objectionable, while an overpowering desire to stretch his limbs upon his bed during study hours has often proved his undoing. His likes and dislikes are both powerful. Youngster year it required a lever to pry him loose from Mike Moran, while second class year he parted his hair and wore his cap like Bobby Dashiell. As to the other side of the question, he firmly believes that Juice should be freed from all bovine influences. The first year Erkie was with us, he won numerals in baseball and basketball and gave good promise of becoming a forward on the regular team, until his heart murmured a message to the doctor and he was compelled to abandon athletics temporarily. This spring, however, he came back and undoubtedly would have tucked an N away had it not been for the fact that he is unhappily applied to all athletics.

While hops lasted there were none more devoted to the waxed floor than the Husk. He was present at all the social functions both in the Yard and outside, and fussed the girls with "wim, wigor and witality."

"Aw, I know, but it's my back muscles."

FREDERICK LLOYD DOUTHIT

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

"Freddy" "Jap-a-lac"

Lacrosse Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Lacrosse lNt; Captain Lacrosse (1); Two Stripes

FREDDY used to be a nice fat little boy until the upper classes took a friendly interest in his physique. The resultant reduction was very effective, and he has since kept himself in trim through hard work at lacrosse. This is his field. He made his lNt youngster year, and when '17 left us, Freddy had the short-lived honor of being captain. Under the war-time schedule of athletics he had to content himself with a championship battalion team.

Dou is one of these born-in-'em, dyed-in-the-wool fussers. He dragged to the first hop of youngster year, and since then—well, he visited the White House for a first and a second, so he missed about three week-ends. Sometimes he drags alone and sometimes he brings a whole school. Just mention some girl from anywhere around Baltimore or District of Columbia, and it's a ten-to-one shot Freddy knows her. He finds someone in every cruise port too, and two or three in most of them. Some people are born lucky. The greatest disappointments of his career were his enforced missing of two New Year's hops.

Douthit is a savoir of the type that never opens a book so far as anyone notices, yet he gets pretty fair marks. "Somewhere in the first twenty" is the ambition he has lived up to.

But it's his plain good fellowship that makes Freddy an ideal shipmate. Whether it is a big liberty in Oakland or Boston, an Argo party, or a common rough-house—it is incomplete without him. A dead game sport, ready to try anything once, and twice, too, if he has to.

"Well, I'm dragging tonight."

"Trice her up."

EINAR REYNOLD JOHNSON

Rockford, Illinois

"Twitter" "Swede"

Expert Rifleman; Buzzard

TWITTER JOHNSON, that's him, the little short fellow with the funny motion. Why he is one of the smallest men in the class we can't figure, for no one can accuse him of delicate appetite, but the fact remains, nevertheless. His food must go to build up his brain, for he has never bothered about studies. If it's in the book, Twitter knows it.

Einar is one of those unfortunate men who have been ruined by the Navy. As a youngster he learned to smoke, second class year he was converted to an oil burner, and first class year isn't over yet. Smoke Hall is his home these days, and that place is noted for its influences.

It is rumored that when Twitter was detailed to fuss for a first classman plebe year he regaled them with a concise review of the U. S. N. A. R., edition of 1903—explaining perhaps his conspicuous luck in standing from under. He probably doesn't tell them about the regs now, though, for we have watched him develop into a heavy fusser. As far as we know, however, he has made good his boast, "No girl can kid me."

Johnny is a Swede, and he proves it every Sunday too with a Scandinavian version of the prayer. Like his race, he is a good solid sort, quiet and dependable. He never had the ambition to be a rough egg or achieve notoriety, but he has always unobtrusively been "there." Not that he is meek and submissive at all, you understand; his living with the old Fifth precludes any such possibility, and he successfully held down the perilous position of official plucker youngster year, an accomplishment that speaks for itself.

"Let's shake around for the rest of the peaches."

ELMER ELLSWORTH DUVALL, Jr.

Baltimore, Maryland

"Duvy" "Duffy"

One Stripe; Lacrosse Numerals (1); Mandolin Club

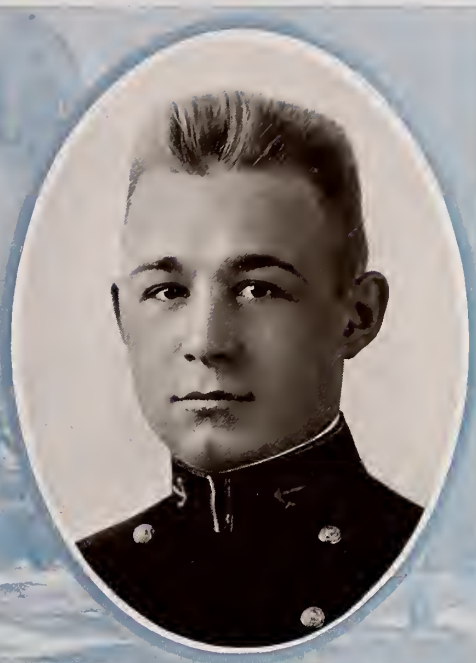
YOU like Duvy the first time you meet him, and you always want to know him better. There is more to him than can be learned, by meeting him the first time, but you have to find out what Duvy likes to do from other people besides himself. Yet he is far from the "quiet as a clam" type, in fact, has quite a steady line when aroused.

Duvy started his plebe and youngster years playing lacrosse, and was captain of the youngster team, but since then he has had a slight repulse by the Academic Board which forced him to stop lacrosse. Incidentally this little trouble with the Board caused Duvy to become one of '18, and, even if we can't thank this Board for many favors, they surely did us a good turn this time. Elmer does not pass all of his Saturdays or even his big liberties, in ways that exactly become a Red Mike. I wouldn't call him a profound snake, but he sure finds amusement in the company of a good-looking girl at a good hop. "I like 'em pretty, boy, believe me!" You don't generally find Duvy rhino and he always greets you with a broad grin. Over four years of rather trouble-filled life in the Academy have not spoiled his cheeriness. A small matter like being unsat means little to him; it's never on his mind except when thebooks are in front of him.

Doo-val is equipped with a musical soul. Melody and rhythm are his fortes—he can gives wing to a tune by drumming on anything from his pillow to the side of the wall. His "guitaral" melodies may be startling, but he makes 'em to order, which is more than a little. But his favorite method of musical expression is a good old-fashioned jig. "Hey, Jur-ry, let's show 'em our 'up on the motor and down on the generator.'"

Duvy works when the business at hand interests him, and he admits that the Navy comes under that heading: 'Nuf said!

"This stuff bores me to death, I swear."



THADDEUS ANTHONY HOPPE

Chicago, Illinois

"Thad" "Hop" "Ho-o-pe"

Buzzard; Clean Sleeve; Class Supper Committee

CHICAGO has produced many celebrities, and Thaddeus Anthony Hoppe certainly isn't the least of them. When that moon face breaks out into the famous Hoppe smile, the most persistent rhino bird simply has to join in. Given a kindred spirit or so—anybody will do, for they all feel musical when Hoppe is around—and he can produce more deafening harmony than several bugle corps.

And hard! Why Hop has all the plebes and lots of other people bluffed into thinking that he is the original armor piercing projectile. His greatest difficulty is that harvest moon smile. He swaggers all right, and is awe-inspiring enough, but every once in a while that grin busts out and spoils it all. His bloodthirsty pose is only skin deep, for Thad has a very sweet and gentle disposition.

The oily Chicago River does not foster sturdy swimmers and Thad's first year of naval science was passed in the submarine corps. He introduced some new theories of navigation into submarine activities, but his dead reckoning method—maneuvering sans periscope and going ahead until he strikes the side of the tanks—has not as yet been generally adopted. His natural happy disposition and readiness to laugh at the other fellow's joke—as well as at his own—makes Hop mighty good company anywhere. If you've ever met him on leave, you know what I mean, for when he breaks out in that swagger suit of cits he looks every inch a prosperous Chicago pork packer.

But in spite of his carefree expression, Thad is something of a savoir. When he works, he leaves no holidays, as his batting averages on those few months of "active service" already indicate.

"How much further, Dave?"

"Dave, Dave, doncher do it!"

HAROLD GEORGE EBERHART

Camp Douglas, Wisconsin

"Eber"

One Stripe; Wrestling Squad (2); Manager Wrestling and Gymnasium; Expert Rifleman

HAROLD blew in from the rustic wilds of Wisconsin, and although he would never admit it, we suspected that he was a Skowwegian of the wildest variety. From that time afterwards, we have done our best to deface that grin at every opportunity but Eber's manly beauty became the pride of the Second Batt in spite of all we could do to mess it up.

Plebe year Harold was not so much in evidence as is perhaps now the case, which is accounted for by a very evident popularity with the "First Lords of the Admiralty."

But youngster year Harold blossomed out like the gentle cactus and made himself quite obnoxious to certain plebes. "Mister, do you think I am hard?" After long thought, "Yes, sur." "Well, it's a damn good thing for you." Now you wouldn't think it of Harold from his angelic appearances, would you?

Youngster cruise Eber made a name for himself all over the West Coast. He haunted the dansants at the California Building on all occasions, and never was he seen with anything less than a cold 2.5. Harold has a pretty good average in that line, but we remember a time when he made up for all his past glory. Oh sure—dragging blind, for a friend. We might also speak of a certain case, not so long ago, when he stood an anchor watch throughout the long Saturday afternoon and evening, exercising the right of search on every W. B. & A. car that hove in sight, braving the jibes of the vulgar rabble and waiting—oh how patiently!—for that queen that never came in!

HAROLD EARLE MacLELLAN

Westerly, Rhode Island

"Mac"

Buzzard; Lacrosse Squad (4, 3, 1); Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3, 1)
Track Squad (2)

MAC is the recognized home-breaker of the Academy. Scarcely a week passes but what some poor unfortunate laments the fact that Mac and his machinations have rent in twain, so to speak, what otherwise might have been a happy union. Curiously enough, though, despite his abilities he is not entirely secure, or at least thinks he is not, in his own affairs of the heart. Perhaps he is in the position of a criminal who suspects everybody else of his own crime.

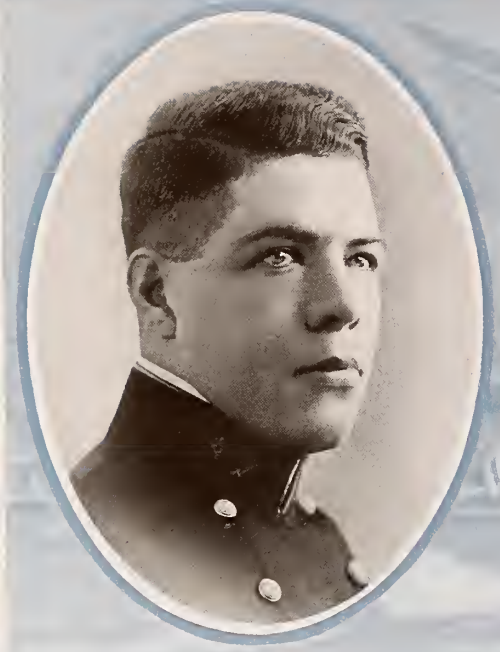
In an athletic way Mac is noticeably among those present. Lacrosse is his field in particular, and he also shone with brilliancy in one track meet—the extent of his wanderings afield.

You wouldn't accuse him of being from New England, but it's true. He used to be a moving picture operator as a diversion, we understand, in the fishing village of Providence. Mac is bashful about his professional abilities, however, for he allowed us to suffer all plebe summer with the focusing of Ernest Feet.

Mac was never built for a log book, and consequently regards a P-work on Problem 3, Gun N, as the worst kind of a nightmare, particularly as he usually has the luck to find a mistake, or more accurately, mistakes, in the first approximation some time about the end of the period. In subjects not requiring so much concentration and exactness, though, Mac is well able to hold his own.

We only hope he can hold on to his happy, care-free ways—other things will take care of themselves.

"Look here, now, you yokel————."



PHILIP LATIMER EMRICH

Washington, D. C.

"Pop" "Phil"

Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Numerals; Buzzard

WE first remember Pop as our noble four-striper during plebe summer—a big fellow who overawed us poor plebes by the way he gave his commands and the slight swagger to his walk. He held this position of honor for only a short time, however, as the authorities soon "ragged" him for the first of numerous smoking "paps", and disrated him.

When the upper classes returned in October of our plebe year nearly every first classman seemed to know Pop from prep school days. Perhaps age did have something to do with his gray hairs! Various estimates have been placed on his years, but Pop denies all claims to later middle age and says that he is only twenty-three.

For three seasons he has worked faithfully on the baseball squad, hoping that some day he could convince the coaches that he was the best pitcher they had, and good enough to beat the Pointers.

Although only about the average in class standing because he never took the trouble to remember what he had learned during the month until the exams came around, he has never had any difficulty in digesting complicated Juice sketches, and he always takes great delight in helping some unfortunate in the rough places of the day's work.

Pop seems to have been born and raised to be a naval officer. With the liking for the sea which he probably inherited, we all expect him to have a very successful career.

He has always asserted that he will remain a bachelor, but those who know say that he has been engaged to two different girls inside of two weeks. Unless the old saying is true about "safety in numbers," Pop seems destined to be one of our first benedicts.

OSCAR HENRY HOLTMANN

Perryville, Missouri

"Horse" "Oscar" "Dolly" "Buster"

Buzzard; Football Numerals (4, 3); Football N; Track Numerals (3); Crew Squad

ATHLETICS is his long suit, especially anything that takes a lot of muscle, and not much speed. The records show his success in football and crew, but mention nothing of his work in track and his short-lived ambitions in wrestling and in pugilism. Even back in Perryville he was a husky brute. Buster, as the home town knows him, is one of those who came to us with the guiding influence of the "girl back home" to steady him, though far be it from us to judge how steady he is.

Perhaps the best thing Missouri did for Oscar was to equip him with a good fund of common sense, as she usually does her native sons, and we can pardon him for developing his humor along cornfield lines. Midshipmen wit alters such deficiencies anyhow, for better or for worse—it is immaterial.

Aside from occasional trouble with his hearing, a plebe year with John Spaulding for a roommate, and an operation for appendicitis, his life here has been quite uneventful. In studies he stands in the first ten in the class, and who wants any better?

His most reprehensible failing is a touch of vanity, but considering the general prevalence of that disease we are inclined to make allowances for it; the wholesome effect of the inoculation we received against it plebe year is not so potent as it was and few of us can claim immunity. After all, Oscar is not without grounds for some slight vanity. The Big Boy is not much of a mixer and it takes some time to get within hailing distance, but once he's lashed alongside you know he's going to be a friend worth while, and one that won't cast loose at the first big roller.

GEORGE OTIS ETHEREDGE

Saluda, South Carolina

"Ethel" "Gloom"

Manager Fencing Team; Buzzard

HERE, without exception, is the quietest man in the class, a stout advocate of the Golden Silence doctrine. It is no uncommon thing for him to go several days at a stretch without speaking a word outside of the section room—meals, "fests," and even ranks, that place wherein we all feel compelled to talk, have no effect on his stolidity.

George left a peaceful plantation life in South Carolina's sunny clime when he came 'way no'th to join us, and he has never become quite accustomed to the frigid arctic weather prevalent on the Bay. He has enough blankets to equip a Russian Army Corps, and is never seen without a sweater carefully tucked up around his ears.

George's activities have been the Masqueraders and the Fencing team. He was connected with the silent busy end of the former, of course—the end that makes a hole in the wall look like a manor house. He acted as manager of the Fencers after '17 left, thereby taking advantage of that very delectable trip to New York. We have the dope concerning Ethel's escapades on that trip, but we have no desire to ruin his reputation as a Gloom, so will pull down the blind.

Gloom is not exactly a savoir; he has shipped a green sea now and then, but as a general thing he keeps plenty of way on. He rather looks down on purely theoretical business. Just the same he is next to his job and comes through with the stuff when the time comes.

We call him Gloom, perhaps there's a reason. You know, anyone who doesn't go into D. T.'s over some "nobody-home" remark of a Forty Percenter is apt to be immediately dubbed "Gloom." Our Gloom has his own ideas, and "there's no use talking" is one of them.

WALTER LUCIAN TAYLOR

Thomasville, Georgia

"Ka-a-d" "Bill"

Buzzard; Class Tennis Champion (3, 1)

"KA-A-D HOWDY" Bill slouches down the corridor, his hat on one side, and his fist clinched, with the roll of a true seaman and a negative brace worthy of a rear-admiral.

Among his trained gang of thugs, Bill is perhaps the hardest of the bunch. He is their trusty leader, and well meets the requirements of one holding such a high position. But he also has his other side as well cultivated; uncover him during some hop and you find the true Bill, gentlemanly, courteous, and of a pleasing nature. He always forms a happy companion because he has the knack of being able to accord himself to any company.

In practical knowledge, Bill excels. At drills, for instance, he often comes forward with some well-based discussion on a subject you felt sure he was unfamiliar with; you have once more failed to sound bottom with Bill. This general knowledge is acquired through a fondness for magazines and good books, another of Bill's habits. He prefers to acquire his knowledge and adventures in books or magazines, rather than from actual experience.

Bill's head is full of little schemes to aid him in getting his ease. In our plebe days his arms, legs, back, or head were always too sore to allow him to do any Swedish out of gym hours. He soon discovered that "show some wrinkles in the back of that blouse" was a favorite slogan, and to satisfy them all without effort to himself, Bill sewed an elastic band inside his blouse to keep wrinkles constantly there. Contrary to all other of Bill's rules for ease and happiness, he is an accomplished tennis player, a fact beyond normal knowledge.

Bill is strong for the Service and is anxious to get "up and at it" outside of the old Acad.

JAMES FIFE, Jr.

Reno, Nevada

"Jimmie" "Fifi"

Buzzard

BEFORE Jimmie entered our midst we had the idea that Reno, Nevada, could produce nothing but divorces, cactus, sagebrush and horned toads, but three years with this young savoir have proved to us that a small western town can produce some mighty big men.

From the beginning, Jimmie has assumed a thoughtful, conscientious and "ready-to-learn" attitude, and as a result has absorbed knowledge like a sponge absorbs water. His "savviness" has enabled the wooden first company to come out victorious in many a fierce battle with the academic departments.

Somewhat to his loss, Jimmie is not one of the "glad hand" type; so to get his friendship we had to go to him, but the depth and sincerity of this friendship have more than repaid us for our efforts to win it. On more than one occasion Jimmie has relieved a classmate and smilingly stood his watch into the wee small hours of Sunday morning in order that the lover might enjoy the pleasures of a few hours with his femme at the hop.

On youngster cruise after the first three days outside the Capes, during which we struck some pretty rough weather, Fifi was stricken with the longshoreman's idea that the little fishes out there in the ocean don't get enough to eat and for the next couple of days he gave up his "Chow" to feed them. However, he soon got over this, and on second class cruise he took to the rough weather like an old sea dog.

Idle pleasures have no charm for Fifi. During recreation hours if you don't see Jimmie covering a hand ball or tennis court you will be sure to find him over at the Library trying to dig out the mysteries of the gyroscopic compass, or why the Germans favor a single base powder. He has become a walking encyclopedia and one of the best read men in the class.

"How did you bat that exam, Jimmie?"

"Oh! Fair."

"What do you figure?"

"Oh! 'bout a 3.7."

ALBERT S. MARLEY, Jr.

Kansas City, Missouri

"Ooks" "Goopie"

Buzzard; Assistant Manager Baseball (3, 2); Baseball Squad (2, 1)

WHO is that Grecian Apollo, did you say?—Why it's Goopie, Goops, or Ooks, the pride of ('sh) somewhere in Missouri. We think it's Kansas City, but that is a secret and we weren't going to say anything about it.

We don't know much about Goopie's past life back in the dark ages, but if you want to hear a good yarn, ask him what he did after the Army-Navy game plebe year, in Philly.

Goops claims he's always bilged, or else is going to. "Say, whatcha make on the exam? I busted cold." A week later look at the bulletin board and you see him with at least a 3.0. Some night before an exam, watch Goopie and Arthur after taps inspection beating it down the corridor with a bunch of books under their arms, and then you'll know why he didn't bust on the exam.

Ookie tried for two and one-half years to be strictly a Red Mike, and succeeded fairly well, but with the prospect of first class year staring him in the face, he began to get introduced. Why, for a while there, he just haunted the informals, watching how some people could get away with it.

He'd get as far as asking for a dance or an introduction, but when you came to look for Ooks to present him, he "had to catch one," as he always explained.

Ooks has some mighty fine ideals, and generally lives up to them, despite the fact that he claims the strenuous life plebe year ruined him. Unselfish, straightforward, loyal; known to all, and liked by all—that's Goops.

"Hey, did you see me pitch this afternoon?"

JAMES LESLIE FISHER

Rummerfield, Pennsylvania

"Jesse" "Judge" "Bud" "Fish"

Wrestling Squad (4, 3); Two Stripes

LABORING under the handicap of having the illustrious "Babe" Brown as a pred, Jesse has had a hard row to hoe. Although he lacks the overall length and beam to beat the Army single-handed, he has always contributed more than his share of the steam to put the pep into the good old Navy teams. Any Saturday afternoon his fist could be seen in the air and his voice heard above the din as he vociferated against the referee, or urged the boys to "go get 'em, team!" He may have caused considerable embarrassment to the neighboring fussers, and he may have caused many a lazy plebe to make his share of the noise against his will, but we must admit that Froggie is of the type of Navy rooter we all ought to be.

Plebes were always Jesse's especial pets; the little dears received constant attention from him. He was never too busy to journey to some remote corner of the building to give fatherly advice to some erring infant, and woe be unto any of them who refused to heed the advice! Jesse's worries in life—and he has many, if you take seriously all he says about them—were caused chiefly by his young proteges.

Jesse has one friend who never deserts him, and without which he could not exist. That friend is the old faithful hunk of oil; when it is along he will tackle anything—except an English recitation. It is a good thing for Frog that grabbing off a 3.0 was never difficult for him, for a flowery recitation and Piper Heidsick go not well together. Moreover, "No hay miel sin hiel"; consequently Jesse has spent some weary hours aboard.

Yes, indeed, poor old Frog is a helpless castaway on the sea of love, a languishing victim of the creature Hamlet called Frailty. Untutored as he is in the capricious whims of the fickle women, he glories in his enslavement.

"You boys got any oil?"

"There's Froggie Fisher, ask him."

HENRY YOUNG McCOWN

Whitney, Texas

"Henry" "Mac" "Scatter-hair"

Three Stripes; Submarine Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)

THIS Spartan existence has wrought a deep change on old "Watter-eye." Four years ago no one in mental equilibrium would have even hinted darkly that Henry had in him anything of the reptile nature. Yet in less than a year our denizen of the Texas sand dunes was changed to a parlor reptile of the most incorrigible species—a king among vipers, "vertebra in vertibris!" Ah, what a fall there was, my countrymen! Yes, it is a cold Saturday when we don't see "Scatter-hair" with one—perhaps dos ó tres —senoritas on his arm—or arms, as the case may be—heading for Lucy Hall with stuns'ls set and ensigns at both trucks and the peak. We say, it is a cold day, because Henry is tropical vegetation, and has small gusto for low temperatures.

Not to make some mention of his accomplishments would be to do Henry the grossest injustice. Not the least of these is his mastery of the banjo. During the balmy days of spring Henry might be found seated at his desk picking out with painful deliberation tunes of a touchingly sentimental nature on Huntoon's fire-sale banjo, arousing in the hearts of neighboring inmates thoughts murderous and bloody.

Henry's Waterloo is heaving coal. Henry's lily-white soul recoils in horror at the bare suggestion of the dusty bituminous by-product. He has an inherent antipathy for the grimy and sooty toil with the shovel. The very touch of the filthy substance is repugnant to Henry's refined sense of cleanliness.

Integrating Henry between his known limits we find him well worthy of a place in the "Clan," and an ornament to any ship to which he may be attached either by official or sentimental ties. Not that he is merely ornamental; of course, he is that, but he is more than that. Above all he is absolutely human, even if he does come from Whitney, Texas, and he has been passed by the Board of Censorship 'midst loud applause.

ALLAN PRESCOTT FLAGG

Pacific Grove, California

"Allan" "Jo-Jo"

Buzzard; Baseball Numerals (4); Basketball Numerals (4); June Ball Committee

JOE became one of us at the beginning of youngster year, after a long sojourn at the "Country Club" across the Creek. Luck was with us when the Academic Board decided to give him the five year course.

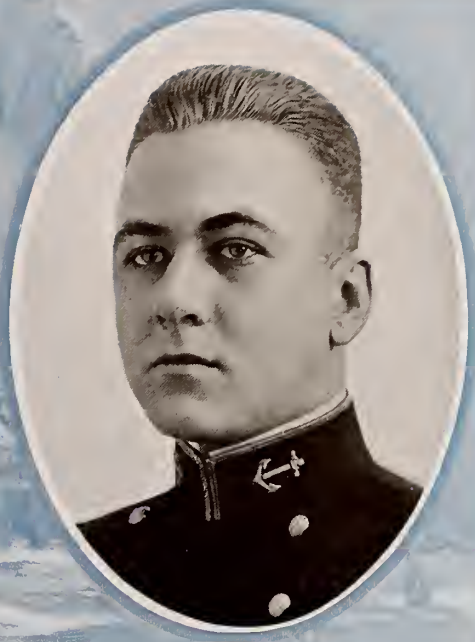
Although not wooden, Joe never found much fruit in his academic books. His first great troubles with the Math Department, trying to locate stresses in Queen Trusses, etc., were not exactly to his liking, but trusting to Tecumseh to pull him through on the re-exam he hung on, and his trust was justified.

In athletics Joe has made his presence felt in both baseball and basketball, but the extra-study squads have kept him from steady work in either. The coach tells us that he had more pep than anyone else on the diamond.

At the informals he is always among those present, whether dragging or not, and if it weren't for those letters from Pacific Grove we might be led to believe that he is a heavy fusser. As for his parlor accomplishments, you ought to see him balance a tea cup and play the swinette.

Joe seldom glooms, and he is one of the best tonics in the class for rhinoism. He always has a witty remark and laugh ready, and when he and Fech get together there's no stopping them. They're about as much under control as a "vessel laying or picking up telegraph cable" and nobody ever has made a serious attempt to moor them in one place. When occasion requires it, however, Joe steadies down all right, and if he can keep away from Fech long enough he can even do a little boning if the situation is bad enough to warrant such drastic action.

"Aw, leave us not and say we did."



ROBERT POOLE

Baltimore, Maryland

"Bob" "General"

Buzzard; Company A; Chairman Class Supper Committee

OUR walking example of the Horseshoe—Bob has caught 'em from the day after entering the Academy until his race to Smoke Hall for his first reg smoke, without being ragged once. There are also other instances of the working of his rabbit's foot, but we won't hide his greatest achievement by citing any of his lesser ones. We suspect Bob strongly at times of harboring a desire to be recognized as a hard guy, but his good sense has carried him past such temptations so far.

He has had only one big argument with the discipline department. He liked Crabtown so well, that he decided to spend an extra summer under the sheltering windsails of the Good Ship Bancroft Hall. His big raucous laugh was one of the chief features of Company A, and he can tell you all about how the regs ought to be enforced. In athletics, Bob has given way to those of a more industrious turn of mind, though he did keep a lacrosse stick in his room second class year, until the Captain came around for it. Bob much prefers the Cosmo, Hearst's, or McClure's.

He has stuck to the Old First ever since plebe year, and although he tried his best to exert a good influence over Boob Halstead, his efforts were in vain. He gave it up as a bad job youngster year, taking Allan as the wife of his bosom.

Poole is a friend when on the trail of dope, and when he eulogizes on the plebes in the Old Navy days as a side topic in addition, it's time to ease off.

"What's your name, Mister?"

ERNEST ADAMS FOOTE

Nashua, New Hampshire

"Ernie" "Feet" "Fatigue"

Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2, 1); Leader of Bugle Corps (1); Y. M. C. A. Secretary (3); Vice-President (1); Buzzard

WE are certainly glad for the Boston bean's sake that his course has finished for another year, or that noise corps would have given the Regiment the D. T.'s Nevertheless, we must say that he can keep the tune, and this with his Sunday night activities has given him quite a reputation as a musician.

The Feet is also unquestionably good in his studies, and he is faintly aware of the fact. The lordly, disgusted, and blasé manner with which he saunters up to a board and rapidly strings off his recitation awes the average prof by itself aside from the fact that he does savvy the stuff. Both in studies and drills, however, his strong point is the practical side, which fact ought to help him later on. "Take charge of the bowline, Foote," is a well-known slogan in rifle-range days.

The Feet keeps to himself to an astonishing degree, even on liberty, seeming to be able to amuse himself without help. He does drag occasionally, but always with the same slightly bored love-em-all air. He has never trusted anyone, male or female, since the time Cy Perkins sponsored him in the fussing game. But, by the way, if you seek to verify this, use a telephone as a health hint.

For the rest Gabriel will be best remembered for his practical jokes, and his sly grin while playing them, his pugilistic face, his love of the movies and his struggles with the movie machine in Rec Hall, and finally for his three year graft on the Battalion staff as a bugler.

"I simply can't do it, I've got the cata-a-ah; besides, I'm too fatigued."

HARRY KANDEL LEVENTEN

New York, New York

"Levvy"

Academy Welterweight Boxing Championship (2); Buzzard

IT has taken us some time to get any reliable soundings on Levvy, but when they came they showed good hard rock bottom with none of your shifting sand. He doesn't have much to say and unless there's a real scrap on the way he prefers the side lines. Absolutely unassuming and unaffected, Levvy has a heart as big as they make 'em. You'll find him a man worth cultivating, and a man you can bank on to stay with you for a knock-out. For if there's one thing that little sand bagger can do it's handle those two mitts of his. He's got a kick like our twelve inch gun N, and a hay-maker in that left that brought to him the welterweight championship and to several unfortunates who intercepted it visions of star showers and the great Black Void.

When Harry goes out for anything it's with a persistence and aggressiveness that is bound to "arrive," and there's no obstacle too great for him. That champion's belt was the result of months of hard training, self-inflicted Swedish movements, gradually inuring him to the sudden shock of thickly padded fists. If anybody rated the belt Levvy certainly did and there's nobody we'd rather see have it.

Once in a while the Champ picks out a sparring partner who spreads him on the ropes for the space of a minute or so; those sixty-minute rounds in the Steam Department have proved particularly hazardous; sometimes after some fast "milling" at the board the prof looks a bit dazed. "The line of connection should be a vertical element passing through the center of the cross-section." That smile of his when the prof calls his bluff spreads thru the section room like measles in a Navy Yard.

Levvy is a regular postage stamp when it comes to sticking; there's only one thing he's ever been known to give up—that's his dinner. Levvy's sea-legs never were very well braced and the call of the sea dies to a whisper just about the time the ship breasts Hatteras.

"Sir, I can't do that prob."

JOSEPH WILLIAM FOWLER

Monmouth, Maine

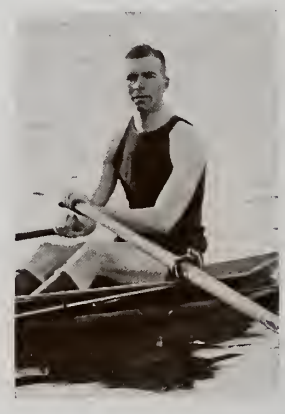
"Joe" "Bob"

Five Stripes; Star (4, 3, 2, 1); Editor-in-Chief Lucky Bag; Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Crew Numerals (4); Captain Crew (1); Football Numerals (4, 3)

JOE has for three years been our Noah, building this Ark of his, pitching it without and within, and driving a lazy staff away from the "Bool-Can."

If there's one essential characteristic of Bob's mental installation it's an absolutely non-corrosive, fire-proof, Harveyized optimism. Curtailed leave, fireroom detail in the tropics, two weeks in Culebra—never even dented his water-line armor. Youngster cruise during that lonely month at anchor in Eastport's lee, "the Clan" used to lie awake in their hammocks thinking of nasty things to say when Joe came down with the next dope on getting underway. If the rooster keeps crowing long enough the day will finally dawn, and that's the way Bob won out. And for good, solid, oil-tempered common-sense and a clear, level head we've never found his equal. As a master compass that points due north regardless of weather conditions he's been a more valuable aid to navigation than the whole Nav Department. However, the minute he gets with any member of the fair sex that stabilizer goes on the blink and he's about as reliable as one of Gotch Dillon's time-sights. Wrecking a dowager's train in his excitement, driving a society bud to Washington in her runabout, and sundry other of Joe's wilder escapades are worthy of a volume.

In between Saturdays Bob's as steady as a gyro; he's got a 300 k. w. brain and he knows how to use it, with a born genius for leadership. The water never drop's out of sight in Bob's gage-glass. Boosting everything in general and the Navy in particular has been his religion from the day he entered. If the horizon is bright it's always a rising sun to Joe. We can't wish him good luck; it's always with him—"in my mind's eye, Horatio." But may we share that luck, whatever it is, and may the gatherings of "the Clan" ever be cheered by that sturdy old optimism that has ever met our caustic sarcasm with—"So help me, Hannah! I tell you, we'll graduate in September!"



WALLACE MYRON DILLON

Birmingham, Alabama

"Gotch" "Peewee"

Two Stripes; Bantamweight Wrestling Championship (4); Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2); Manager of Track (1); Hop Committee (1) Manager Class Football (2)

GOTCH is a real sailor man in everything but sailing the sea. His fighting abilities are known as far West as Chinatown, and his wrestling prowess is too well-known to comment on here. He is a handy man to have around in a rough-house, despite his size.

Like a sailor man in affairs of the heart, Gotch was for two years about as constant as dy/dx; but cross-country walks through the Marine Barracks, an intimate acquaintance with the golf links, and a sudden desire for boat trips up the river have marked a change, for he now has eyes but for one.

There is nothing more pleasing to him than an argument with Joe, with plenty of room to wave his arms and a good chance to voice his opinions audibly enough to be heard for three decks. Gotch nearly got savvy one month first class year, getting a 3.0 average. He was so elated that he proceeded to hit three monthly trees to make up, not worrying in the least. Still, he has always been able to pull out of the holes, whether on the wrestling mat or in the class room.

It is remarkable how quickly the storms of rhinoism pass from Gotch. As a classmate he is a relief from the books, as a friend he is all to be desired, but it is as a general happy-go-lucky, never-worry, yet responsible man that he sits nearest our hearts. He is never a "wall flower" in any gathering, and is always master of the social situation. Who but Gotch would ever have backed out the door after he sat on the white frosted cake?

"Let me at him."

"Reckon I made a two."

"Well, going up-river today?"

"Well, Joe, they can't beat old 158!"

ALBERT FINLEY FRANCE

New Rochelle, New York

"Finley" "Fin"

Two Stripes; Class Crest Committee; Lacrosse Numerals (4); Farewell Ball Committee

THERE are three principal josh towns in America, New Rochelle, Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh. Fin having lived in one of them evidently learned his lessons in the acts of merry kidders and goat getters in his early youth, and as a result during his whole time around these "diggings" has been immune from the plots and attacks of these wary hunters of the restless Angoras. You can trust him to remain calm, placid, and undisturbed upon any occasion, even under the merciless attacks on his fair name and character by the relentless Sam Armstrong, Rojo Busby, et al.

The most pleasing things about Finley's personality are his absolute good nature, and his lack of rhinoism except when hard pressed by a vigilant O. C. in the days during second class year when the reign of terror spread to the fourth deck smokers.

In Finley we have a study in a certain axiom in the old fourth grade copy books to the effect that "Procrastination is the thief of time." If you want a lesson in self-control, undertake to make a liberty with him and try to catch the one o'clock kicker. Everything is ready except Fin, who decides at the last minute that he will wear a shirt ashore after all. Try to hurry him and you've attempted the impossible. Immediately Finley balks and backtracks. No power on earth can make him throw in high, but he continues his dressing leisurely and calmly while you stand by helplessly and cuss.

In contrast with this trait, Fin has a habit of knowing his job, and knowing it well.

"Then to hell with her, I'm a free-lance from now on."

PAL LAMAR MEADOWS

Ruston, Louisiana

"Pal" "Yokel" "Lammer" "Praderas"

Two Stripes; Lucky Bag Staff; Wrestling Squad (4, 3); Track Squad (2, 1); Class Honor Committee (1); Company A

PAL is the biggest optimist we know. Hospital, hazing investigation—he has survived them all, and recites on the same steam-lesson for the fifth time with his mind free and happy. Maybe "Shad" is right when he claims that "Medders" can sit for hours without a thought passing through his brain; at any rate his personal ambitions and his serious side are hidden by a happy-go-lucky absent-mindedness. His shrinkings from the public gaze are so fascinatingly open and undeceptive, however, that it is a pleasure to torment him. His blush and his "You damn fool, Armstrong" are familiar delights on the fourth deck.

His most striking characteristic is his attachment for "Sha-ad." They are as inseparable as one of those knots we used to tie in seamanship drill. The Tennessee Ward Boss only gets really warmed up to his subject when Pal is around, whether it is the frailty of woman—their favorite subject—or affairs of state and how they ought to be settled.

He has several distinctions, chief of which is a complexion he guards zealously. Also, he holds the record for ability to keep his room in disorder, though it can't be said that Finley helps matters any.

Wrestling was his chosen sport until the "Home beyond the grave" called him. Though perhaps not much on science, his whirlwind style of beginning anything usually wins for him. Second class year his restless spirit and his desire to have the fourth deck represented in athletics drove him to the cinder path as a miler.

In the way of brains Pal surpasses, and if his ambitions have not changed we shall see him some day a designer of dreadnaughts.

"You yokels are trying to gig me!"

STANLEY HELFENSTEIN GAMBRILL

Colorado Springs, Colorado

"Stailey"

Buzzard

STAILEY as a rule takes small part in the oratorical contests in Smoke Hall, but when he does join in the melee he generally has something worth saying. Get him away from the crowd and start him off on some subject that he likes, such as women, or religion, for example, and listen to him pass the honey.

As a fusser, he started out well, and it is his boast that he didn't miss a hop youngster year. The fickleness of the fair sex turned him against them second class year, however, and he joined the ranks of the Rouge Mikes. He still has aspirations of becoming a benedict, as can be seen by the longing look in his eyes as he gazes upon the swaying crowds at Carvel Hall every Saturday night. Cheer up, Stailey, you'll get a dance yet.

Athletics haven't held a very great part in Stailey's heart during his sojourn among the Pampered Pets. Don't get the idea, however, that he is of the Cosmo Club type, because he is far from that. He's of the energetic temperament, and unlike the above type forms no part of the permanent furniture of his room during recreation hours. He is particularly fond of testing the compressive resistance of somebody's jaw with a couple of eight ounce kid gloves.

It is our belief that Stailey missed his calling; he should have gone on Wall Street, for at high finance he has no equals. He will lend his last red, but somehow he always manages to come out on top—which is not the usual fate of men who lend. Second class year we made him ship's banker.

Unassuming, liberal, with both bunkers full of good common sense, Stailey makes an ideal pal for any man. He is always a good listener rather than a good conversationalist, and it relieves one's mind to take tales of trouble to him.

LLOYD GOODE SCHECK

Kirwin, Kansas

"Scheck" "Fatty" "Lloyd" "George"

Football Numerals (4); Buzzard

IN the spring of 1914 amidst the stirring strains of the Beloit Band, mingled with the cheers of Beloit High School and the sobs of the buxom country lasses, our hero swung nonchalantly aboard the caboose attached to the Rock Island fast freight, and started his journey to the Navy School with the stern purpose of evading "them there city slickers from New York."

Nobody sold him any government property on the way and he survived to take up an abode plebe year across the corridor from Fats Gruelick, thereby losing the care and attention which the rest of the Ninth Company plebes received at that gentleman's hands. On Saturday nights, he and Bollman kept Moore's in business while we attended the famous jockey club.

The lure of a life of ease and enjoyment has deprived Lloyd of the athletic success which his prowess deserves. He was the mainstay of the line on the plebe football team, but he soon lapsed into the depths of senility, craving only his rest and his Fatimas.

He has the unlucky faculty of gathering his demerits at the wrong time, and as a result, has spent the two Xmas leaves, which he rated, in Bancroft Hall. But he has taken his troubles philosophically however, his only stipulation being to "bring me back a little something, won't you fellows?"

He is not a fusser—married men can't afford to be—but he does his best to arrange a little party for McReynolds now and then. When the two fat boys have a hurried conference in Smoke Hall followed by the dashing off of a special delivery, there is going to be action in the near future.

Lloyd is not a diplomat, is as non-greasy as they make them, and says what he thinks in a frank out-spoken manner which we cannot help but admire.

We all have our faults and honesty is his.

"That means fight with me."

ELLIS HUGH GEISELMAN

Hanover, Pennsylvania

"Geisel" "Gink"

Buzzard; Baseball Numerals (4); Mandolin Club (4, 3, 2, 1); "In² club"

ELLIS is a quite unassuming chap, one of that type of men of whom little is heard. Still, in spite of this inclination to be a little bit silent, he can uphold his end of the conversation if he wishes.

With the ladies he has progressed in these short years from a confirmed woman-hater to an honest-to-goodness fusser. He looks for the little pink envelope at regular intervals, and is inclined to be rhino when they are overdue.

Speaking of the fiddle, whenever you walk along the corridor and hear the exquisite strains of Somebody's Hungarian Goulash from Dante's Inferno, you will at once realize that Ellis is unkindly taking it out on those unfortunate enough to be present. In perfect harmony with his quiet nature is his musical talent. During plebe year his soothing music appeased the wrath of the gods in the terrible Sixth. Many of us have really enjoyed listening to his violin, for good music by one of our own is a rare treat.

Baseball has been his chief sport. Although he never landed among the stars, he was always on hand at the beginning of the next session, ready to do his part and to make some other candidate step out.

Ellis is no savoir, but he is a hard worker, and he has always managed to stay on the safe side of the phantom 2.5. What he gets he owes not to any favors, but to his own efforts.

You will always find in him a good friend, who is always ready and willing to give some unfortunate bird his last skag. A sincere friend—a constant lover—a true man.

OWEN EDISON GRIMM

Pillow, Pennsylvania

"Genome"

Buzzard; rNt (4, 3); Manager Rifle Squad (1); Bronze Medal Class Rifle Contest

THE reggest man we have ever seen! Genome is one of those slow, easy-going, inoffensive persons, who always get what they start out for, whether it be at one of the hops or at a Nav P-work. When we first met him, plebe year, he was spending his spare time over at the rifle range. He has worked there many hours since, until now he is probably the best marksman in the class.

His specialty is swimming—he has demonstrated his strokes over in the tank every Tuesday and Thursday from 5.10 to 6.15 P. M. for the last three years. This year he pulled off the squad by constant practice and skillful use of the bottom.

On cruises he does his duty as he sees it: stands all his watches, relieves on time, and never grumbles. He is inclined to favor a minimum amount of work with a maximum of "caulking off" or of liberty, but he never shirks.

In studies he has struck the happy medium between 3.0 and 3.4, where one has neither the worry of losing his star nor the fear of bilging. No doubt his marks might have been better had he not spent so much time answering letters from Pillow, Pa. (For Genome is a true Pennsylvania Dutchman). "Well, she promised to write four times a week, and if she only writes three, she gets not a line from me."

But his grammatical constructions, and his inflections awake laughter and mimicry everywhere, all of which he placidly accepts in the spirit of fun in which they are given.

"I don't hope so."

FRANCIS STEPHENSON GIBSON

Parkersburg, West Virginia

"Monty" "Francois" "Soche"

One Stripe; Track Squad (3, 2, 1); Track Numerals; Soccer Numerals (4); Class Crest Committee; Hop Committee (3, 2, 1); Chairman Hop Committee (1) Chairman Farewell Ball Committee

MONTY is a dimpled blonde from West Virginia, who has left a trail of broken hearts from Maine to California. He looks "so cute in that uniform" and "dances so divinely" that we can't imagine a hop without our parlor reptile. When it came time to choose our youngster hop committee we couldn't imagine it, either; accordingly we elected him, and we have been proud of him ever since, making him chairman first class year.

His many social obligations have made him watch his step in the battle with the Departments, and have held him close to a 2.5. He always stayed well on the safe side, however, for he can "parlez."

Monty seems to have a decided antipathy for Hibernians, both rouge et noir. He bilged two roommates in the short space of two years; both of them sons of Erin. His influence has been unfelt by the sea-going Sam, however, during the past two years.

Monty fusses once a week—never oftener—just as regularly as Saturday rolls 'round. He is thoroughly reprimanded just as regularly by the non-fussing Ninth, but he only dimples and blushes; the next Saturday sees him at it again. He makes all his liberties in "restaurants-de-danse" and ball-rooms; he would rather dance than eat and would rather eat than bat a 4.0 in Dago.

Monty has never tried to be a "hard guy"; he came here with high standards, and he has held to them throughout, despite the trials of many an old Ninth Company liberty—which is going some, if we may say so.

Shake, Monts, we're glad to have had you with us.

STANLEY MARTYN HAIGHT

Medford, Oregon

"Sam" "Wrench" "Quartermaster"

Buzzard; Swimming Team (3, 2, 1); sNt; Manager Swimming Team (1); Lacrosse Squad (3, 2, 1); Lacrosse Numerals; Mandolin Club (1)

GANGWAY! all you landlubbers, and let a deep sea wave roll by! Here we have the most sea-going man in the class, and the most loyal subject in Neptune's mighty kingdom. While the rest of us were rolling in ease on second class leave, Sam was standing watch and watch on a freighter out of Philly, simply because he would rather go to sea than do anything else. He will not admit it, but salt water is more essential to Sam's existence than air is to the ordinary mortal.

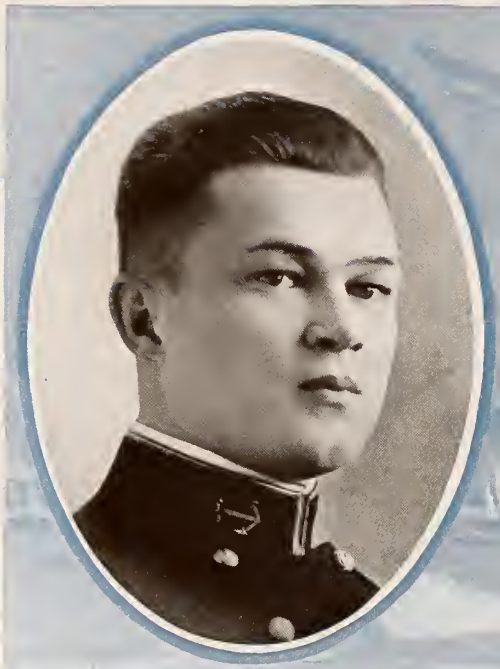
If ever a man upheld the 40% theory, the Wrench certainly does. He is nothing if not original, and the stunts which he has crowded into our few years here have only been exceeded by the "brilliant" ideas which he originated and which required the persuasive abilities of the Twelfth Company to have him abandon. His only limit is his imagination, and we are always waiting to see Sam pull a new one.

Sam makes friends with everybody with whom he comes in contact—stevedores, bartenders, policemen, artists, ocean liner captains, and evangelists. With that utter disregard of conventions he goes about making friends with everyone he meets.

A nature like Sam's must necessarily conflict at times with the stress of military discipline, but we cannot help dipping our ensign to that bomb-proof independence with which he goes through life.

It takes a good stiff sou'easter to wear that smile off Sam's face; but when it does come off somebody's in for a dose of real "Kultur" before he gets through. He is not of a belligerent nature, is absolutely unselfish and impulsively generous; everything he has is yours from what he knows about Juice to his last centime. You can always tell what Sam is going to do; he's all above the surface and straight as a parallel ruler.

Lt. Forgus, at bore-sighting drill: "Where's the wrench?"
Sam: "Here, Sir."



LOUIS LE ROY HABRYLEWICZ

Chicago, Illinois

"Habby" "Koo" "Count de Schnitz"

Football Squad (4, 3, 2); Wrestling Squad (3); Basketball Numerals (4); Football Numerals (3)

THIS husky youth from the Windy City has had a pretty hard time of it here, particularly with the English Department. Of course his name made the profs suspicious at once. Then, too, they, as well as most of us, did not realize that Habby had been speaking English just about five years when he entered. For a man to get through second class English even after doubling plebe year, in spite of such obstacles, was a very creditable feat, clearly indicating that Habby was a worker. French, too, was pretty rough sledding for him. In other branches he keeps his competitors hustling, being particularly adept with a Log Book. Possessing an excellent memory, he can get by sometimes with pretty complicated discussions, whether he fully understands them or not, but once in a while he slips a cog, as in Steam when he uttered the famous remark that the material used in stern tube bearings was "Cotton soaked in linseed oil, Sir."

Habby is somewhat of a sporting gentleman, always willing to wager his ducats on a sure thing. At the last Presidential election, upon the receipt of a telegram from Chicago saying that Hughes was undoubtedly elected, he plunged heavily.

Yes, the Koo has worked hard even with his social affairs. Everyone who came in contact with him at the hops youngster year will vouch for this. But this perseverance has not been without reward. Habby, you are "such a devil" with the fair ones! The way you have snaked your classmate's girls away from them has afforded many a chuckle to the Red Mikes. We attribute no small part of your ultimate success in English to those bright-colored, heavily-perfumed "notes." True, your locker would supply a make-up artist for a lifetime, but we suppose the cosmetics are necessary.

"All right, fellows, let's give Habby the siren!"

"Cold cream, vaseline, bum fou-fou,
Habrylewicz, Habblesnitch,
Koo! Koo! Kooooo!"

SAMUEL JOHNSON BARTLETT

Mooresville, Alabama

"Sam"

Buzzard

ALONG in March, 1917, the Academic Board decided that Sam had better graduate with '18 instead of '17, so Sam came to join us with a lazy saunter, a lazier drawl, and an expression that proclaimed "It's a great life, but I reckon I've weakened." However, a trifle like the postponement of graduation could not disturb Sam's happy-go-lucky good humor and he took up the thread of life in '18's social whirl in a way that has made him fast friends with all of us.

Sam's fondness for Snappy Stories and the Cosmo has so far outweighed his affection for Bullard, Bowditch, et al., that his progress in academic pursuits has not been startling —but that never worries Sam. When Busbey comes up to gloat over him with the news that "Sam, you're hanging on the Juice tree with a 2.0," he will smile, reach for a skag, and go on dreaming about Alabama. The only time he gets aroused is when something serious happens—like a shortage of "Fats" on the deck.

Sam's relations with the discipline department have been far from serene, and would have bowed many another man down under the burden, but his lack of rhinoism and his easy-going temperament have carried him through these troubles as they have carried him through all others.

"Nothing under 84."

JOHN MEADE HAINES

Berkeley, California

"Jack" "Heine"

Buzzard; Iw² Club

JACK is an exponent of the five-year course, through no fault of the Academic Department, but because of his own inclinations, we suppose, and lack of self-confidence, we know. At the end of his first plebe year he resigned, found out there was no reason for getting out of the Navy, and then came back with us.

Fussing, girls, hops, etc., are necessary components in Jack Haines' scheme of life, and without them the world is a dull place for him. He can live over a pleasant hop and good music for days, and he often flies into raptures over some girl's dancing ability.

Haines' career through this Ensign factory of Uncle Sam's has been uneventful save for annual delayed battles with the Math Department and his memorable meeting with Henry Moore on the wrestling mat youngster year. The former he has always won, but the loss of the latter nearly broke his heart.

Lizzie is an extremely quiet fellow and one of his worst faults is his lack of confidence in himself. He is too unobtrusive, and were it not for hearing him play occasionally on his mandolin and ukalele, we would never know he was around. He has never been able to participate in our regular sports because of his slight build, but he likes and he boosts athletics, and he is a great admirer of the men who make up our squads.

Jack, with all his quietness, is a thoroughly likeable fellow, and a pleasant man to know. He is in dead earnest about his career in the Service, and although he has been somewhat retiring up to date, he's getting over that un-officer-like self-effacing modesty, and we feel confident he'll "arrive" before he again thinks of retiring.

"Gee, I wish I was husky."

STANLEY COOK NORTON

Portland, Maine

"Steve" "Angelo" "Nort"

Buzzard; Football Numerals (3); Basketball Numerals (3)

DUCKFOOT is a real sea-going bird. Plebe summer he taught all of us how to sail and splice; and, moreover, as the real test of a seaman he can spin yarns. Steve wants nothing more than an attentive audience, and then what wonderful tales he tells. And when the story is ended, just a hint that it sounds a bit fishy, and he is wound up for another session. But Drag is a good entertainer and we are always willing to be the necessary audience.

The only thing that Steve likes better than story telling is fussing and he is always filled up for every hop of the season. He is just one of these inveterate fussers who can't stop if he wanted to. Goodness only knows why he doesn't, for he has no particular yearnings—anything in skirts will do.

Drag is one of the men you can always count on for a little Sunday game between the Fatimas and Piedmonts or the third and fourth decks. It doesn't matter in the least whether they happen to be playing football, basketball, or baseball. Only speak about regular team athletics, however, and he straightway loses interest. Continued play is rather fatiguing, you know, and an occasional trip to the roof or to Smoke Hall is a necessity.

Steve has an Angora that rambles around occasionally but it is quite a mild animal. His lamented wife of plebe days, Speed Leemeyer, however, used to trot the goat out regularly and the whole deck would enjoy the family row.

"Duckfoot, Dragalong, Angelo Norton."

PEYTON HARRISON

St. Louis, Missouri

"Pud" "P" "Peyting" "Harry"

Reg. Staff Chief P. O.; Choir (3, 2, 1); Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1) Football Squad (3, 2); Soccer Squad (4, 3); Academy Light Heavyweight Boxing Champion

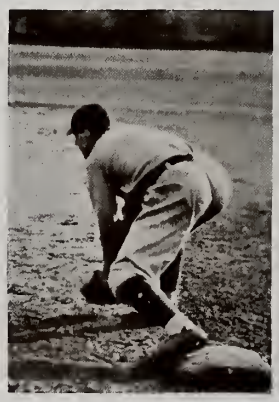
EVER since the day Pud donned his first suit of works he has been on some athletic team. Youngster year we saw him playing end on the Hustlers and snatching forward passes out of the air in a way that was uncanny. Second class year "P" was on the second team and played mighty good football. Later on in the year by hard, consistent training he won the light heavyweight belt with the eight-ounce mitts. To round off the season, Pete is a fixture on the baseball squad, and in truth that is his favorite sport. Here, however, as in football, though recognized as one of the best, he has never won his letter, but his work has been of value, nevertheless, both to the Academy and to himself.

Peyting is not a savoir. He has held the Board for downs on the twenty-five yard line in two hard fought battles, but in this, as in everything else, it is his fighting "get there" spirit that has brought him out on the top side.

Pud has always been a fusser of ability, even before he got that position on the left flank of the Regimental staff. Many a time and oft does Harry boast of dragging blind nine times in succession and drawing a queen every deal. We take it upon ourselves to warn him now not to tempt the Fates by such remarks—it would be a shame to spoil such a fine record.

Pud is naturally of a happy disposition, never rhino and always ready for a rough-house. If his animal has ever been grazing abroad it has escaped our attention, experienced goat-getters as we pride ourselves on being.

"St. Louis has got New York backed off the map so far——".



CHARLES DOYLE LEFFLER, Jr.

Miami, Florida

"Charley" "Ducky" "Chas" "Lefty"

Three Stripes; Manager Track (1); Swimming Squad (4)

A son of sunny Florida, Lefty entered the Academy with the same spirit to make good at whatever came to hand that has characterized his four years among us and brought him much of his merited success. He remains true to his native state, and would rather bone the dope in the Miami Metropolis than peruse a copy of Life; or even the "Weekly Mistake."

Never a book savoir, Lefty has evinced a practical trend of mind that has kept him out of difficulty with the Academics and helped him over many a rough spot, enabling him to establish a record for hard and consistent work in athletics, especially on the cinder ellipse.

From the first his curly hair and "genuine antique mahogany" bearing made him a favorite with the fair sex, and by the time first class year rolled around he evidenced many of the qualities of the heavy fusser, requiring his tea as regularly as those furnaces on the Misery cry for coal. It was while officiating at a social occasion at Carvel Hall that he acquired the nickname of "Ducky," although to mention the incident in his presence is to court sudden disaster. That sure was a slippery fowl!

Broadminded and efficient in the right way, reg without being a damper, Charley has shown the qualities that won him his three stripes. He's fair and square in all things, and holds the respect of his entire company, from plebes to file closers. Though he will probably never startle the world with anything sensational, he will make friends wherever he goes, and may they be as true to him as he has been to his own.

GEORGE CHARLES HAWKINS

Washington, D. C.

"Julius" "Hawk" "Caesar" "Snake Tooth"

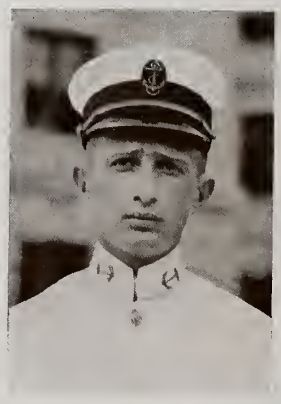
Buzzard; Lucky Bag Staff

THE first day of plebe academic year brought Julius his nickname and he has carried it, along with an intense dislike for barbers, all through the course. In fact, he could disguise himself from the O. C. any day with a hair cut and a shave.

Hawk was one of the favored few who were brought up real plebes as he was under the care of one Wild Bill. It is an axiom that a well-raised plebe makes the best kind of upperclassman, and Julius is no exception. Whether due to plebe training or not, cannot be said, but Julius always had the courage of his convictions. Being from Missouri he had to be shown, too. If he terrorized plebes, it is a mark in his favor. Julius, however, confined his efforts to bringing up his proteges in a military manner, and his squad never lacked snap.

In the fussing line, Julius was there for the love of the sport, allowing none of the fair ones to become the one and only attraction. Saturday found him on the job with Mitt, and if the two snakes couldn't have a good time, things must have been radically wrong.

As a friend, Julius is true and helpful. Even liberty waited if a friend asked him a favor. And we must not forget his faithful and conscientious work on this volume. Especially did we appreciate his aid during that "15 a night" period and to Julius the class owes a lasting debt—which will probably be paid by a dip in Dewey Basin.



JOHN RAYMOND SULLIVAN

Duluth, Minnesota

"Sully" "John" "Sool-e-van"

One Stripe; Expert Rifleman; Log Board; Company A Class Basketball (3)

SULLY "ban kom from Mannesota," but, as his name implies, he is far from being a Swede. Early in his youthful career John met the "only" girl and since then he has been a true and faithful devotee. He is an adherent of the old adage that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

John has been the despair of the M. C. M., for his daily epistles are perpetually in evidence. One day, however, the little gray envelope was not amongst those present. Ruminating all day upon his woes, Sully decided to end it all, and upon returning from rifle range plunged violently into the icy deep. Friends in the boat, to whom he probably owed money, rescued him from a watery grave and rushed him to his room. His first glance on entering fell upon the evasive missive. He eagerly devoured the flowing words and then heaving a sigh, expressed the opinion that life was not so bad after all. John was never hard on plebes, but nevertheless he was obliged to forego the summer excursion to Frisco during our youngster cruise, and spent the time as a witness here in dear old Crabtown. Sully is fond of arguing and of disagreeing with anything and anybody, and his convictions are usually so well founded that it is needless to attempt to change them unless you have a mighty convincing line. His literary talent has perseveringly blossomed forth in the Log.

Sully has always been extremely reg, and this, coupled with his thorough-going application to everything he undertakes, has created an impression that he is a man upon whom dependence can be placed in an emergency.

Sully, in spite of your faults, we love you still.

LISLE HENIFIN

Austin, Minnesota

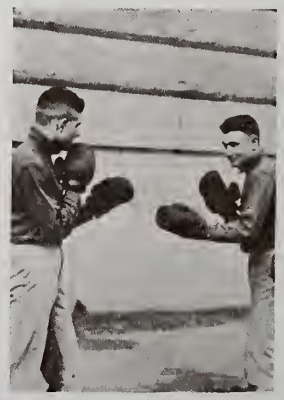
"Cheese" "Gano" "Queso" "The Anarchist"

Choir (3, 2, 1); Glee Club (3); Lacrosse Squad (3); Buzzard

CHEESE is the Skipper's delight; every Saturday he used to give the division something to laugh about for the rest of the week. He would appear either in coaling negligee or scrub-and-wash clothes uniform, forming a striking contrast to everybody else tricked out in their greasiest full-dress ship apparel—"Why that man's filthy dirty!" Queso is not really habitually careless in the matter of haberdashery, but he is the unfortunate owner of a most refractory Alpine goat who slips his cable on the slightest provocation, and the clan takes delight in watching it ship the green seas if they can coax it out.

Midshipmen rush in where admirals fear to tread, and the best diplomats know where to heave to and 'bout ship; Cheese is a "box-fighter" with a kick in either paw, as many a shiner on company wags doth mutely testify, and when El Jefe Queso has started for the Marne our name is Kuropatkin.

Domestic sorrows have not touched lightly on Gano. Widowed while yet a helpless plebe when Tom Denny struck a floating mine and went down with all hands, his tender though somewhat irrepressible soul yearned for a consort, till the Old Man did his duty by the Navy and took the bereaved Fromage in tow for better or for worse; once in a while his anchor breaks ground and until Bally can veer chain and get the situation in hand it's for worse.



Queso is the only rival of Ion Pursell for oil stove honors worthy of mention. Not once, but often, he has failed by a hair's breadth to snatch the coveted trophy from the champion's grasp; second honors of the Diamond Studded Dish Pan undoubtedly belong to Cheese. Kase has run into heavy weather most of his way through here, and it has been no easy job to keep standard speed and distance; if he wasn't towing a wooden roommate he had engine trouble himself, and as a living illustration of the postage stamp we unconditionally recommend Cheese for careful consideration.

JOHN JENNINGS BALLENTINE

Hillsboro, Ohio

"Bally" "Jawn" "Old Man"

Expert Rifleman; Buzzard

IF your steam prof told you to discuss briefly the essential features of the Old Man, a pretty safe answer would be "plenty of good, hard common sense," for when it comes to practical things, Bally is in his element. He has been a very decided Red Mike, and to our best knowledge and belief, he has never indulged in the gentle art. Since Smoke Hall opened its portals wide to us, John has gone to the limit in the pursuit of Lady Nicotine, although he states that skags caught on the roof were much more enjoyable, but scarcely as safe.

Jawn is rather reticent, but to those who run with him, he has shown himself to be worth knowing. Despite his reserved manner and his elderly counsel, John is not among the "old men" of the class; in long sense, though not in years. After the sad February waves closed over Pinkey's lovely auburn curls back in 1916, John remained a disconsolate widow. Time dried the Old Man's tears, however, and he consented to take unto himself the fair though obstreperous Gano. Neither Pinkey's intense fatalism nor the Vesuvian outbursts of Gano have disturbed his equilibrium. This in itself is no small recommendation.

Jawn is somewhat of a sceptical old shell-back; his opinions on almost every subject—scientific, religious, philosophic—have long since been cast, cooled, and machined to shape, and it would take Aristotle himself to alter the shape of that hard head of his. Arguing with Jawn is about as productive of results as speculation on the Nebular Hypothesis. He doesn't use any but Hydrographic office charts and he's pretty careful to check them up himself. He figures out his dead reckoning to three decimals and always knows what he's getting into before he goes there; a more canny Scot never trod Bancroft Hall's decks; you can always count on Bally to tell you where you are at noon and just how much coal he's got in his bunkers.

FRANK BROADUS HILLHOUSE

Sylvester, Georgia

"Olaf" "Stoney" "Cecelia"

Buzzard

OLAF is always ready for anything; whether it's a constitutional sprint around the field, or a liberty, or a drowning party in a cat-boat. Most of Olaf's pastimes do not savor of the parlor. To Olaf, the king of outdoor sports is cross-country walking; he is our foremost advocate of stretching one's legs out across ten or twelve miles of Maryland clay, as the Fountain of Youth is the cure for all pains. And he surely does stretch out; woe be unto the tenderfoot who is beguiled into accompanying him!

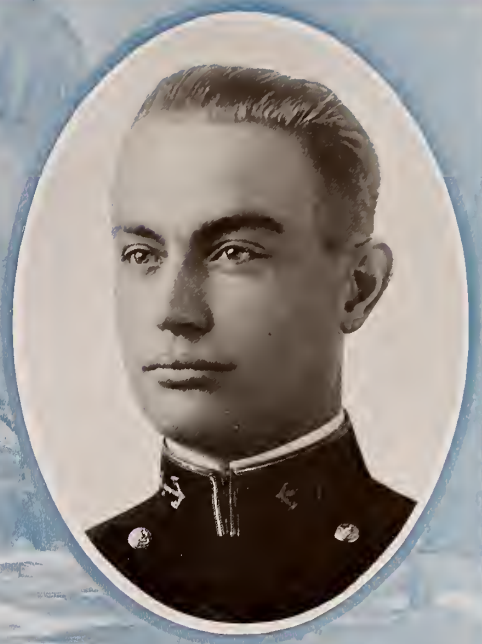
Although the tide of battle between Olaf and the Board has been a shifting one, he has never become rhino, nor has he developed into a knocker, but instead, through determination and perseverance, he has come out on the "top side," and we're quite sure he'll be with us when the day comes to "draw them without requisition."

Olaf isn't a Mexican athlete; he doesn't say much as a rule. One thing you can bank on; if Olaf hasn't something good to say about a person he keeps his jaws battened down. But when it comes to asking questions—Just let him corner a C. P. O., and the rest can stand by to find out the answers to all the questions that have been bothering them from time immemorial. "And where does this pipe go? Oh, it does, hey? Well, who turns it on? What happens after that?"

Olaf's initials have never been seen on a hop liberty list but we have a hunch that it was entirely his desire that it should be so. How do we guess it? Well, "those who know" tell us that Olaf went to a ball on the West Coast, and came away with the city belle in her limousine, and with a string of dinner bids in his engagement book.

"Well now, it's like this——"

"Those floating mines—they're anchored, ain't they?"



JOHN D. ALVIS

Winnsboro, Texas

"Tex" "John" "Stud" "Square Head"

Crew Squad (4, 3, 2); Crew Numerals; Crew N
Three Stripes; Clean Sleeve

EVERY one of John's characteristics points to his native State, from his ever-conspicuous Texas longhorn watch fob to his lean and lanky frame. He is not spontaneous and yet not reserved. He never speaks without thinking, with the result that whenever his slow drawl is heard you can stand by to get the straight dope. Whoever saw him wrought up or excited? The city may have some advantages not possessed by the country as a place for rearing the American youth, but we are thankful that fortune gave him the latter—else we might have had a man less original, less individual, and less genuine than this one.

Tex sprang into prominence on 18's undefeated plebe crew. In this sport he won his letter youngster year and to it he has devoted most of his time and interest since. A crew man without determination and purpose is an impossibility. "They don't make 'em"—and Tex is no exception.

Tex is a financier par excellence, and has a system of economizing that the Midshipmen's commissary could well afford to copy. He was the only one on the Whisky second class cruise who could lend you the price of fig newtons out of his two dollars per, and is one of those ridiculed but envied persons when the pass books come out. Who knows how many times the century plant has bloomed since that ancient bath robe crossed it's first corridor?

"Olaf, who's got my World's Almanac?"

FREDERICK STACER HOLMES

Macon, Georgia

"Steamboat" "Freddie"

Buzzard

GEORGIA sent in Freddie with a sunny smile to represent the South. His smile is of the permanent fixture type, but in this case it is prone to spread to his ears. That smile has been somewhat mixed up with his troubles, especially during the days when plebes were not fourth classmen. Freddie did not lack attention in those days; one hundred leaning rests followed by seven hundred knee stoops were nothing out of the usual routine with him.

Perhaps these up-building exertions during spare time decided Freddie to become a wrestler. He showed rather remarkable prowess in raising the ceiling in scuffles with Gotch, but his persistent work there and on the mat unhappily produced nothing more than a cauliflower ear. He might have developed into a finished tennis player and swimmer if he had not tried to mix the two sports by chasing balls over the sea-wall. That one experience satisfied him completely. But Freddie's noticeable athletic pursuits have been confined chiefly to the period between Saturday and Sunday night. Many hours of hard work under Prof. Bell and a finishing course under Vaughn and Jimmy have overcome his inability to carry a tune, and he is now a qualified dancer. He glories in fussing at every opportunity; in short, he is a diplomatic snake extraordinary. His only fear is that he will become bald-headed before he wins the lady of his expectations.

Study hours hang heavily on his hands; he doesn't have to employ them in such an "onery" way. On the contrary he bats out a 4.0 here and there on a Math exam., and wishes they would give him an exam per month in Dago, just to show them what he can do. But when the rest of us are at the books Freddie's mind is on a journey. From the middle of "The Elements of Mystery" he looks up with a vacant stare and quietly asks about some girl he met in California—time matters not with him.

"Freddie, have you paid those flower bills yet?"

ROY TRENT GALLEMORE

Bartow, Florida

"Gally" "Roy" "Beanie"

Two Stripes; Fencing Numerals; Fencing Team (2, 1); Captain (1); N; Academy Champion Dueling Swords (2)

AS a man, he is different from the ordinary. He has a way all his own; reads his Bible every night, and never uses a swear word. He admits saying one once, but refuses to tell us what it was.

Beanie Gallemore is a devotee to that branch of athletics that most people detest. A glance at the above-mentioned list of positions he has filled and the championships he has clutched because of his ability with the foil, will show that Beanie has had a glorious time at the Academy, for it is said that a fencer enjoys his sport more than any other athlete. As Captain, he kept up Navy's fencing rep, brought back the little Iron Man again, besides four inter-collegiate championships.

Beanie got his name in the Mess Hall, not, as you suppose, because he ate a quantity of beans—which he did—but because his manner of eating them was quite similar to a previous Beanie of the Navy. Leave it to Roy Trent; he can eat more and enjoy it more than any two men you can name. He just hates to see anything left over.

We have yet to see the man who can put anything over on Gallemore. He enjoys a joke immensely, yet enjoys a return joke still more. He gets off "touches toujours" and always makes you feel that you have gotten the small end of the deal. It's that way of his. One girl expressed it as "convincing."

Returning from New York after the fencing tournament first class year, some one gloomily remarked that he hated to leave his girl behind. Beanie replied: "Cheer up. I only left six myself."

(In the mess hall plebe year.)

"Mr. Gallemore, what's the good word?"

Beanie: "Sunday night, and sore as usual."

WILLIAM HARNEY HOPKINS, Jr.

Cincinnati, Ohio

"Johns" "Bill" "Hoppie" "Hezie"

Four Stripes; Star (4, 3); Soccer Numerals (3); Lucky Bag Staff
Class Honor Committee; Class Supper Committee

JOHNS is one of those fortunate bluffers who manage to collect the heavenly bodies for their collars and then to keep them by boning from immediately after breakfast until the first hour of the first period. Bill is not a devotee of that pastime called work—in other words, he's more or less lazy; but he possesses the latest and best in section-room attitudes—the hurried spiel in the voice of a centurion—and the combination of noise and speed works wonders. But in spite of his laziness, when it comes to working for somebody else the Shoat is the wooden man's friend.

We got him from '17 after the big storm of the summer of 1915, when he was turned back a class "on general principles." So, instead of being in his rightful place near the head of '17's list, he is in the corresponding place among us. He did not let this upset his sweet young life, however, and immediately became one of us.

Everyone sort of suspects Bill of being a lover, though beyond almost daily special deliveries we have no definite proof. He refuses to incriminate himself, but if you have patience enough to watch him when he is quiet—that is to say, alone, for he is never quiet any other time—you'll see the far-famed far-away look in his calf-like eyes.

He has been on the physical tree in ears at every P-work, and is at this moment struggling to avoid the Pay Corps. Though he clutched two summers of sick leave to recuperate his nerves—auditory—and though he hears most distinctly all tea-parties that go on in the file-closers, that little tick of the watch does not strike home.

But Johns is a cheerful sort of a guy, and there's no doubt but he will enjoy life wherever they may put him. A man who has a good time makes pals in any port of this globe. They tell us that the secret of success in the Navy is friendship, and Johns seems to have the key.

"Somebody go out and get the bool—can!"

DONALD CURTIS

Cape May City, New Jersey

"Don"

Battalion Staff P. O.; Class Baseball Squad (4)
Class Basketball Squad (3)

DON is an unassuming, quiet lad, inclined to be shy in a strange camp, but noisy enough with his friends, and always willing to stick up for his rights. He will fight for them or argue for them, and the side he takes matters little to him except in the cases of Cape May vs. Atlantic City, Newport and Palm Beach as summer resorts—23 Wheaton 999. "Resolved that Philly is not a dead town," and "Does Boston produce anything but old maids and schoolmarms?"

Don had an academic nightmare plebe year, but by a mechanical mixture of 1 part good consistent boning, 1 part pure grit, 0 parts grease he managed to weather all storms, though he had to man the pumps steadily to keep afloat and one heavy sea left him a widower. "Those Dagoes," said Don, "have nothing on me; I can't savvy them, and they can't savvy me," and he has kept right to it. The habit acquired then has stood him in good stead ever since, and many of us can envy him for a will that never says die.

But single blessedness did not appeal to him, so he and Bill Hopkins formed an "I hear, you see" partnership for evading the Medical Department. They sit in their window and Ben tells what the band is playing and Bill describes the passing show.

Ben is generally considered a Red Mike, but there must be some excuse for all the candy that comes to him, and we can all vouch that with rare manly intuition he has picked a good cook. "It's an ill will," etc., and crab cruises do have some advantages over foreign ones.

We are mighty sorry that Don has picked the Marine Corps for his future, but as he says "You can navigate on soundings and they don't have any I wow squares," so we wish him luck, though we hate to lose him.

"Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur."

JAY GLENN HUNTOON

Rock Island, Illinois

"Jay" "Gaboon" "Hunt" "Honey"

Three Stripes; Log Staff (3, 2, 1); Lucky Bag Staff; Class Pipe Committee

"Oh Sleep! It is a gentle thing.
Beloved from pole to pole."

SAMUEL must have been thinking of Jay when he wrote that. But if you get Jay awake you'll find him no dull companion. So long as the matter in hand is not even remotely connected with academic pursuits you will find Jay the very incarnation of "Wim, Wigor and Witality." Nobody knows how to have as large a time with quite so small excuse as Jay. You could make a liberty with Jay and seven cents, and come back thinking you had been entertained by the Grand Turk. But anything requiring mental exertion—unless it's an argument with his roommate—little appeals to his sense of the fitness of things. Not that it is a case of "Nothing above the chin but a heavy thirst," for when Jay chooses to weigh anchor he can absorb three chapters of Bullard or Alger while his guaranteed-all-mahogany roommate is still marking time on the first "poifectly obvious" premise. Then Jay hauls fires, lets go the starboard anchor, and goes below to clutch hard-earned repose; or perhaps to write that diurnal "carta." Poor Jay has been the object of the entire clan's warm, though not always welcome, sympathy ever since Sep leave. He has been conducting a long range battle, with little or no effect as far as we can make out. He has never figured out the exact range; he has nothing but a Mercator chart and in such high latitudes as Rock Island the error is considerable. It sure is awful to have the Lumen about which you revolve way out of torpedo range, but then the course of true love never did run on a Rankine cycle.

Outside of that failing, there is no more necessary addition to an informal gathering for the purpose of putting Hell on a higher plane than Jay, and a more impulsively generous, warm-hearted messmate the clan could not wish to meet. Whether it's help on a motor-generator prob or his last cent you will always find Jay upholding the doctrine of "The Open Door."

"Sa-ay! wake me at nine-thirty, will you?"

"What time is it, George?"

GEORGE GORDON BREED

Germantown, Pa.

"George" "Joe" "Jorge"

Buzzard; Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1); Choir (4, 3, 2, 1); Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1); Soccer Numerals (4, 3); Baseball Numerals (3) Manager Baseball (1); Class Supper Committee; Assistant Eitor Lucky Bag; Class Honor Committee; Academy Lightweight Boxing Champion, 1916

HAVE you ever picked up the Log on a Friday night, looked through it until you came to an article over the initials G. G. B., then sat down to read that article without a glance at the rest? Sure you have! So have we all. We've been reading George's bell crank lever treatises on epicyclic trains until we have shivered at times for his safety, and prayed for his escape from the Steam Department. But that dry wit and humor saves him. George was born a humorist, and was supplied with genuine originality and the ability and willingness to work. During the days when this book was being made up, the ever-ready loophole for the Chief in assigning different subjects was "We'll have Breed do that, that's just his style!"

George and Bullard never did get along well, and diplomatic relations between him and Gow, Miller, Lilly, and their henchmen were under great strain many times. George was a bit worried second class year, but then he did some real work for a couple of months and showed them what he could do.

In doping out the business affairs of a baseball team, George has more luck than in spieling Juice. During the season he could be seen any afternoon, tearing through the Yard in a mad rush, with "See you tonight. Got a thousand things to do. Going after the baseball team now." Yes, you'd see him that night, but if it wasn't Saturday you'd find him compiling dope for the Log or this Lucky Bag. Besides baseball, George's wicked left and his pluck won for him fame and wholesome respect as a boxer; the lightweight championship came his way quite naturally.

George is a solemn looking youth when he is behind those tortoise shell glasses, but just let him join that agony quartet in Smoke Hall—composed of Breed, Crecca, Derx and Bullene—and see how his face changes.

"Say, this thing isn't Bethlehem steel!"

"Hey, Bull, get Derx and let's have 'Shall I wasting.'"

ALBERT LOCKETT HUTSON

New Orleans, Louisiana

"Alf" "Mike" "Carbonas" "Al"

Soccer Numerals (4, 3); Buzzard; Company A

OLD Guard! 'Tention to muster! Willie Preas!—absent. Sid Appleton!—absent. Pret Julain!—absent. Mike Hutson!—Here! Yes, Carbonas is a relic of the old days of the Santee and plebe cruises, when gentlemen of the Fourth Class did their little bit "by the numbers" and the Academy was a sovereign state with 600 kings and 200 subjects. Mike is a marvel to us by reason of the duration and vicissitudes of his career, for he has had a hard time with the academic book-shelf, not because of inherent woodenness on his part, but from the lack of the blase sang-froid of the true bluffer.

Albert's fussing qualities are as unknown to most of us as the real value of — but the letter, scented weekly, does prove something. Then too, there is the story of the girl who used to "cry her eyes out" when Mike wrote her a "cold letter."

Carbonas is at his best when among a crowd of congenial cronies, with a goodly supply of "fuel" and something to rhino about. It's a treat to hear him. His inimitable dry wit is a relief to the wearied mind after the cornfield variety which is so apt to be the life of a Navy party. When started on his reminiscences of the Old Days he is wont to dwell on that never-to-be-forgotten summer when sundry Courts of Inquiry, Boards of Investigation, the "Moke" et Al, held sway. Memories of these tribunals, of Company A, and of his own not inconspicuous part in these proceedings are pictured vividly by Mike's Macaulay-like wealth of historical reference and grasp of colorful detail.

Mike is not a rhino bird by nature. With him it is an art. He is a fun-loving, care-free chap, as any who have made liberties with him will affirm, and a better-hearted and more unselfish pal never lived; just take a turn on the decks any hop night and it's ten to one you will find him on duty, along with Ion Pursell, standing watch for some butterfly friend.

"Mr. Hutson, are you a brother to the Hutson who graduated from here three or four years ago."

"No, I'm the same guy."

THOMAS GEARY FISHER

Oxon Hill, Md.

"Touché" "Fish" "Shorty" "Tommie"

Football Squad (4, 3, 2); Football N (2); Football Captain
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Baseball N (4, 3, 2);
Baseball Captain; Academy Middleweight
Boxing Championship (2)

GENTLEMEN, this product of Oxon Hill is as fine a specimen of the "he-man" or "man's man" as the Academy has turned out for many a moon.

He came to us from '17 and in the old days was considered famous as a running mate of Whisky Luth. Tom doesn't measure a great deal overall, neither is his displacement so much, but he is without doubt a first-class fighting man. He has had not the slightest trouble in making the baseball team for the four years, and broke into the football line-up as a regular his second class year. He played such a gritty game against the Army that he was elected captain. Like Cæsar, he wanted more worlds to conquer, so he stepped out and copped the welterweight boxing championship. In justice, however, we are forced to admit that he might not have won this had it not been for the co-operation of Madame Fatima, and his able second, Sol Phillips.

How did he get that name, Touche? Oh, yes, when it came time to elect a manager of that famous and brutal sport, the art of sword pushing, Tom was the coming contestant; he was the popular candidate, and it can be safely said that his defeat was due only to the cunning intrigue of the "Greek."

But to come down to brass tacks, you can always count on Tom. When things are going bad, and a real man is needed for the job, he's there with the stuff. A thoroughbred Irish scrapper, you can recognize him by the grin that so closes his eyes, that you can hardly see their twinkle, and by the jumble of words rushing over one another in their hurry to express his denial or his "come-back."

"Hey! you want to get a poke in the nose?"

"S-s-ss!"

JAMES DANIEL JACOBS

Danville, Penn.

"Jake"

One Stripe

JAKE is one of the quietest men in the class, but when you get to know him, you wish you had broken through the ice sooner, for you realize that he is the kind of friend you can really always rely on.

In spite of the fact that he lived for two years in the midst of the fighting, fussing Fifth Company, he emerged second class year unscathed. He and Loon-eye then sought higher altitudes, and came to rest on the fourth deck between Vergie, John and Seefooly. This was a trying time for Jake in mothering Loon-eye, but he brought him through without a smoking pap.

Jake never smokes or gets hilarious like the rest of us, but he can appreciate a good time as well as anyone, and we all know that when we get back aboard ship or into the Hall that Jake will be obliging enough to help us into our hammocks.

Jake has been known to drag but once—a 4.0—and why he never came to it again is a mystery, because he seemed to enjoy it immensely. It must be because he was afraid to leave the Loon-eye or afraid to lower his dragging average.

He got one stripe first class year, and well deserved it, being rather savvy, and a mighty good fellow generally. Jake, we certainly have to hand it to you for the way you've hung on to your ideals and home training in this strenuous life.

WILBER MOLTER LOCKHART

New Brighton, Penn.

"Loon-eye" "Red"

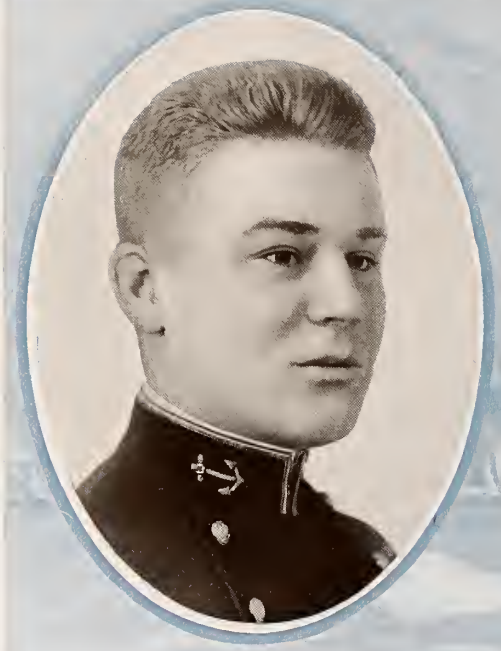
Buzzard; Football Numerals (4, 3); Basketball Squad (4, 3)

THE "Loon-eye" ambled into Crabtown early plebe summer, wearing that open-mouthed, inquiring look of his, and after looking over the place for a week decided that it was better to be "on the outside looking in" and tried to resign. However, his attempt failed and we are mighty glad of it, for the Red is one of the men you want to keep with you.

He is an authority on tendencies, and evaded the Baron and his cohorts for three long years. If he hadn't been such a devotee of the weed, he would probably have had a basketball letter as he looked like a fine center plebe year.

Jake's refining influence has been busily at work keeping Red from falling under Vergie Sherwood's malign influence. Occasionally, however, he breaks away, and with the latter makes a liberty which is rightly interesting. To see the M. P. O. Lockhart calling the roll of his section on a cold morning is something no visitor to Crabtown should miss. After calling one name he relapses into a gentle doze, reclining on one leg like a pelican, until John's voice inquiring of the nearest plebe if he is dead, rouses him from the dreams of former conquests in New Brighton, and we imagine there must have been a lot previously from the way he "bowls 'em over" around here when he condescends to drag.

If you want to hear our good old Loon-eye rave, just ask him about the white-coated attendant behind the "counter," who remarked one cold night second class leave, "You're sure tall enough, kid, but you ain't old enough!"



JOHN KENNON JAYNE

Washington, D. C.

"Johnny"

Crew Numerals (4); Buzzard

A "little bitty" man, who is scrupulously honest and determined to the point of obstinancy, that is determined to have things his own way, but refusing to be petted —of pleasant disposition when not rhino, somewhat inclined toward canonization of the whole fair sex, very courteous, even to midshipmen, and bitterly regretful that Nature did not give the displacement of a battle cruiser to him—this is a snapshot of Johnny. Though a Navy Junior, he has refused any advantage that might have been his and has independently worked out his own salvation.

In studies he has had troubles, but one or two tight squeezes have only added zest to the journey. The English Department has been his biggest bugbear. Johnny always gives an impression of careless boning to one who does not know him, and his occasional attempts to run a bluff are comical. His troubles are really rooted, though, in his inexperience in the abstruse art of studying and in telling what he knows.

Johnny went out for coxswain plebe year and won his numerals, but seeing his cherished prospects of developing into a brute were small if he kept to that sport, he quit stunting himself and took up wrestling until the laziness of the fourth deck Argumentation Syndicate overcame him.

Always possessed of a minus amount available, he continues careless and happy. Johnny hates to consider the drudgeries of life—he has a good taste for beauty in all things, and in his philosophical moments he rants against the crudities and harshness of the world. You won't believe all this just on seeing him, though, you'll have to take our word for it until you know him better. Ask him about the girls he and Freddy are always dragging.

LEROY WHITE BUSBEY, Jr.

Washington, D. C.

"Red" "Rojo"

Buzzard

EVER since we have known him he has been fat. Exercise, cruise diet—nothing has availed as a reducer, and he lives to see his figure the subject of comment in even such places as this. He should feel proud, though, for all the virtues of a fat man are his—a happy disposition, a generous nature, and an independence of character that have made him many friends. It is our belief that he could be a lady killer if he cared to indulge in that kind of sport—but he becomes more bashful every day.

Red has more real humor in him than we can tell about, and would make a regular Keystone favorite. His good nature is sorely tried at times, however, as when he was playfully greeted with "Not tired, are you?" after his Arlington tramp second class year. The bane of his existence is a gym drill, despite his close association as a plebe with knee stoops and kindred tortures.

Coming from Washington, the home of school athletics, he tried for a position as pitcher on the plebe team, but the heartless first classmen ruined his chances one fine spring day, and he has never recovered.

Though possessed of a large cargo of good common sense and an exceptionally broad mind, Red has trouble explaining things, and his struggles for a 2.5 rival Peary's attacks on the Arctic Seas. Almost always on the edge he generally manages to get a rolling hitch around a nearby tree stump, and haul himself out of reach of the yawning chasms.

"Now, if you boys had a figger like mine——"

GEORGE WILLIAM JOHNSON

Whitinsville, Mass.

"Gloom" "Johnny"

Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Class Football (3)
Glee Club (3); Buzzard

HAVING been a captain in those charging fusiliers, the Whitinsville cadets, Gloom started his episodes here as a three striper in the old plebe Fourth. He held down this honor for an almost appreciable time—that is to say, until one of his spells of absent-mindedness escaped Duncan's watchful eye, and he descended to high private.

As we were saying, had it not been for the maternal care of his wife, Jack Duncan, we dread to consider what would have become of George. Old Dame Fortune never hitched up a pair to better advantage. Who else but our hero could have hit the pap for late to formation, no rain cap cover, falling in with the wrong section, and burning oil, all in two minutes. Fortunately for the Gloom, Dunc was not often in Sick Bay, or such things might have been more frequent.

Gus believes in doing things in the easiest and most convenient way. And here, gentle reader, we have the inventor of the laundry-bag-ash-hoist-gun-breech method of locker stowing for cruises, formerly so popular in the old Navy.

George was a fielder and hitter par excellence on the plebe team, and ever since has held down one of the chairs at the baseball table. He attracted most attention as the star of the Johnson, Byers, Phillips, Lewis after-dinner "octette," however. With his troupe he achieved no little musical fame; moreover, he followed it up with a sally in guitardom. As for his efforts in this branch we will make no remarks.

Gloom hasn't often tackled the social whirl, but this doesn't mean a lack of ability at such things. Johnson is of a quiet nature and has chosen to let worldly honors go by the board. It is rumored that much of his time has been spent in assisting Sam Hurt in indicting their joint masterpiece "Catching as an Art, or a Treatise on the Tendencies."

Well, Gloom, we're satisfied that Uncle Sam's fifteen thousand simoleons, spent on you, have not been wasted.

"Come on, Johnson, let's write those Dago sentences."

JACK HARLAN DUNCAN

Ozark, Missouri

"Jack" "Dunc"

Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2); Football Squad (4); Buzzard

"SIR, I would interpose no serious objection if you were to elaborate on that for me." Yes, he is a Missourian, and if his state is as proud of him as he is of her, we may take for granted that his home-comings are attended by general quarters for the town brass band.

Dunc is an all-round man of the world—somewhat of an athlete, a soche when he considers it worth the trouble, and equipped with a generous output of brains. His cardinal principles, however, are never to drag unless he can have someone who rates well above a 3.00, and never to study while he is on the weather side of the same mark.

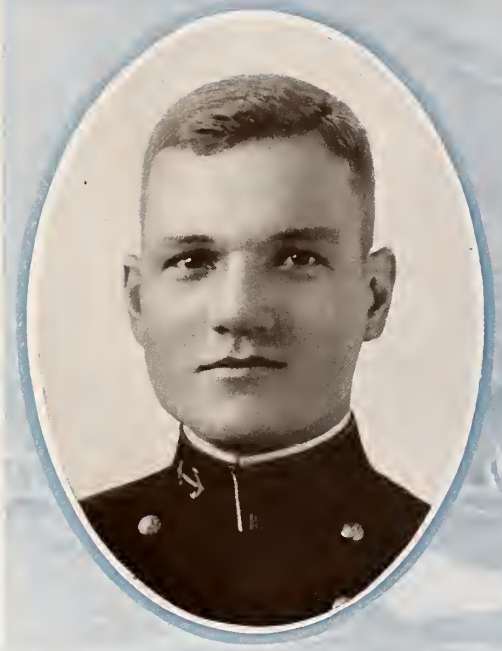
Jack has one serious fault, though. He is an abject slave of Old Dame Fortune. Briefly, he dearly loves to sit behind a pat full house or four of a kind. When so situated he assumes a sophisticated and worldly air, and these, combined with an ability to stem his usual flow of language when occasion requires—and he considers this the one occasion—often seem to reverse conditions and make the fickle Dame his slave for the time being.

Jack's liberty parties are like select social affairs—many aspire to them but few can go along. Why do the boys aspire to them? Well, Dunc knows where to go, what to do, and as for how to do it, his blase manner and air of perfect sang-froid always secure obsequious attention on the part of the pilot of popping corks.

Dunc is an adept in the gentle art of repartee; he possesses a fluent stock of satirical wit, which he is more than prone to use. His greatest delight is to run some unsuspecting victim unmercifully. At that, Jack is generous and sympathetic at heart. You may not think it after he has led your goat a pretty prance about the deck, but the heart's there, and it's a big one.

"Mr. Duncan, don't laugh at me."

"But I goofed him, all right, why I says to him——"



STANLEY DEXTER JUPP

Chicago, Illinois

"Red" "Jupe"

Three Stripes; Treas. Mid. Ath. Assn. (2); Crew N; Football Numerals (2); Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)

CAN he work? Well, I should say yes! All the old Jupe has gotten around here has been a result of work, and—what a horse he is at it.

Bashfulness is Red's middle name—he even is afflicted at times with his best cronies—and if you truly want to put him in agony, pay him a compliment. The fair ones persecute him to such a degree in this respect that he is almost a complete Red Mike. Don't let that shyness worry you, however, but just dig in, and eventually you will root him out of his hole of reticence and have a pal worth knowing.

No one could say with any large amount of truth that Jud is savvy. He needs a long time to master a subject, but he does keep it when he has beaten it into himself. In the same way he hangs on gamely to some mighty good principles, but contrary to many people, he still is able to see the other man's side, and laugh at the escapades of the insurgents.

Crew was Jupe's lawful wedded wife for three years, which means work, and often unappreciated work. It's hard not to repeat on the subject of his capacity for work.

It is difficult to show Jupp as he really is—a big-hearted, common sense, bashful sort of a bird; not much of a diplomatic attache but with all the qualities that make a real man and the kind of officer you'd like to serve with. Always ready to take more than his share of the work, always at the service of a friend; true as steel to his friends and to the high ideals of duty and honor that he has set himself.

"Hey, Jupe, you sure got one grease with that girl."

"Aw-w-w————!" (Red, red blushes.)

CARLOS WILHELM WIEBER

Portsmouth, N. H.

"Buddy" "Carlos"

Buzzard; Crew Numerals (4); Crew Squad (2, 1)
Class Secretary (3, 2, 1)

"BUDDY, you old pirate, will you quit gnawing at my ear!" "Aw, cu'mon, have a heart, George!" Then sounds of subdued scuffling. "Lu'kout, Buddy." Noise increases by leaps and bounds; rending wood, falling chairs, grunts, moans and finally the door shoots open, and the victim lands in the middle of the corridor calling on High Heaven to curse the "blue-eyed Dane" and his descendants forever.

Rough-house! He gloats in it. Work! He abominates it. Fussing! He despises it. A great big, baby-eyed, happy, good-for-nothing brute until you need him for something big, and then stand by, or you won't know whether he is helping you or you are helping him.

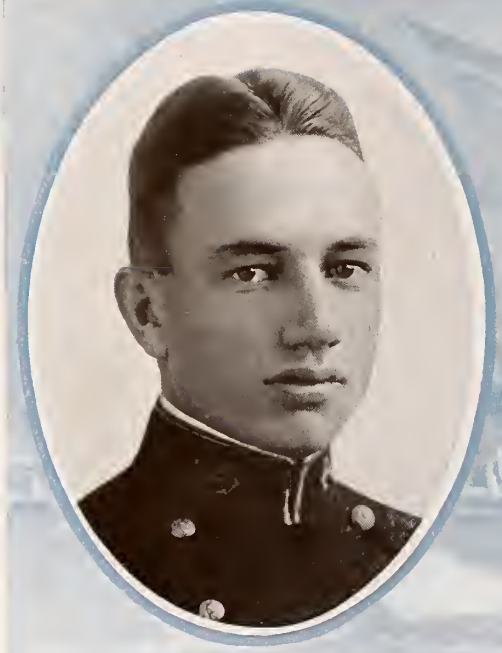
He wouldn't take a chance on losing his seat in the "boat" for anything, but he'd take any chance on liberty. He'd help you in any work, play or practical joke, and he'd just as soon tell you your innermost and outermost failings as to sit on you.

As our opening indicates, his strong point is rough house of every description, although rooming with the Jew calmed him down slightly by strengthening his ingrowing habit of sleeping upon the slightest provocation.

To close, George cares very little if school keeps or not; was known on many occasions to rise at midnight to "get one"; can down approximately as much chow as an elephant; was the happy-go-luckiest class secretary we have ever heard of, and can put any building known to mankind in dire danger with that big, wide-open laugh of his.

"Yes! I leave that to Cleo."

"Say, George! Let's get."



JOHN DANDRIDGE HENLEY KANE

Newport, Rhode Island

"Scandone" "Jawn"

Crew Squad (4, 3); Farewell Ball Committee; Three Stripes

SCANDONE settled among us late in plebe summer, but it did not take us long to become acquainted, and we soon began to look for that smile. When he smiles his face just breaks out in a grin all over, and his laugh is perfectly irresistible.

On the other hand, it did not take Jawn long to get acquainted with everyone, especially the younger social set around the Row, and when academic year started he was safely launched upon a round of social festivities which were at once the envy and despair of the youngsters. Much extra attention by the upper classes failed to curb his activities or to change his disposition. The plebe blood was incorrigible. The race continued since plebe year, and only early graduation has reduced the time limit.

Youngster cruise he was always to be found either behind the "ki-yi" or perched upon a seat near the canteen waiting for someone else to feed the Belgians. In Frisco he and Safooli, after a brief meteoric display of hired motors, subsided into the waffle house and incidentally helped Sherwood "hock" his watch. It was at this time that Scandone and Safooli took part in the memorable adventure of the "Mexican hairless and Muldoon."

Scandone's academic career has been uneventful, although rough in spots, but he managed to stick in spite of the strenuous efforts of "Eso-es" and his countrymen.

Jawn hasn't got the physical build of an all-round athlete, but when you come down to the real spirit of the thing he is the equal of anyone. His efforts have been entirely towards crew, and few men on the squad were capable of putting as much pep and fight into the work per pound weight as did Scandone. Plebe year he plugged along in the second boat, and made every man in the winning plebe boat work hard for his job.

In his lighter mood he ofttimes breaks out with his song "Dog Bingo," but has learned from experience to be always prepared to make a quick getaway.

"And Bingo was his name———"

BERWICK BRUCE LANIER

Baltimore, Md.

"Safooli" "Sidney"

Swimming Squad (3, 2); Lacrosse Numerals (4); Lacrosse Squad (2); Expert Rifleman; Glee Club (3); Buzzard

SAFOOLI the dreamer. Give him his pipe, and his thoughts will be far, far away. He can tell you of some wonderful moonlight experiences he has had with the 400 of Newport. He and Jawn have been on so many wild escapades bringing home the spoils of war that they can't be counted. His best book friends are the Cosmo and Red Book, and if it wasn't for his natural savviness—for he stands well above the middle of the class—we would fear for him.

Youngster year he was an ardent fusser, but for some mysterious reason he turned Red Mike. We sympathize with you, Sidney, and know how it feels. Maybe he repented for the many hearts he has broken. He is perfectly at home in any set and at the gentle art of juggling the tea cups he is a genius.

Safford's athletic abilities consisted in playing on a mighty good class lacrosse team. His consistent work made him a member of the regular team this year.

As a writer, Lanyard has exceptional abilities, and he could obtain a position on any newspaper. A scrap book is not complete unless it has one of Safooli's stories. On account of his success in this field he was made editor of the paper at his table plebe year.

Under ordinary circumstances Safooli is a law abiding citizen, but that trip with Scandone to visit sick friends second class year will always remain a mystery. There have also been wild rumors about Provincetown, but rumors are too plentiful to be taken seriously.

Our hero's greatest diversion on the fourth deck was to kid Fergie. The many pledges to "knock off" he extracted, the hot shower cure for pneumonia he interrupted so rudely, and the name "Mongie" he bestowed—these call to mind only a few of the stirring chapters.

"Don't rube me, Sidney."

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL KIDD

Cleveland, Ohio

"Captain" "Alex"

Buzzard

"GOOD morning, Captain. What's the latest dope?"—That's the fuse to the magazine. Alex always has straight dope in abundance on the next "naval engagement" or the center of impact of the next raid by the D. O. Captain really has a wonderful line—sometimes rather inconsistent, but always a line. No wonder the fair ones are crazy about him. For the thoughtful kind he has that strictly confidential way, and for the frivolous—you know that fetching stream line effect of his hair.

For three years he was king high, might being right, and the junior member being Kid Warlick. Then early graduation caused the Kid to take the duties of a three striper in a foreign land, and Captain hooked up with the wild Irishman. "Mac" took command and they lived happily ever after.

Captain isn't much of a savoir, but someway or other has always managed to be just on the 2.50000 side when the Academic Board publish their semi-annual obituary. Of course we won't say that he is lazy, but Alex generally spends three-quarters of his study hours lying on his bed dreaming of his past exploits, which, according to the Alex, have been numberless. And then Warlick would explain what the lesson was about in the remaining ten minutes. In this way he managed to get a hazy idea of the topic in question. This, coupled with that unfailing and unquestionable tone of absolute positiveness of Alex's, means a sat mark. However, he found out that his line couldn't sketch a B. & W. or work those ever-present generator probs.

Captain speaks as lightly of taking dinner with Admiral Notso or Senator Bunco as the large proportion of us do in referring to a Nav P-work. And he is a frequent visitor in King's palaces and Officers Quarters.

"Say, I just heard from good authority———" and he's off.

"Me and my brother are on duty tomorrow."

WILLIAM WALTER WARLICK

Clarendon, Texas

"Jocko" "Elsie" "Cap'n" "Warl"

Three Stripes; Mandolin Club (2, 1); Lucky Bag Staff
Expert Rifleman

JOCKO is a sea-going little hombre; he wasn't one of those plow-boys before he came here, but he knew the ways of the sea from a couple of years of experience. When the cruises came around he was right in his element; a ship is a home to him. You should see him send that semaphore, or catch a blinker message. Efficient? Well, I guess yes!

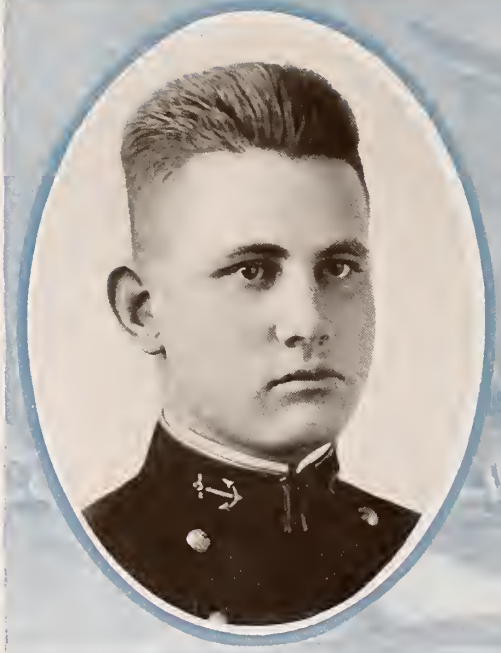
Warl joined '18 after plebe summer was over, and most of us knew he was present or accounted for only by the faint "Heah" which answered "Warlick" at formation. However, the Mess soon introduced him into the councils of the elite, and he has stayed with them.

Elsie didn't waste a whole lot of time with books before he became one of us, but his class standing in spite of that has put many a preparatory school product to shame. Moreover, he has lived for four years with the laziest of the lazy, and has hauled him over many an academic obstacle. "Say, Warl, just bone that out and show me how it goes, will yuh!"

Somebody wheedled Jocko into dragging blind one night, and the little man's objections, strenuous till then, seemed to fade surprisingly. The next hop found him at it again, though not blindly this time, and he has been going strong ever since. "I think little Walter Warlick is so cute!"

Warl is an optimist through and through, though never one of the pestiferous kind one reads about in The Log. He believes that everything you get here is for your own good, and consequently nothing makes him rhino.

"What have you fellows got to rhino over, anyhow?"



ERNEST HOMER KREUGER

Austin, Texas

"Cruiser" "Chasseur" "Ern"

Crew Squad (4, 3, 2); Football Numerals (3); Buzzard

WE were badly taken in by our first impression of this innocent child of nature. We saw a cherubic countenance and a guileless grin. But later, when we began to get on to his winning ways, we learned to dodge when we saw that grin, something usually happened. For Ern is always and forever looking for a chance to start something, and when he does he usually makes a complete job of it. What's more, he plays no rules.

Plebe year Ern got plenty of attention from his admiring acquaintances in the upper classes, but they could no more calm his turbulent spirit than they could remove his deadwood aft.

He made a scrappy guard on our youngster football team that won the class championship. But most of his athletic abilities have been devoted to crew, and every spring finds him a hard working member of Dick Glendon's crew.

You could hardly call the Dutchman a lounge lizard, but he is a fairly reliable fusser and gives regular attendance to the hops. When we sight him coming down the floor with one of his fair ones clasped to his manly breast we give him room—lots of room—for Ern has considerable moment of inertia when he gets under way.

Second class year his roommate, Broom, bilged. No one knows exactly why, but there is a tendency towards the suspicion that Ern just naturally led him to his doom, for Broom was hen-pecked if man ever was. Since then Ern has taken Venus under his wing and has done his best to ruin him. One might say that Ern is a disturbing influence.

On the cruises Ern shone as a member of the Quarterdeck Improvement Society. He grew thin by the moment upon the enforced diet of Navy spuds, Harveyized prunes, and pink hash; but at that was always on hand when "Turn To" busted.

The Dutchman has one tour of sea duty on the White House to his credit, by reason of his unremitting worship of Lady Fatima.

"Skag me, Kid."

JUNIUS LEE COTTEN

McComb, Mississippi

"Junius" "Spig" "Chunky"

Class Football Squad (3); Buzzard; Battalion Staff, P. O.

HE has all the beautiful sylph-like stream lines of an Erie Canal boat with about the same maneuvering ability, tactical diameter, and adaptability for high speeds. His pivoting point is approximately thirty feet ahead of him; just two things can cut down that abominable "advance" of his. Hail him from somewheres on his beam and he's gone a block before he can put the helm over and join you. But let him sight a skag or a girl on any bearing whatever and he'll slip his mooring and proceed under forced draft, with a beautiful disregard for nearby shipping that at times has driven us to desperation.

You may deduce that Spig is from the South, in which case you win. He belongs to Mississippi, whence we import our cotton, sugar cane, and northern mess hall mokes.

Spig entered rather late in plebe summer, and became conspicuous for his habitual need of a shave and famous for his "box car" stories. At the beginning of academic year he succumbed to the charms of Sister Kennedy, who, until her academic demise at second class semi-ans, protected him from the wicked world. Since then he and that wild Dutchman, Kreuger, have formed a team, which for symmetry of form puts to shame a pair of draught horses.

Plebe year Chunky played football until he landed in the hospital. In the Spring he labored daily on the Crew Squad, which season marked the end of his athletic aspirations. These conscientious efforts were mainly due to the insistence of the first class, who were determined to make him work. Since then, he has been resting from his exertions. At resting he holds the heavyweight championship of the academy.

The Chasser is a hard worker when it comes to boning, and what he lacks in ability to bluff his profs he makes up by solid work; not entirely in accord with Spig's idea of life, but always there when imminent danger of collision exists.

"Come along heah now. I'll lick the bof a you."

JAMES VAN BUREN LAWYER

Yonkers, New York

"Gunboat" "Jimmy"

Two Stripes; Crew Numerals (4); Crew N; Company A
Expert Rifleman; Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)

LAWYER has never been able to escape the public eye. Nature never intended that he should—yet he seeks this distinction. In fact, upon one memorable encounter with the powers-that-be he declared, "Sir, I have always made it a point to avoid the O. C." The O. C. was so amused that he failed to notice that our young aspirant was endeavoring to conceal his non-reg slippers.

Lawyer has worked hard and long. He has won distinction in three Navy crews, and a well-merited N. He is as energetic along other lines as he is with the whiteash. But once his overzealousness nearly ruined his naval career, owing to the unfortunate coincidence of twenty-eight plebes alone on the pap sheet next morning.

Gunboat has a sweet tooth. One remarkable thing about it is the scale upon which he gratifies his cravings. Who will ever forget the joy brought by the swift speeding word, "Lawyer has a box!" His room packed in a minute and nobody leaving until the turkey and trimmings are all cleaned out. Secret expeditions during his absence have frequently unearthed treasures of the choicest bon-bons. "Hey, you fellows, that's no joke—swiping all my candy."

Neither are social duties unattractive to our hero. Hop night finds him the light fantastic (we'll vouch for the "fantastic" but———!), his six feet three stooped to accommodate the tiniest girl on the floor.

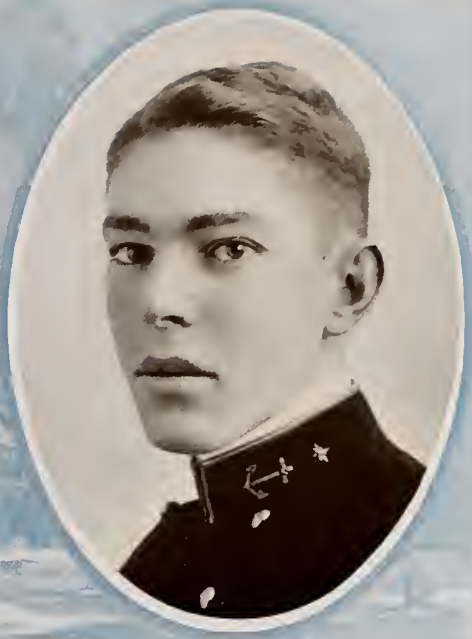
No, Lawyer, you aren't built for destroyer duty, but we don't suppose you are grieved. Too well we remember how you won that bet on the Whisky that first day out of the Capes!

ERNEST BRADFORD COLTON

Douglas, Arizona

"Sleuth" "Walrus"

One Stripe; Star (4, 3, 2, 1); Expert Rifleman; Lucky Bag Staff Log Staff; Track Squad (2)



SLEUTH is distinctively individual; he is unlike anybody else you ever knew, his disposition as characteristic as his physical attributes. Frankness is his forte—sometimes disconcerting, especially the morning after a hop. Sleuth—God help the poor midshipmen if he ever comes back as an O. C.!—unfortunately fails to appreciate woman as he should, and his criticisms of his friends' fair partners are in the nature of cold-blooded analyses.

He is thorough and conscientious, calculating and mathematical in all he does, and Steady is his middle name. He has starred throughout the course, his only real difficulty being plebe year Mech. Drawing. No, not his only difficulty either, for there are the cruises, the bug-bear of his existence. That youngster cruise was one long groan for the poor Walrus, only intensified by his two weeks' leave on the West Coast. You always knew where to find him—under the spud locker, or if he was feeling well enough to walk that far—in the leeward alley.

Sleuth's customary amusement plebe year was being cussed out for walking down the corridor like the O. C. on an inspection. Since then he has taken up tennis, handball, and quoits in more or less sporadic fashion to while away his leisure moments. He is basically serious minded, however, and the impression we want to leave of him is that of a quiet, hard-working person, scrupulously exact in all he does, and ever a careful and precise thinker.

MAYS LIVINGSTON LEWIS

Amite, Louisiana

"Lew" "Lewie" "Lefty"

Football Numerals (3); Two Stripes; One Stripe

LEFTY LEW is about as good as we can produce, and we don't have to blush when we say it, for he is all broadcloth and a yard wide. His quality the Class will vouch for, and his wit other class halfbacks that have tried to get through the line will tell you about. English prose selections, Watson's Elementary Skinny, and Bullard may not be his strong points, but he has others that will see him through.

To find Lewie at his best, you must catch him at 9.30, and get him to cut loose with the old guitar, and sing the old songs of the Southland that will make you see the cotton fields waving in the wind and hear the lash of the flat boat paddle-wheels on the sluggish Mississippi. He and Bleddy are a whole Orchestra and Glee Club, and when they let themselves go you want to "Take the Titanic Movement" all in your arms and start to jig. Then Lefty will tell of old "Amite, Tangipaho Parish, Louisiana, if you please." "What? Never heard of it? Why it's the finest town in the finest State in the country!" He has a fund of good stories, many of which he tells in the English style, but the time that he was the "center of attraction" never fails to bring a laugh.

Lew is a favorite with the girls and the chaperones, particularly the latter, but strange to say, he has never fallen. Perhaps his heart is far away, for we know that faithfulness is his middle name. He has never gone back on a friend, and he has nothing else in the Academy. If anything, he is too easy-going and obliging. No friend of a friend is too heavy a drag; no favor too great. His one answer is "Sure, glad to."

His failings are few, but his desire to know the wherefore and the why and a love of argument have hung him on the shrubbery full many a time.

"Mr. Lewis, why do they call you Lefty?"

"Everybody that spells it L-e-w-i-s is my kin, 'cept one."

"Ah've lived by the ocean all my life, only fohty miles from Lake Pontchetrain."

ALBERT MacQUEEN BLEDSOE

Cleburne, Texas

"Bleddy" "Mac"

Class Crest Committee; Gymnasium Squad (3, 2); gNt (2); Captain Gymnasium Team (1); Mandolin Club (4, 3, 2, 1) Leader Mandolin Club (1); Buzzard

WITH his sunny smile, curly brown hair, and plump build, Jimmy presents a sharp contrast to the rangy, angular tow-heads one usually associates with the idea of the Texas plains. He clung closely to the Lone Star State, and we haven't convinced him yet that the 4-N or the Siren yells compare with the "Wahoo" yell of the Texas A. & M.:

"One, two, three—is my hat on straight?
Sweet cherry phosphate—one, two, three
Liz—zie!"

Jimmy is not quite as guileless as when he entered the Navy, and he has changed in other ways. For instance, he now rigs topping lifts on his nether extremities; that is, upon special occasions.

Branded a Mellin's Food Baby his plebe year, he has not entirely lived it down. As some observing little lady said at the hop, "That good-looking Mr. Bledsoe reminds me of a cherub." Bleddy is a bear among the ladies. He loves them all and makes his best hit with the chaperones. His well-laid Saturday plans often involve some of his friends, for reference—Duncan. His drags are varied but the truth will out, and we have suspicions of June Week.

The thing in Jimmy which impresses us most is his frankness. He speaks his mind in plain English.

The Texan is a born musician and plays anything from a mouth organ to a steam piano. His work in the famous Whisky band and his leadership of the Mandolin Club vouch for this. Aside from being a musician Mac is also an athlete of note. These accomplishments have not, prevented his standing well in the class, though he bones only when within the danger space.

If you want a rise out of him ask him about making a certain first classman stand by for inspection for a solid hour.

"There's one man in the Academy what's woodener than Gus."

"Whoo—pee."

DONALD WOOD LOOMIS

Milwaukee, Wis.

"Don" "Turkey" "Turk" "Schlitz"

Buzzard; Company A; Asst. Manager Football; Class Crest Committee; Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2) Football Squad (4, 3)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: the Boy who made Milwaukee famous! Schlitz hails from the city of light beers and heavy brewery trucks. He was in a fair way to become a well-to-do brewer when his country called him.

Turkey's character does not admit of easy analysis; the best we can do is to take indicator cards or have his high-pressure cylinder and tabulate what little data we have acquired of his auxiliary machinery since he tied up in this Back Channel. By way of introduction we might say that Don is of the oil-burning type. On his three "trial trips" of two weeks, one month, and three months duration, respectively, Don has had a most unfortunate experience with smoke-screens; they invariably screened the O. C. instead of him. Don burns oil, but not the midnight kind, and he is against imposing unusual strains on any moving parts due to abnormal mental crank effort. Once in a while —generally during synodical visits to the "White House"—he will cut in all boilers, and leave the rest of the Crab Fleet behind, but as a rule he realizes maximum efficiency with the throttle two-thirds open.

Harmony!—oft has his mellow fish-house tenor floated through the still tropical night, and hushed the strident cries of the sea-gull or lulled to soft slumbers the weary coal-heaver.

His casual soul may perhaps best be typified by a short conversation he once had with the Com., after having received his third smoking pap, and being hauled up before that dreaded dignitary to be weighed in the balance and found lacking. The Com. commenced by asking whether he had any serious reports previous to that time. With all the sang-froid of a blasé debutante, he replied: "Oh, no; only neglect of duty, playing cards, and jumping ship."

"Say, Beers, I'll knock you for a gool"

"He's a calorific sketch, he is, passing a thin line like that!"

"Say, Abie, use your influence with the butter, will you?"

HERMAN EWALD HALLAND

Fargo, North Dakota

"Venus" "Fargo" "Swede"

One Stripe; Track Squad (4, 3); Lacrosse Squad (3, 2); Expert Rifleman; Masqueraders (3); Swimming Squad (3, 2)

WHEN the war college takes up its daily discussion of politics, the decadence of the nation, or some kindred topic, it is always the Swede who clinches the argument with some apt quotation from the Fargo Forum, or some other metropolitan daily, for he reads his paper from war to want ads, and the results of his researches are sometimes interesting and startling. His ever-ready discussion of current events mixed with sundry tales of travel and adventure make Swede a productive member of the inner circle of the hop dispensers.

He hails from North Dakota, and with a very little questioning will very impressively inform you that he represents that metropolis of the wheat belt, the aforesaid Fargo, with further statistics on its many wonders. Of course, he acquired his nickname the first day that shock of straw-colored hair lighted up the gloomy corridors of Bancroft Hall, but if any proof of his right to it is lacking, his brilliant impersonation of the Swedish maid in the Masqueraders supplied it. Swede went out for the Masqueraders with his usual enthusiasm and his success indicated a wealth of hard work and attention to detail.

In the incessant battle with the Academic Department, Venus has repelled every attack with the utmost ease, equipped as he is with a savoir expression.

That savoir expression—and the "I'm Halland, I am" attitude go a long way with the profs, especially after having been cultivated in that much-talked-of University of North Dakota.

Always generous and open-handed with whatever he owns, and ready to listen to the woes of his friends—yes, and even to drag for them if the case is desperate—a never tiring talker on any subject, regardless of whether he knows anything about it or not, the Swede's memory will remain green long after his opinions will have been forgotten.

"Teddy Roosevelt's going to give me a commission as a captain in his volunteers—I wouldn't take anything less; he'll have to waive the age limit to let me in, but he wants good men."

LELAND PEARSON LOVETTE

Greenville, Tennessee

"Leon" "Colonel" "Rebel" "Bull Frog"

Football Numerals (4, 3); Soccer Squad (4, 3); Buzzard

HE'S from Tennessee, and if you don't believe it just listen to his line and be convinced. That line was a wonder even in his candidate days, when he and Kidder assisted the Mayor of Baltimore in preserving proper peace in that city, but under the paternal eyes of the upper classmen in the days when plebes was plebes he developed an ease of flow which would make the greatest of Chautauqua artists green with envy.

When you have been particularly unfortunate in your choice of Sunday afternoon pastime and you feel like kicking a cripple, get Leon to tell you about the thinnest time he ever had. Before the Colonel gets to the grand finale you will be laughing at your own troubles.

Leon is the most distinctively individual man in the class in many ways. No visitor could say of him: "He looks so much like all the rest of you in his uniform," as they do to most of us. That anatomy of his can't help but attract attention anywhere, especially when it is decked out in a checkered suit, green hat, yellow shoes, with a roll of a couple hundred ones enveloped in a twenty. Moreover, it is worth a day's journey to observe him propagate himself along the corridor—we couldn't say walk, or shuffle, or slouch, or amble; they don't fit—or in ranks, where he and the drum can never get in phase.

But with all that, the old Bull-frog has the best heart that a man can have, tucked away somewhere in that long frame of his. All that we could wish is to be universally liked as he has been among us.

"Oh, Leland! Why are you so cold and indifferent to me?"

EDMUND JAMES KIDDER

Houlton, Maine

"Fats" "Ed" "Cy"

Buzzard; Soccer Numerals (4)

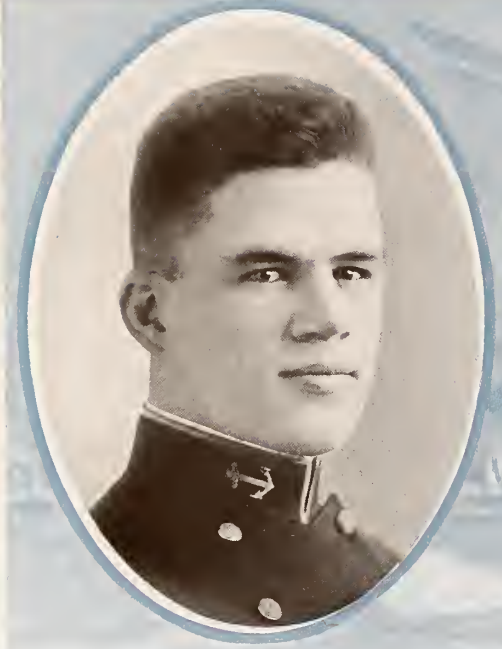
THERE'S no getting away from it, he is the "old man of the Navy." There has been much whispered conjecture as to his past history and some say that he was in the Spanish-American War. However, we all know that way back in '11 he showed up at Bobby's for a finishing course in the war college and took his final degree in the class of '14. After a period of close call he remains with us the same old "Fats," never changing except for a constant increase in avoirdupois and a growing love for his rest.

Plebe year he was heralded as the famous "Si Kidder" Michigan fullback, and at one time we saw him upon the football field giving excellent instructions, but the old call of the wild, the "radiator club," coaxed him back. There he remained until the youngster soccer team, made up of the old Ninth company, starred.

Girls hold a minor part in Fats' life. He has been known to drag, but he and Leon say they could not possibly pull "sat" if they dragged 4.0's for the next ten years, especially after the startling Glenburnie episode. Nevertheless, he has a queen in Maine, a dear friend in Melease, Mass., and a dashing "Deb" on the West Coast. Therefore, wherever duty takes him he will not lack for feminine company.

Fats' greatest trials in life are Math and keeping up to date all the yarns that Leon tells of "me and Kidder." Easy-going and amiable, Kidder makes the best of companions. No human ever appreciated a joke more fully or got more pleasure from swapping yarns.

Well, Cap, we know that if we could give you your foremost wish, it would be to put you in the old Maine woods with a fishing rod, canoe, and about two fingers of imported "red eye," so we sincerely hope that when you retire you may live that life of ease back in the Old Pine Tree State.



EDWARD FRANCIS McCARTIN

Providence, Rhode Island

"Mac" "Pete"

Buzzard; Soccer Numerals (4, 3)

LEND your ears while this hardy Puritan from the old sod, yclept Mac, discourses on the beauties of the sand dunes of Cape Cod, on the manufactures of his native state, on the failings of the Southern gentry and Kentucky colonels, on—well, on anything known to man or beast. Invariably Mac will contrive to deliver the last word.

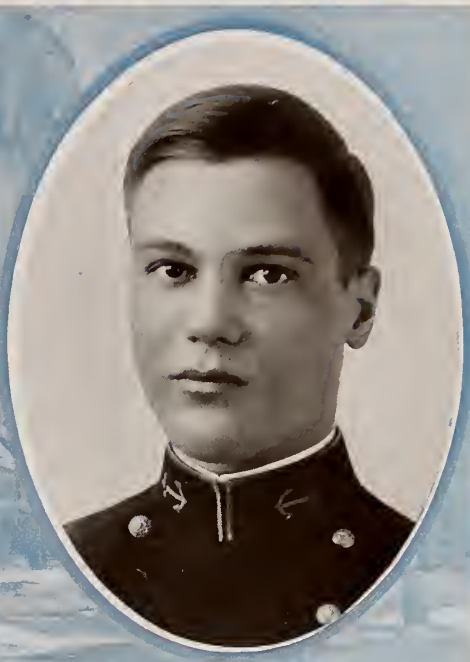
Second class year Mac left the old Eighth, being exiled to the other wing. Marooned there among Sam Haight's low-brows he felt the need of lofty minds to give him better contest, and consequently 9.30 found him back at the same old stand handing out a slick and slippery line, only to be overwhelmed by Shad's loud and blatant voice.

Unlike most midshipmen, Mac is a seaman of the old school, and while the rest of us were hanging lazily over the life lines watching sea weed go by or waiting to pick up the next mail buoy, Mac was watching the first division—Ackerman by name—rig coaling gear, or else learning deck seamanship. It is a safe bet that he will be standing O. O. D. watches and have a division when the rest of us are still the Skipper's errand boy.

Despite the optimistic way Mac has of viewing everything from eating slum to scrubbing decks, there was a time back on second class cruise when he almost became rhino. In those days it seemed like Mac could not move an inch without running afoul the pap sheet. Even in that trial, however, Mac's good nature and sense of humor came to the fore, and the resulting tales of "gigged again" were enough to split the sides of even a Dago prof.

There is just one thing we can never forgive him, his defense of fish as the food and perfume of the nation, and worse yet, his practicing the latter theory with dried herring.

"This Navy has gone to h—l, these plebes don't know a d–mn thing."



DANIEL WEBB TOMLINSON, 4th

Batavia, New York

"Dan" "Indian Joe" "Tommie"

Indoor Rifle Team (4, 3); Rifle Squad (4, 3)
Buzzard; Gym Squad (2)

"MISTER TOMLINSON, are you a Spig?" "No, sir, American, sir." "How's that? are you an Indian?" "That's me, sir."

Daniel the Fourth is a true descendant of the wild tribes of Northern New York. He has fretted for four years within these narrow walls, longing for the freedom of his native haunts, where he could bluey to his heart's content with the young arsenal he always keeps in his room. Like all Indians, Tom delights in bartering. He has raffled off enough six-shooters, watches, hunting knives, and what-nots to stock a respectable hock-shop—and incidentally to bankrupt half the plebe class.

One day plebe summer the Indian tried to enter the Hall via a window and fell into the moat, breaking a leg. The Medical Department evidently lost a piece in resetting it, for since then Tom has walked with a deep roll to starboard. That discrepancy in length kept him from precision on the ball room floor, but he goes at the fussing game wholeheartedly.

Indian Joe was never particularly interested in class standing. He prefers to spend his study hours manufacturing model aeroplanes—or dropping water bombs from his room on the heads of unsuspecting ones below. Tom believes in making life around here as free and unrestricted as possible—and he applies the same principles to a liberty. He may show you a wild time, but you will be glad he's along.

"Whaddye say—want to take a chance on a Colt? All the big numbers are gone already."

WALTER SCOTT MACAULAY

Calumet, Michigan

"Swine" "Maggie"

Buzzard; Farewell Ball Committee

MAGGIE never starred in the academic sense, but don't get the impression that our back corridor "Maitre de Ballet" is totally solid above the ears. On the contrary, Mac always began where the rest of us left off. However, when it came to picking the stars from the Reina's jack, Maggie had the credentials to show that he was a capable Tobacco Pirate. Lady Fatima has had Maggie's heart for the last three years at least, and if you could hear him highball through "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," especially after a hop, then there would be no further argument.

Among the outlaws of the Twelfth, alias the old Ninth, Maggie held a prominent position. With Puire and Scheck for the two bowers you have a trio that is hard to beat. Being the proud holder of a Ninth P. O.'s commission will show that Mac had methods of his own. But in an obscure corner of the bulletin board you will see that the only 100% gun crew of the 1916 cruise was captained by Maggie.

To identify Mac as the Home Rule fan would require some one with a Philo Gubb ability. When Maggie picked himself off the deck, after being hit by a falling powder bag, the Irish came out in an exclamation that he "wouldn't be sore if a shell had hit me instead of a sack of beans."

Maggie is one of the laziest mortals a Congressman has ever sentenced to do time in Crabtown. He won't bone one single, solitary second longer than he absolutely must; he won't take a swimming test when he can get out of it by going on the squad; he won't take precautions in catching unless his Sep leave on the ship is staring him in the face. He tried to become a Gyrene to excape night watches—but the Exec Department did not consider him sufficiently unconscious to leave the line. Therefore we judge that he will be one of us still.

That sounds like a slam, gentle reader, but let us inform you that Maggie is one about whom we need not worry.

"Hey! Are you going to catch now?"

JOHN GERALD FARRELL

Marquette, Michigan

"Pierre" "Gloom"

Buzzard; Class Basketball Squad (4)

TWO languorous dark eyes, a crop of black hair, and a profile that would make Apollo sick with envy. There you have him. That's our Pierre. The ladies, however, play a small part with him. I wouldn't say that he is a woman-hater, because he seems to like the fair femmes, but his heart always fails him at the last minute, and with many blushes he makes his escape. "Hops are all wrong," says he, "Why should a man make such a 'Prime Meridian' out of himself as to stay up after taps to push a brick around the Gym when peanuts and a Red Book can be found?" If he is present at any social function it is usually somewhere in the vicinity of the refreshments, engaged in his most beloved form of amusement. And how that boy can eat!

Pierre came to us in the old Ninth so quiet that you would never know that he was around. Association with the Gang soon got the best of him, however, and early youngster year he became as rough and ready as the best of them. He has acquired a "line" that is hard to beat, and on the "come-backs" he has no equal. "Do you mean that?" "All right, I just wanted to find out."

His athletic pursuits have been limited to movies, magazines and swimming. The swimming, however, has been compulsory. Ever since plebe year he has been one of the submarines, is a member of the Deep Sea Divers Brotherhood, and is always among the first to be chosen under Otto's selective draft system.

As a pal he is unequalled. His goat comes romping out at times, much to the amusement of those present. His favorite expression at these times is: "Get out of my room! Whose room is this, anyway?"

Study he simply won't. "What's the use when you can go into the section room and get a good mark without it?"

"Hell's fire! Can't I buy my sister a present without everyone knowing it?"

RALPH SAMUEL MacDOWELL

Ensley, Alabama

"Mac" "Hytee"

Three Stripes; Masqueraders (3); Glee Club (4, 3) Choir (4, 2); Football Numerals (3)

GOOD old Mac. Yes, this canny Scot is direct from the bonnie banks and braes of Birmingham, Alabama, and proud of it. As far as we can gather, his Southern home is the only and original habitat of that rare species of garden flower known as the "Femme Fouroh." We are led to believe that Hytee is some gardener 'way down there in Ensley, too. However, he reserves such pleasures for leave days, and has been known to drag just once, and then under protest.

Mac is thorough and conscientious in everything he does; when he makes up his mind to do a thing or not to do it, all the King's horses and all the King's men can not move him from his purpose. It took the old Eighth some little time to discover this simple fact; since then they haven't talked themselves blue in the face.

Mac played interclass football in the days of the old Navy, and he is a handball "phenom." But his fortes are the gentler forms of athletics, Masqueraders, Glee Club, and Choir. He seems to delight in appearing before an audience, and the audience never objects, for Hytee has a sure enough bass voice.

Chin-Chin is a great boy to make a liberty with; he's good company and full of ideas. He spoons all over the good "smile" —in the old Eighth Company sense and in the usual sense—and he has been known to go out of his way to get one. Moreover, his own smile is a rare specimen. A man with a good broad grin is welcome anywhere—we have no fear for our Hytee's future.

CLEMENT BROWN WHITE

Newbern, Alabama

"Clem" "Neewah"

One Stripe; Iw² Club

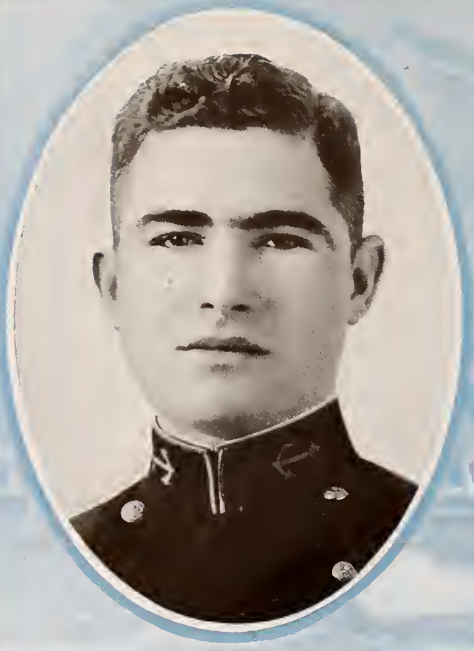
CLEM was one of the few among us who had military training previous to his debut in Mr. Heintz's awkward squad in the summer of 1914. He has carried a good brace and has stood from beneath through all the ups and downs of the stormy passage of the dangers of the academic rocks and shoals. So, quite naturally, when the stripes were being dished out Clem was slated for one-striper of the Tenth.

Clem is of an essentially happy disposition. He is always optimistic, except for about, say, fifteen minutes after learning that he has been awarded a ringside seat at the Christmas Tree Celebration or the May Pole dance. And when it comes to crossing rivers, our Neewah is an authority. He has crossed nine while the more fortunate of us have been splashing around through five.

As a matter of fact the Academic Department has been his main worry, and has kept Neewah out of a lot of things—athletics, for instance, in which we have needed him. He is a big brute with a lot of possibilities which he has never had time to develop.

Clem is not much of a hand at the lighter and more frivolous pursuits of his fellow midshipmites. He is a devotee of "Doc's," the Republic, and "Moore's"—but he seldom if ever drags. It seems that there is a little girl down home in Alabama, and it gives him a good deal of writing to do every week to tell her just how things stand.

After all has been said and done Clem White is above all a big, whole-hearted man, and steady-going. There are many men in the class who may fly faster than Neewah, but few will fly farther.



WILLIAM J. MALONE

Kansas City, Mo.

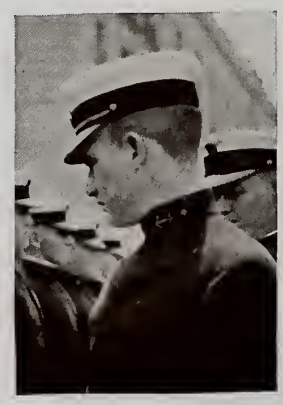
"Savvy" "Bill"

Class President (1); Star (4, 3, 2, 1); Lucky Bag Staff; Three Stripes; Editor Reef Points

NONE other than the Savoir, late of Kansas City! The most remarkable savvy-man we have ever come in contact with. He loafs along leisurely the first two or three months with a paltry 3.2—boning none, never filling more than half a board, and sleeping in the class-room as comfortably as on his regulation padded grating in Bancroft Hall. About the beginning of the last month he suddenly remembers that he isn't starring and steps out with a vengeance, pulls down a forty in practically everything, and ends up the season with a bang—and a star.

Savvy's juggling of words is nothing short of uncanny. Originally laid down on the lines of an admiralty lawyer, Savvy developed a flow of language that for rapidity, accuracy, and deadly effect is only rivalled by the Colt automatic. When the ideas begin to move through Savvy's head his mouth is entirely inadequate as an overboard discharge.

Savvy's meteoric rise to fame reads like a Horatio Alger novel. One week he was a staff one-striper, not thought of as a likely candidate for class president, and in short with few more claims to fame than the rest of us in ordinary. The next week he was a three-striper with a company, president of the class, and assuredly the most universally liked man in it. Savvy remains, however, unchanged and unaffected. Hard luck and good luck have the same effect on him—he puts them both out of his mind. It is a difficult thing to step to the purple of royalty, but Savvy has done it, and done it in a simple and unaffected way that has only served to further justify our estimate of him as a leader. He is just the same frank, unassuming, genial-hearted Savoir, with a precipitate hastiness of speech that reminds you of nothing so much as a mountain water-fall.



RALPH HAROLD HENKLE

Indianapolis, Indiana

"Henk"

One Stripe; Lucky Bag Staff

PLEBE year he earned his reputation. His feats of contortion, his remarkable aptitude for "boobing" himself at infantry, his editing the Weekly Blotter, his little trip to Lover's Lane and its sequel—all are historical.

During the first year his studies engrossed him, especially Dago, for he would much rather sketch and talk about the automobile races of his native heath than bone the day's lessons. For Henk is an artist of no mean ability. Had not his entrance into the Navy "ruined his career" he might have been a second Harrison Fisher. Who knows?

The title of the "Brute" was bestowed on him youngster year, when he suddenly developed roughhouse tendencies. He soon recovered, however. Generally successful in standing from under, his worst trouble was remembering to go on watch youngster cruise.

Henk came to Annapolis a society man, and has followed his bent when opportunity afforded. It's pretty hard on the girl, however, to come down to a hop and have her escort playfully break up her jewelry. He has the most inventive mind we have ever met with. If he could carry out his schemes he'd revolutionize the world.

Though wary and distrustful of the joys of the Great White Ways, you'll never make a dull liberty with him, and among his many points which appeal to us, we find his high principles far from the least.

"Who's that man trying to swim under water?"

CHRISTOPHER CHAFFE MILLER

Minden, Louisiana

"Chaffe" "Chris" "Chawfie" "Kiffe"

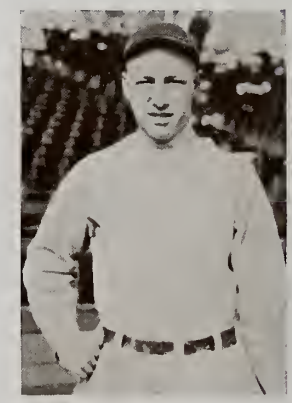
Baseball Numerals (4, 3, 2)

THAT grin of Chaffe's would make John Bunny look like a professional mourner. It is a part of the natural terrain of Chaffe's physiognomy, extending in a wide belt from ear to ear and year to year like the Horse Latitudes, regardless of conditions of temperature and barometer.

Chris never was laid down for a scout-cruiser, and a somewhat excessive beam and draft have not been without their detrimental effects. His planetary configuration has been a great bond of sympathy between him and Freddy Byers, that human keg of Lager from the Smoky City.

Chaffe is somewhat of a practical turn of mind. He hadn't been aboard ship long before he had found several practical difficulties in the way of rapid fire of the turret guns. To this day Chaffe cannot understand how they get the shell out of the breech so as to make the next load.

He and Dewey have a deep-seated prejudice against the electric light. When real boning is to be done there is nothing like the good old wax candle of antiquity, and scornfully rejecting Edison's most useful invention, they will crawl under the bed an hour before taps, house the quarter-deck awning to shut out the glare of the electric light and follow the paths of knowledge by lumens from the dear old rushlight taper.



Ever ready for a good time, ever ready for a rough-house, argumentative and disputatious to the nth degree, Chawf is always persona much grata in any gathering of the Clan. Always ready to do anything for you, gruff and impatient only when being thanked for it, Chaffe's faults themselves speak loudest for him, and a bigger hearted, more unselfish, lovable nature the "Neveh" cannot own.

"Feelin' low tonight, ain't yuh, Park, old top?"

"Fradda boy!"

EDWARD DEWEY WALBRIDGE

Rochester, New York

"Dewa" "Dewey"

One Stripe

PLUMP rosy cheeks and an angelic air! That's our Dewey. To look at him and see him for the first time makes one think of wings and harps. But Dewey belies his looks. He is always present for a good time and many are the tales they tell of his cruise liberties. If you go ashore with him you are bound to have a good time, for he has an instinct for locating excitement that is marvelous. Even Guantanamo was an enjoyable place when Dewey was around. As for Los Angeles, San Francisco, and San Diego, they were not complete without him. But to get on the good side of him, just ask him if he had a good time in Portland.

Dewey is decidedly not a savoir. He has hung on to this institution by the skin of his teeth, and has had various narrow escapes with the necessary 2.5—and a grin. He knows all about the Navy and can tell you about the armament of any ship from the Pennsylvania to the Jupiter. While not an ardent fusser, he does blossom out occasionally and "treat" the girls, and his experiences have been almost as varied as Chris's, but on the whole he has had better luck.

Athletics have been crowded out of his schedule by the struggle for the safe side of the ragged edge. Dago and Math were his favorite jinxes, and on many an occasion we nearly lost him. So far, however, he has stuck—and so has that grin.

Dewey seems to have a well-developed sense of the "fitness of things"; he knows when to bring forth the earnest side of things, and when to be the happy-go-lucky vagabond, and what better could a man ask?

"Vive la France!"

LEONIDAS MURNEY MINTZER

Spokane, Washington

"Murney" "Leo" "Leonidas"

Expert Rifleman; Buzzard

"WHY once when we were up in the mountains, single file, for the trail was narrow, and the girls were ahead on the ponies, I spied an elephant right on our path. pulled out the 32, and there wasn't a thing in it, so I jumped off and———" "Come on, Murney, trying to string us?" "My God, you fellows always think I am trying to kid you. Why in the Army we used to———"

Leon and his stories have thrilled us time and again; when listeners were few he turned to the plebes who sat aghast when Leon related how he blew up the pistol butts during plebe summer. As time flew by Leonidas became more tame, taking to football. The sport wasn't exciting enough, so he tried track—beating the O. C. to the B-room. An unbroken record! Never been caught. Second class year was the time when it was rumored that Leon frequented the fencing gallery to learn the "manly art of self-defence." Perhaps he had a vision of stripes?

"Gee whiz, we can't all be stars, can we Cheese?" The cruises were Murney's delight. As soon as Crabtown was lost to view, his usual good spirits arose, but when port was reached he usually "rose" the spirits. We still wonder why Tait's was such an attraction. "Say, Murney, got any fudge from Baltimore lately?"

All in all, Leon sure has been a happy-go-lucky chap. Never rhino in his four years; always carrying that broad smile which never is eclipsed, even when the hops were cancelled. He possesses an unusual amount of humor as well as common sense, the latter of which he sometimes uses. Get him to tell you what tactics he always uses to secure his share of the refreshments. And when the dying note of the last waltz sounded you could hear,

"Come on and let's get another sandwich."

HENRY DAVID STAILEY

Los Angeles, California

"Hank" "Henshaw" "Hen"

Buzzard; Glee Club (3, 2, 1); Expert Rifleman

A good method of depicting our Hank is to expose some of his idiosyncracies. He puzzled us somewhat at first, but after we got to know him he proved interesting and even amusing. One of his favorite hobbies was to surround himself with pamphlets (confidential), Congressional records, catalogues, white books, blue books, etc., so that he could expound to you offhand upon anything from the salary of a Swiss midshipman to why safety pins are now being used by the Hawaiian Home Guard. As the Head of the Bureau of Misinformation he should prove of service to his country in critical situations. As to the extent of his knowledge there can be no doubt; he admits it himself.

He is a radical exponent of personal liberty and the predominance of the individual, especially in the matter of expressing himself boldly in public when he gets the impulse. Of course, we do not imply that he is of the insurgent class. Fortunately he has compromised between the above principles and the "Regs." Before we forget we must mention that Hank is a self-made man, and advise anyone who is about to plunge into life's maelstrom to consult Hank before doing so. We are anxiously awaiting the publication of his Autobiography appropriately entitled "Battles I Have Fought, or Why I Am a Success."

As a fusser of the rarer species, Hank acknowledges few peers. There can be no doubt that higher batting averages have been made; Hank himself admits having struck out several times. But if hard, consistent work and real "never say die" spirit are deciding factors certainly Hank has carved for himself a memorial that is well worthy to rest "in perpetuum" among the post mortems of "Rec Hall." If a brave death at the hands of ruthless savages in far-off Samoa or premature roasting in a turret explosion rate a 3x6 eulogy in Vermont's marble, certainly Hank's title to a hero's wreath cannot be denied. For one and a-half years Hank has each week cast the die, lost, and cast again.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON MITTEN

Seattle, Washington

"Larry" "Mitt" "Jew" "Cats" "Snake"

Buzzard; Gym Squad (3, 2)

"HEY, Jew! Here's the gang. Come on down and give us a clog dance."

"Bobby, I just think you're the sweetest boy in the world."

"Cats, what's this I hear about you hittin' the pap for five counts?"

The man of moods. Rhino, or happy, or thoughtful, he's still the same old wit, the fun-maker of every deck he ever lived on, rarely off the grade, beloved of the ladies, and a veritable magnet for good friends.

His moods are simple to analyze. If upon the entrance of a visitor he is discovered clutching the radiator, seemingly trying to massage some heat into it, with his mouth all droopy and his attitude reminding one of a limp rag, a savvy man can deduce that he has asked too many of his ever-ready questions of a prof, or has been ragged by "Frank Jack."

If, on the other hand, he slides into someone's room with that engaging, mysterious grin, and plays a tattoo on the table with your pencils until they're all broken, you can bet he is happy, and desires above all a big liberty.

The Cats has always been down on the ragged edge with Fergie and the rest of the would-be anchors, but he has worked hard at times.

In later years these things will keep our memory of the old Snake green: his vivid personality; his good, but extravagant taste in clothes; his qualities as a gymnast; his incorrigible laziness when there is no vital work at hand; his highly developed horror of "goofing" himself; his power of acquiring friends in every company of the Regiment; his inimitable rolling, sliding dance, and his ability and nerve on a big liberty.

"Say, Julius, how's it to drag for me this afternoon?"

(At the Gymkhana) "Bring—bring on—squiring fad!"

ROBERT RAYMOND FERGUSON

New Orleans, Louisiana

"Fergie" "Dopey" "The Dope"

*Buzzard; Black N**

TO successfully carry away the honors of being anchor makes a man more worthy of distinction than to stand one, for if he misses one by a number he comes out two, whereas if he misses anchor by one he comes out a cit. Fergie has fully deserved the aforesaid fame, and has carried off the honors with becoming modesty. Few of us who knew his plight at plebe semi-ans expected him to grace a page of this book, but he pulled through and queered all the dope. He has been in a similar position twice a year ever since, but no list of resignations requested has yet included Ferguson, R. R., and Fergie wouldn't be himself if he weren't unsat. How does he do it? You'll have to ask someone older than we.

It is not known whether or not The Dope is afflicted with the famous hook-worm of Louisiana, but circumstantial evidence is against him. Fergie never knows when his watch comes, what recitation he has this hour, or where he left his rainclothes. "Say, Dope aren't you on watch now?" "No, am I?"

Down in New Orleans they simply eat the skags, and Fergie has kept the consuming habit—Fats up here, though, instead of Picayunes and Home Runs. He has been ragged only three and one-half times—ask him about the half time.

But don't get the idea that Fergie is of no good around here. He's one of the cheeriest, good-fellowest, happy-go-luckiest you can find. We may laugh at his blunders and run him about his forgetfulness, but we couldn't get along without him.

"Say, Dopey, you'd lose your head if it wasn't hitched to you."

"Don't bother me now; I've got a minute to formation and I boned the wrong lesson."

ARTHUR THOMAS MOEN

Cresco, Iowa

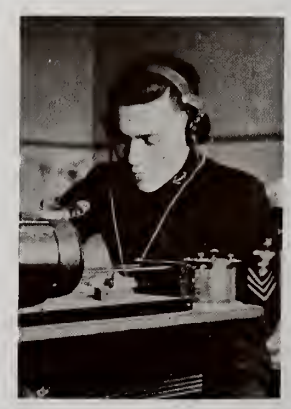
"Atom"

Choir (2, 1); Buzzard

THE boy who put Cresco on the map—or tried his durndest to put her there! We must hand it to him for making a good job of it, too, for the Cresco Plain Dealer, with its "Pluck, Progress, Perseverance, and Patriotism in Politics" is famous in many corners of Bancroft Hall.

Atom's last (so he thought) stand against the English Department was a sore defeat—his re-exam mark set a record for depth, and in the ordinary course of events he was delayed a year to try it over. Unlike many others in the same fix, he made it his business to know every man in his new class. If you don't know him just breeze up and start things; you'll find that he knows you.

Being thrown by chance with the Tough Twelfth, Atom proceeded to become one of them—and as truly a forty-percenter as any. That gang persuaded him—chiefly by means of good old bawlings-out—to knock off fussing—perhaps because they hoped some fair Cresco damsel might yet have a chance to leave the town, even as a naval officer's wife. Be that as it may, Atom drags no more, except when a certain girl arrives in Crabtown "to visit a friend," and sends in orders for Moen to report at once to drag. At such times he is very duty-full—but no more.



Moen likes a quiet game—in fact, he is a charter member of the Knights of the Green Cloth, 1918 Chapter. For the most part, however, his diversions are quiet, he dotes on radio, though all he has ever caught is the weather, and hades from his roommate, whom he deprived of precious hours with Morpheus.

He never says much—in fact, if we were making a list of characteristics we'd put that at the top; it is not because he is a shell-back or misanthrope; but when that shy smile o'erspreads Atom's beardless furnace front at some of Leon Lovette's or Swine Macaulay's spicy jibes, we can see how little it is to the Atom's liking to be the cynosure of neighboring eyes. Yes, Arthur is awful shy, but we feel confident that bashful grin and rosy blush hide much that is well worth knowing.

ANDREW ELLIOTT CREESY

Beverly, Massachusetts

"Andy" "Andrew"

Masqueraders (4, 3, 2); Stage Manager (1); Buzzard

DON'T take him too seriously, kind reader, for he is not really as gloomy as White reproduced him. Hit him when he is not working, and you will be surprised at the good nature and jovial character that lie hidden within this Massachusetts lad.

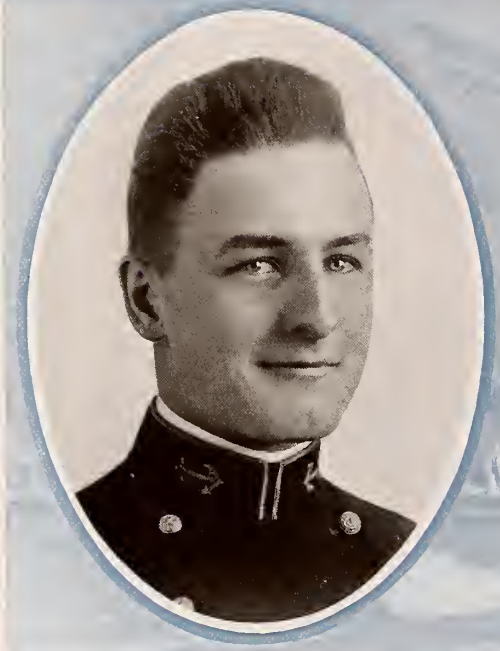
Andrew hails from Beverly, and is one of the few who found real pleasure in reading Walden Pond. Get him started and he will rave for hours about it, and you will be startled by the abundance of beauty Thoreau overlooked while he camped on the banks of the Walden.

After defeating the Dago Department plebe semi-ans, Andrew has always managed to get safely across all the rivers with a good margin. He has never been known to fuss but seems to enjoy life nevertheless. From the numerous pictures in his possession one is inclined to believe that he is a true benedict—but that is another story.

Swimming, genus compulsorious, and Nav P-works have a singular meaning for Andrew. He made the swimming squad plebe year and this cinched his place for the remainder of the course. Otto never appealed to his sense of humor, and the P-works—"Chinese puzzle; find the blue checks."

Lead Andy to a good story or where there is plenty of music and you will find him perfectly contented. Although A. E. has a goat, he seldom allows it to exercise. Even an absolute failure of his running lights, causing him to leave '17 for our page in the register, left no visible indications of rhinoism. Andy kept plugging along, the same quiet, good fellow as ever.

He is a hard worker and a friend worth having. He has smiled at such of his troubles and misfortunes as were impossible to forget. When he reaches the end of his course he will deserve his diploma as one of those who has most emphatically earned it, and, without doubt he will be one of the happiest.



EDMUND JOSEPH ALOYSIUS MURPHY

New York, N. Y.

"Eddik" "Murph"

Baseball Numerals (4); Soccer Numerals (4); Battalion C. P. O.

MURPH is a combination of Ireland and New York, with the copious line of the former and the cosmopolitan outlook and good mixer qualities of the latter. He's the friend of everyone he meets, for he isn't bashful, and if you will but let him talk at you for half an hour, he will install you in his good graces for life.

There are times, though, when he shuts up like a clam; in short, from reveille 'till after breakfast every morning, when he is thoroughly disgusted with life in the Navy. This Navy doesn't suit him any more. The "new regime" received his hearty disapproval, and he has developed the faculty of skillful and effective rhinoing. "Ain't this the nice life for you? Now if I were only going to a real college———"

Don't get the idea that Eddik's a gloom; he isn't. Get him to talk about Johnny McGraw's pitching staff, or the football of any college in the U. S. A., or in fact, get him started on any subject concerning the outside, and you see a perfectly happy man, willing and anxious to tell you all about it.

Speaking of baseball—that game is Murph's long suit. He follows every team in the leagues, and knows enough baseball facts to fill Spalding's Guide. He's no slouch at the game himself, either—did you ever see a New Yorker who wasn't pretty good at it?

Murph goes unsat in something or other every now and then, chiefly because he prefers expounding the dope during study hours to boning. However, a small matter like a two-two or three never causes him any loss of sleep. "It's good we don't care."

Eddik's willing to be fair, he's going to "give the Navy a try for a couple of years, anyhow." Well, here's hoping it suits you, Murph!

"Aw, say, lay off the war dope. Let's see the sporting page."

JOHN WALTER ROGERS

Poplar Bluff, Missouri

"Boob" "Roge" "Jack"

Buzzard; Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Crew Numerals (4, 3)
Class Football Squad (4, 3)

THIS book would be incomplete without a history of El "Bobo." He hails from Poplar Bluff, which can be found marked by a dot on any detailed map of Missouri. John is proud of his Podunk, and displays the weekly Bugle haughtily to all comers. And we don't blame him—for haven't we often asked him, "Are there any more at home like you?"

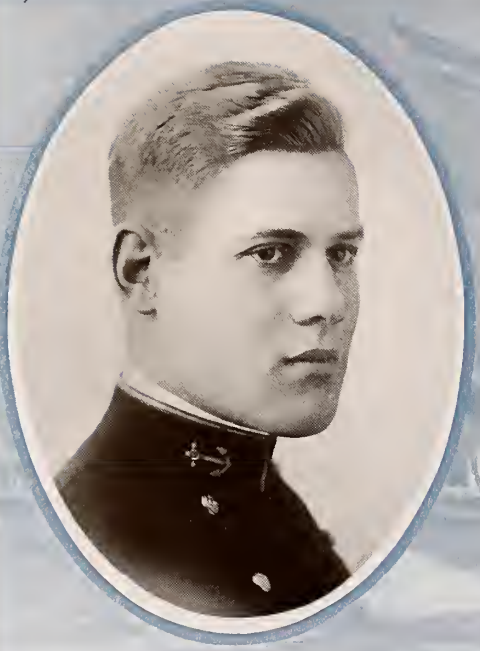
It was hard for us to understand Jack at first, and as a result we dubbed him Bobo. Later, however, when we came to know him, we attributed many of his peculiar actions and utterances to an eccentric character. One of his marked characteristics is his absolute nonchalance. He doesn't care a continental what people think of him or his deeds; he even carries this attitude to the section room, where it has never been conducive to "star" grades. But Jack is indifferent, and refuses to worry. "Give me a 2.50 and I'm satisfied," is his slogan.

With the ladies he shines—literally; his parlor tricks and scintillating smile are always in evidence when fair ones are present. It is rumored that the number of pictures which have reposed on his locker door during the three years runs into three digits.

Jack is a true music-lover, especially of Hawaiian music, a fact vouched for by those living near him, who have heard the weird, savage strains of lost tribes ground out by "Eddie's" phonograph, playing Jack's records.

Jawn has worked hard in the shells, and has made his mark. He was a member of that bear-cat plebe crew of ours, the one big athletic achievement '18 can boast, and he rowed on the second crew youngster year. It takes a man to row, so "nuf sed."

"Smile, Bobo, and show us the bright-work."



JAMES DANIEL MURRAY, Jr.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

"Jas" "Slats"

Buzzard; Gymnasium Squad (3, 2); Masqueraders (3)

JAS has allowed the course to worry him less than any other man in the class—a sweeping statement, but one we feel justified in making. He is one of the very few who could average a thirty-four if he would devote himself to assiduous boning, but he has always been contented to stand fairly well with a minimum of effort. Consequently he spends most of his time reading literature not even remotely connected with the Academic routine, literature attributed to Chambers, Gouverneur Morris, and their contemporaries, rather than that for which Ingalls, Bullard, and Gow are responsible.

Slats has always been a great debater on any and every subject. The less he knows about the matter, the better he argues, and the invariable rule is that he is never the last to commence and never the first to cut short the flow. Frequently during these orations his goat comes out for a frolic, much to the amusement of everyone, except, perhaps, Jas himself. At the Duke's call, especially, the dear little pet comes gamboling forth, to "exercise at discretion" until some kind soul admits that Slats is in the right.

In athletics Jas has worked hard and consistently in the Gym. Many a weary hour he spent throwing himself into classic postures around the side-horse, but bad breaks of luck prevented his getting the letter that we all thought his real efforts had earned.

Jas' wide reading has given him a good basic knowledge of many subjects, and we are sure that if he will consent to put that knowledge plus a little more hard work than he is accustomed to, into his job, no one will object to the way Slats holds up his end.

"Aw, you guys dunno what you're talking about!"

THOMAS LAMISON SPRAGUE

Lima, Ohio

"Duke" "Tom"

Two Stripes; Log Board (2); Managing Editor of Log (1)
Fencing Numerals (3); Class Crest Committee
Masqueraders (3)

DID you ever hear a man laugh so heartily that it would spread to you, and make you laugh—even after a Juice exam? Did you ever meet a man that could be polite to a mess hall moke when he utters the wail of "'t'ain't no moh, suh?" Not the ladylike kind of politeness that makes you want to get up and break the furniture, but the real he-man kind. There you have Duke. A laugh and a pleasant word when the world seems blue.

If Tom had neglected the Log for the sake of his studies instead of his studies for the Log, there would probably be another star in the class, but there would be a whole lot less Log, both as to quantity and quality. His originality and untiring energy have kept things going when ideas were scarce and ambition on the staff lagging. His versatility has relieved the weary at many a night lecture, for is not the Log concealed in the back of a note-book more interesting than the theory of a squirrel cage motor?

When you want to find Tom, first locate Red Townsend, for Rosenstein and he are veritable Siamese twins. If Rouge is on duty, the three Tackers, Vaughn, Duke, and Hytee make the party.

Duke has a will of his own, but usually suppresses it until he gets sore. After that he suppresses the opposition. His will has managed to keep Jas in training, for he knocked off skags with Jas and the plea of "just one, Tom" made no impression.

Above all, Duke is a gentleman and an efficient officer. If you wanted to send a "Message to Garcia," Duke is the man you could bank on to find the lady in question.

"Say fellows, where's Red?"

ARTHUR HALLET PAGE, Jr.

New York City

"Arthur" "Phyllis"

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1); Buzzard; Expert Rifleman; Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1)
Leader of Glee Club (1); Hop Committee (1)

ARTHUR—a remarkable character—embodying the unexampled combination of sane good judgment, vocal skill, professional dancing ability, individual taste (votes dry), as well as being a real New Yorker with good looks, parting his hair in the middle, intimately acquainted with a 4.0 queen having considerable talent. Wonderful? Yes!

As for daring, or perhaps foolishness, he has smoked incessantly, with two paps hanging over his head, since plebe summer; but with an inborn cleverness for sensing the O. C.—coupled with lots of good luck and fast foot work, he has been able to sign the Saturday evening list on the Assistant's table. His most interesting encounter was that with Hobey Baker under second class stairs.

Every man has his forte, and Phyllis's is music. After dinner each evening, A. Caruso Page and several of his cohorts proceed to terrify some quiet corner of Smoke Hall with a very superior brand of harmony. Many a Sunday has been helped along by his entertainments in Chapel.

During second class leave Arthur witnessed a Broadway performance "Three Days in a Trench" and henceforth his choice was made—the Marine Corps. Tales of horrible experiences among the wild savages have failed to soften his decisions, and he maintains positively that a Bolo Rush is fruit compared with a Dago recitation.

For a man that came back, you deserve much credit, and we will miss your cheery song and pleasing manner. Also congratulations, you'll make a refined hubby.

"Let thy mercy be upon us!"

ALPHONSUS IGNATIUS FLYNN

New York City

"Mike" "Al" "Ignatz"

Buzzard; Glee Club (1)

MIKE, for we hesitate to call him by his first name, was the joy of the upper classmen plebe year and has been the jovial spirit of the First Company ever since. Who has ever seen him really rhino? Sure, he has his little spells of gloom, but upon such occasions he retired into a shell, emerging only to say, "Aw, ya' poor fish" when someone pesters him beyond his elastic limit. His normal outlook upon affairs, however, is unclouded and full of humor and life. He is a bad man to play a joke on, for he always retaliates with a vengeance, (Ask Hoffman or Erskine) and he drives the M. C. crazy with his antics and speeches from the desk as a stump. There is but one remedy at such times; unlimber your trusty Victrola of an Irish jig and Mike drops all to clog dance.

Once in a while when he talks politics with Bill Strachan he gets serious, and the dope that emanates as a result has a pale blue color. That is to be expected; every Irishman from New York takes politics seriously. This last Presidential election nearly sent Mike to Sick Bay, and when the returns were all in he hung up a sign, "Vote for Prohibition." This last sounds a wee bit fishy after the wondrous tales he has spun us of Sep leave to the tune of corks and musical comedy.

Mike's course through this place has not been untroubled by the Academics, but he has not yet pulled any gray hairs on that account. There is little that he cannot convert into the humorous—including Arthur Page's future, which is an extremely serious proposition with the latter—with his words and his pen. Sketching is his forte, and his style varies between that of James Montgomery Flagg and Lyon and Hind's Boiler Book. We wish, however, that he would employ a small portion of his artistic ability in making a few strokes—not with the pen—but with the comb, and part his hair in the right place.

ROBERT BURRUS PARKER

Bonham, Texas

"Robert" "R. B." "Park" "Burrus"

Baseball Numerals (4, 3, 2, 1); Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)
Wrestling Squad (4); One Stripe

PARK is like a Curtis turbine; it takes you a long time to get on intimate terms with him. Not that he is by nature a recluse and stands by to repel boarders every time you get within hailing distance of him, but he is extremely modest and prefers to go around with all but his periscope submerged most of the time. Get him to come to the surface though, and you'll find out how big his overall dimensions really are. There is a lot to Park that his wake doesn't reveal, and it is interesting and somewhat instructive to learn what little noise a really well-made and well-run machine can make.

At first glance Bob would not strike you as a friend on the forced draught; his slow Southern delivery often misleads you into believing that he's just about got steerage way and no more, but it's Bob's nature to put everything below decks that makes him above the ordinary; only long acquaintance shows you that he has not much starting resistance and high voltage regulation—you'll always find Bob ready for anything. If it is a coaling party, you can bank on him to heave his own and Scheck's share of the sooty bituminous until the last grimy and tired son of toil has climbed wearily up the sea ladder and fallen unconscious on the resilient steel of the protective deck; and if it is a liberty you'll find Bob there with the Spanish burton when it comes to setting taut on the infernal regions.

A biography without some reference to the victim's parlor activities would be like an armature without hysteresis. In spite of his seeming bashfulness, something is rotten in Denmark when Park is not "among them." But Park is not calibrated for close range; for three years he has been studying carefully the effect of indirect fire at a mean range of about 2000 yards, fighting for a fair Texan's heart and a congressman's scalp. It is not easy to observe the fall of shot at such range and we cannot go so far as to give any "spot." All we can say is that the attack has been bravely sustained and is worthy of more success.

JOHN STREET McREYNOLDS

Mineola, Texas

"Mac" "Johnny" "Fat Boy"

Three Stripes; Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Baseball Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Football Numerals (4, 3)

"HEY, guys! I've got an idea!"—and down he went. But a small matter like falling through the powder hatch of the Ohio's after turret second class cruise had little effect upon Johnny's ambitious idea and gained two seconds with the powder charge.

As for dancing—well, Johnny isn't much for it. "Put me down for the fifth and sixth," he says. "You boys think that I can't dance, don't you?" But when the dances come around Johnny isn't there. To show you what the ladies think, though, ask him about the girl who wanted to apologize for dancing so poorly. "Mr. McReynolds dances so well."

When the powers-that-be began to hand out stripes you may be sure Johnny was present, in the front rank. The rare possession of brains, efficiency, and plain horse sense made him chief of the non-reg Twelfth company, "the old fighting Twelfth" he likes to call them.

With a build like a battleship, his inclinations have been decidedly athletic. Plebe and youngster years saw him a main-stay on the class football team, with good prospects as a Varsity man. But later he gave up football, after having missed seeing the Army-Navy game plebe year, due to a trip to the hospital with a broken hand. For three years he has shown his mettle and determination by hard and constant work as second string catcher on the baseball team.

Johnny is every inch a Texan and you can tell it a mile away. His broad accent, pleasing smile, winning disposition, and even his carriage combine in a manner which marks him among a million.

"Hello! who is dat?—No, dat ain't Mr. McReynolds. Mr. McReynolds is heah wid me."

WILLIS MERRITT PERCIFIELD

Boise, Idaho

"Perce" "Percy" "Fields"

Submarine Squad (4, 3, 2); Buzzard

"ATTENTION!" Bust out the side, boys! The little "Iron Man" is piped over the side. Here he is, ladies and gentlemen, all the way from the woolly wilds of Idaho; not much in size, but look at that bullet head with the set, determined look in his eye. You can see the man right there. He's all man, too, and if you don't believe it, just step on his new shoes, or wake him up earlier than two minutes before formation and see what you get. He's just like one of those "cocky" roosters, ready for anything and not afraid of anybody. The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Careless, care-free, never worrying, he has a host of friends. Everybody likes and everybody respects him, because they know he'll be there when the time comes. He doesn't believe in working until he has to, which shows up in his class standing, but he always gets by. Once or twice they had him with his back to the wall in Math, but he got to work and slipped it over on them.

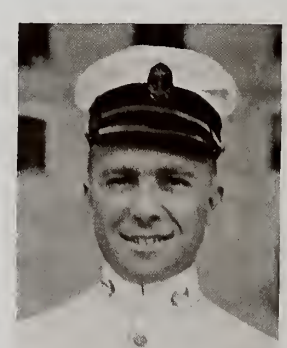
Fussing doesn't appeal to him very much. Perce says it's too much trouble. Reading a magazine until he falls asleep is his idea of the king of indoor sports. We who know him, though, who have heard his line, rich in detail and description of the old days in Idaho, where everything is always better than it is anywhere else, would hate to trust him with our best girl. All he needs is a little inspiration.

We haven't mentioned his faults, but they're some of the best things about him.

"I wanna hear moosie."

"I'll punch you in the nose."

"Le'ss get one."



VINCENT RAPHAEL MURPHY

Norfolk, Virginia

"Murph" "Pat" "Irish"

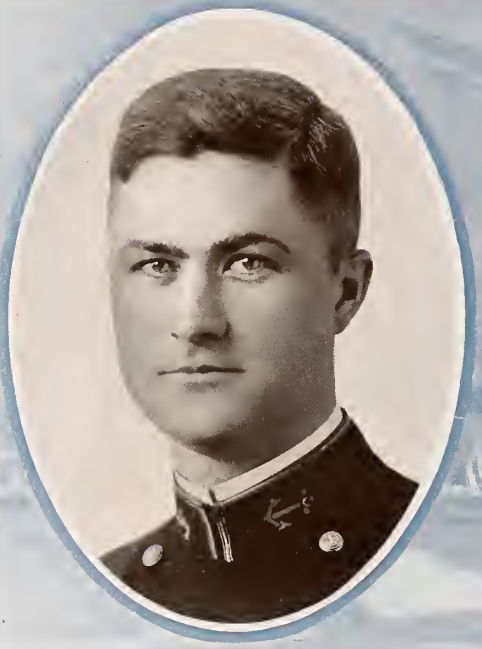
Lacrosse Squad (3, 2, 1); lNt; Business Manager Reef Points
Class Honor Committee; One Stripe

THIS easy-going Southerner, with his ready and inviting countenance, has the characteristic frankness and gift of making friends on sight that fit his race so well to handle crossing traffic and stray revellers, coupled with the famed, but now too seldom encountered, real old-sod tendencies to fights, politics, and the transfer of silver dollars. Though we were not fortunate enough to be there, we can picture Murph on a Sunday afternoon stroll in Norfolk in his civilian days, dressed—like an Irishman—impressing some little girl with the hardness of his muscle and the tenderness of his heart.

When the Navy clutched him, she dragged along his good nature, his love of fair play, his industry, and his bow legs. The doctors have never been able to get his true height. It has evidently not been speed that has brought him his success in lacrosse.

Pat is one of our grandest sea lawyers. His natural love for such sport, backed by a close intimacy with the King's English and a delight in aiding others—mostly generosity, in part Irish yearning to meddle in and control affairs of state—has saved someone many a demerit and Saturday afternoon drill. Murph chafes under petty restrictions himself, too, and has acquired widely varying reputations among his classmates and with the disciplinaries because of his beautiful disregard of the same.

For a time we feared that Murph had listened rather strongly to what the femmes had to say concerning him, but he has allayed our misgivings by waking up in time, and his common sense and Erin disposition have still remained in perfect control of the situation.



JESSE LEE PERKINS

Fairfax, Missouri

"Cy" "Perkie"

Rifle Squad (3, 2, 1); Expert Rifleman; rNt; Buzzard

CY came to us with not a little experience as a schoolmaster and banker back in northwest Missouri. Instead of finding him, as we might have expected, a pedant and an adherent of the Stoic Ideals, we have found him always on speaking terms with the 40% and indeed, to some extent, a follower of Epicureus. Cy retains, however, one asset as a result of his early occupation, namely, that facial expression, a baffling mixture of omniscience and innocence. With this omniscient look, a rustic wit, and a "rear admiral" brace, Cy is at home most any place, be it "amid pleasures and palaces," in the post office gatherings back home, or face to face with the Dago prof. But we do not mean to infer that these are his only assets. Although a native, whole-souled Missourian, he has not always had to be shown. He has his own way of finding out just what he wants to know.

Despite the fact that Cy has never been able to stand before an onslaught of feminine charms, he has drawn a line of demarcation between pleasure and duty. He has spent many Saturdays and recreation periods over on the rifle range, and as a result is a wearer of the RNT. We hear, however, that a certain young lady has seen most of the meets, and no doubt some of the practices, which explains such startling martyrdom on his part.

Though sometimes after exams Cy attempts to conceal the fact, he is always in a jovial good-humor, invariably ready to sympathize with and help a friend in trouble. We hope that he will continue to weather the storms with us, notwithstanding the fact that he possesses a liking for "terra firma," the home life attached thereto, and all that it means.

CLIFTON ALBERT FREDERICK SPRAGUE

Milton, Mass.

"Peanut" "Liz" "Clifting" "Ziegie"

Baseball Squad (3, 2, 1); Baseball Numerals (4); Hop Committee (1); Buzzard

NICKNAMES are not always entirely appropriate. Take Liz for instance. He answers to a number of feminine titles, but when swinging down the corridor with his seagoing "Rockport" roll, looks rough as a file, hard as nails, and as non-reg as the Reina Squad, and certainly belying the name of "Sproggles," walks with every part of his body. His tousled hair swinging fore and aft, slender body rotating in all directions, legs and arms just everywhere—taken all in all gives the impression best described by his own words, "Tweet! Tweet! I am a simple harmonic pendulum." Liz utilizes the whole corridor when in a hurry, but will always stop gyrating in order to exchange verbal sallies with an acquaintance. In such conversations, he usually wins. His apparently harmless ejaculations contain "hidden" meanings that would probably go unnoticed if he could control that merry twinkle in his eye. And such eyes!—fringed with long silken lashes that look innocent, but aren't.

Liz has strength and agility that enables him to best many of the heavy eaters at the training-tables, being clever in nearly every sport. Only lack of weight or a man just a wee bit better has prevented him from being a regular member of several athletic teams.

But it is not for his gloom-dispersing ability, his ever-ready repartee, his athletic prowess, that we admire him. We like his type of manhood. Liz lets us in on his "ups" and then manfully cloaks his "downs" beneath an exterior of happiness. No one ever saw him downcast for long—even when restricted on board ship within a stone's throw of his Rockport home. All in all, Clifton is a living example of a true-blue comrade with all that term implies. A friend once, a friend always, particularly when in need.

Harrison: "Yes, sir, they raise mighty fine men in Missouri."
Sprague: "How are we to know?"

WILLIAM KEARNEY PHILLIPS

Atlanta, Georgia

"Sol" "Bill"

Buzzard

THE classes of '16 and '17 lost a mighty fine man when Sol was converted to the believers in the six year course. He came to us the beginning of second class year a true type of the old Navy, and since then his scrimmages with the Academic Departments have been conspicuous by their absence.

As far as actual participation in athletics is concerned, Sol has never expended much energy along these lines other than class football and baseball. However, one need only think of him in action last fall as cheer leader or as a supporter of Navy teams in order to know that he is an ardent expounder of true Navy spirit.

When Bill holds forth there is always a large and attentive audience, for be it known that as a story teller he makes even Swabo take a back seat. If you don't believe it, ask him to tell you about Ithy's escapade the night of the class supper.

Sol deems it necessary to give the ladies a treat occasionally and by constant observation of the methods employed by one of our Oolong Pheasants who adorns the staff table he has at last mastered the art of balancing a tea cup, at the same time extending the little finger in the lady-like manner.

Phil, by his sunny good-nature and warm-heartedness, has justly earned the title that Billy Schott gave him plebe summer when he said, "Hello, Sol" as he passed him for the first time. There are no half-way measures with Sol; he is frank, outspoken, and generous to a fault. Sol, boy! if friends were dollars you'd be a millionaire, and with your high calorific value you have helped us pass many a happy day in an existence which is generally not altogether filled with pleasure.

"Now as I was sayin', me and 'C' use the same quill."

BERNARD VANDERBILT EEKHOUT

Staten Island, New York

"Roody" "Bernie" "Sneakout"

Football Numerals (4); Swimming Team (4, 3, 2); Class Swimming Champion (4, 3); Expert Rifleman; Class Ring Committee; Class Supper Committee; Class Pin Committee; Lucky Bag Staff

THIS lad hails from Dongan Hills, Staten Island, don'tcherknow! By his own admission he had designs on this "Navy School" for about n years before he entered, and now, after three years' service, he is even more in love with the place.

From reliable sources of information up home, we know that "Boinard" is, by nature, a fusser; but ever since plebe summer he has been a stag by design. He attends all the functions, all right, but he lets the other fellows furnish the fair ones.

The "Crum" is generous, a splendid companion, and a friend you can anchor to. Of course, he has a few faults. Who hasn't? He loves to spend money too well, and he is somewhat irresponsible in regard to a certain set of regulations that we have around here. He also loves to cut photogravures of society buds from the picture section of the Sunday New York Times, and tack them on his locker door. Perhaps one of these accounts for his persistency in not dragging; we are not sure, though.

The V of Roody's name might just as well stand for versatile as Vanderbilt, because he is an extremely clever man. Being of a mechanical mind, with an additional weakness for exploring into everything he gets, his room resembles the storehouse of a combined clock and electric company. Radio, motor-cycles, automobiles, and boats are his necessities in life, and his knowledge of these things combined with the fact that he is a "natural savoir," make him a thoroughly practical man.

Athletically, he is just as well balanced as he is in other lines. In short, Eekhout is a well-rounded, capable man, a staunch friend, and his services to the class have been invaluable. We'll bet our last cent that he makes a corking good officer.

"Where's my Motorcycle Magazine?"

"Ah-h! As I live—the 'lovely' Snapper!"

JOHN OTTO PLONK

York, Pa.

"Otto" "Count" "Rat"

Buzzard; Submarine Squad

AS a plebe Ott was of the modest retiring type, and it may truthfully be said that he looked the part. After the rigors of that introductory year, however, he mingled with a rough bunch and immediately began to display different qualities. It is more than probable that he was not sailing under true colors for that first period, as is evidenced by the great number of intimate friends which he possesses behind the mahogany.

Since then his appearance has lost none of its naivete or innocence, despite the number of his dissipations. This is amply proven by the remark of a middle-aged lady who chanced to see him on Christmas leave, "It's a shame, and he is such a young man, too."

Although Otto is not large and possessed of a large amount of brute strength, he is especially keen on anything in the nature of a roughhouse. He was frequently the prime instigator of those inter-deck football games, which usually ended with all of the participants in the Hospital or Sick Bay. The monotony of daily routine has generally been irksome to him, and he has had occasion more than once to introduce diversions of his own, such as landing parties on channel buoys, and bicycle riding on Ferdie's bicycle.

On the cruise he became locally famous as the gloom dispeller, and unless it is known what a great source of rhinoism a cruise is, the magnitude of that task is not realized. For his consistent good nature and enthusiasm, he is a desirable acquisition anywhere.

"I'm looking fine."

"Hey, Luke, you're not sore, are you?"

CHARLES GODWIN MOORE, Jr.

Littleton, North Carolina

"Henry" "C. G."

Buzzard

HENRY hails from the "Balmy Shores" of North Carolina. His inimitable drawl immediately apprises an entire stranger of that fact, but on youngster cruise, when fogs and cold were the order of things, he took particular pains to inform his friends from California that no such weather as we encountered there ever struck the afore-mentioned "balmy shores." However, no one is ever offended by any of Henry's utterances—his very manner precludes the possibility of such a thing. Even during the darkest hours of plebe year, when his "academic margin" was usually a negative quantity, he lost none of his general good humor. His optimism has tided him over many disasters.

It may be said that he is like his roommate, Otto, in that he is never obsessed with worries of any kind. Of course, studies have long since lost their terrors for him, but even his latest undertaking—fussing—has not increased the number of his gray hairs. His friends never expected him to be other than a Red Mike for all time. Forthwith he proceeded to create a surprise, and, let it be known, he is already master of the gentler art. Doubtless it was his love of conquest that urged him to take this course.

Withal, he is a generous, whole-hearted chap, whom one is happy to call a friend. A more likeable person is rarely met.

"Me and Savvy Malone."

"Hey! Hey! Are you from California?"

"This is the sourest beer I ever tasted."

"No, I won't take an oyster cocktail. I never did like strong liquor."

ION PURSELL

Whitesville, Ky.

"Ion" "Pusell" "My Own Ione"

Buzzard

WHEN Ion leaves these hysteric walls, the Silver-Plated Oil Stove will undoubtedly go to grace the trophy chest of the ship he is attached to. For three consecutive years he has held it, out of battle-range of all competitors, and by all Rules of War it is his, to have and to hold till the cows come home.

Ever since that first day plebe summer when he raised his left hand and swore to uphold the Constitution against all enemies, foreign or domesticated, Ion has been a leading lady in 1918's Comic Opera. To trace his evolution from the primitive state in which we found him would defy Darwin; to give even a brief summary of his claims to immortal laurels would be "beyond the scope of this work." Take for instance that $200 indicator that Ion dropped into the crank pit from the engine room hatch—or the time he turned out the whole ship's company by leaning against the salvo bells—or that day he presented arms with a broomstick upon the approach of the O. C.—ah, here indeed is work for another Mark Twain!

Ion does not always allow for set and drift of current, but he is in dead earnest, and when he asks, he asks for information. One example will suffice: One day in Nav he happened to be given a compass course; the prof's eyes were moist as Ion, with all the trustful simplicity of a child of five turned 'round and asked, "Sir, is that true?" The prof might have taken it as a reflection on his veracity, but only a heart of fused fire-brick could take offence at Ion's refreshing artlessness.

With all his childlike guilelessness Ion is a member the Clan is proud to own, and a kinder-hearted, more unselfish nature we could not wish to know. If we have laughed at his delightful faux pas and tendered him all the trophies of the Orient, we have not missed those lovable characteristics that make him a real friend to everyone he calls classmate. There's no duty too unpleasant for Ion to take to help you out, and there's nothing he calls his own that is not yours as well.

ELBERT CHARLES ROGERS

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

"Mutt" "George" "Ollie"

Buzzard; Football Squad (4, 3, 2); Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Mandolin Club (3, 2, 1)

GEORGE he has been christened by Jonas. He came to us as the innocent idol of Mount Pleasant, and after all, we are not so sure but that Mount Pleasant was the loser.

Ollie has never been found in a serious mood since we finished youngster calc. He may have serious times, but he conceals them most successfully and wears a smile on all occasions. His beaming countenance and entertaining line are sure cures for rhinoism in any form. If George has a goat he has managed to keep it well chained.

To see him at his best, just turn him loose in a crowd of young ladies. No one else need do any talking, and yet there will be plenty of entertainment. George is one of those fellows who never get fussed. He is equal to every occasion, and is at home wherever he may happen to be. He leads a rather monotonous existence through the week, but with the coming of Saturday he sallies forth and lives in rapture until Sunday evening. In spite of all this seeming fickleness, did you ever notice who it is that makes all the commotion in the corridor when the blue letter fails to arrive?

For three seasons he has given his best to Navy football, and certainly rates a lot of credit. He is one of those who make a fighting team out of the Varsity, and the fact that he does not wear an N is no fault of his. "Go get 'em, Ollie!"

George's activities have not been confined to football. Many are the times that the rolling melody of his sixteen-foot saxophone has brought forth our applause. No matter where it is; Masqueraders, Gymkhana, or Smoke Hall Carnival, you will always find that inseparable pair—George and his saxophone.

"If war is declared there will be one Mount Pleasant man in the first line of America's defense, and that man is Elbert C. Rogers."—Extract from George's Home Bugle.

LAURENCE BAXTER RICHARDSON

Methuen, Massachusetts

"Rich" "Dick"

Three Stripes; Star (4, 3); Masqueraders (4, 3)
Log Staff (2, 1); Lucky Bag Staff

ACCORDING to Kepler's First Law, "All nebulæ comprising the solar system of Boston are, and of a right ought to be, savvy." One look at Arcturus and Vega blazing from either side of his collar will immediately establish Dick's membership, for he is truly one of ye olde savoirs. He can learn more with less work than Woolsey himself. And modest—he dragged the same girl to every hop for a year before she discovered that his star didn't denote a month on the Reina. For know ye that Dick is a fusser, occasional, perhaps, but ardent nevertheless, despite his assertions to the contrary. It is incomprehensible, though, just why he denies it so emphatically.

Rich has already shown evidences of the genius of the Navy's truly great, having developed Naval Intelligence methods to a high degree of perfection. "Richardson's Dead Reckoning Method" of plotting the course of the O. C. has been generally accepted as standard, and has proved sufficiently accurate for all smokers' purposes. The fact that he himself has lost only one meet to the Discipline Department demonstrates as well as possible his common sense. Indeed, the only "boob" he ever pulled was to turn out his light when he wished to pass his study hours in sleep, an amazingly frequent occurrence.

Getting the dope from Mirch and writing "billets-doux" are his favorite pastimes. Companionable, care-free, generous—Dick owes his success not to plugging, though he has shown himself an earnest worker on this Lucky Bag, but to brains—lively brains.

"Hey, Gibb, how's to help me rig a tendency?"

"Dragging this week, Dick?" "Not by one of these good old Navy crocks."

EDWIN DOWLING GIBB

Boston, Mass.

"Owl" "Ted" "Jib"

One Stripe

"I'M the woodenest man that ever entered the Naval Academy, and I know it."

So he says, but we don't take it seriously. Owl has been bilging on every monthly exam since October, 1914, and he has been bilged—before the marks were posted—after the semi-ans and ans every year, but do we worry when he holds those endless post-mortems over the exam sheet, figuring that he made a maximum 1.0? We do not! We can't decide whether he really believes it all himself, or whether he craves sympathy—which he certainly doesn't get.

Owl doesn't give a whoop what anyone thinks of him, and he doesn't hesitate to tell them so. He employs the same system in fussing—"If you don't like my way of doing things, you can stay right at home"—and the funny part of it is that his stag evenings are decidedly in the minority.

Heaven only knows why Owl chose the Navy instead of the Law or Salesmanship. He is a sea lawyer par excellence; he can talk anyone into or out of anything. Moreover, the lad's passbook shows his business abilities. "Nothing required" at the store six months out of eight; never a candy ticket; amount available soaring. Economy is his spice of life.

Every man in Ted's "gang" has a pet name attached to him by Ted. The name with which he afflicts a man seems to catch the ears of the multitude, whereupon the unfortunate is christened—usually to his disgust—for the rest of his days. Some of the success of his arguments and of his rechristenings may be due to the noise he makes when he voices them. To hear Ted talk ordinarily one would never suspect that he could make an unusual noise, but you should hear him sing (?) as he makes up his room in the morning, or hear him shout "Bilged!" as he reaches the fourth deck on his return from recitation.

The Owl may not have a way with the profs, but no one can resist that confidential tone and those well chosen sentences which he uses when in one of his persuasive moods.

"I'm bilged cold! I didn't make a three-tenths on that exam."

GEORGE EDWARD ROSS, Jr.

Falmouth, Kentucky

"Georgie"

Buzzard; Lacrosse Squad (4)

"OH thir! I can't differenthiate when I get exthited!"

George won fame in a day by that remark, and many were the remarks at his expense. Seriously, though, that incident shows admirably what sort of a man he is— anxiously conscientious, easily excited. Though unfortunately not blessed with the ability to live up to his ambitions, he cherishes them all the more.

Who but he would have compiled an average for the term marks of thirty men merely to ascertain his own standing? We only mistrust that Georgie may take his kidding too much to heart, and himself lose sight of the good qualities he so generally conceals.

He is one of the most accommodating fellows of the class. No tour of duty is too tiresome or too long if it helps some classmate who happens to hit it on a hop night. He is the pinch-hitter of the Fusser's League when they are playing the Executive Department.

When Georgie entered, he was one of the shortest men we had, but a cultivated sweet tooth, and a hearty appetite soon started him on the upward path. The first year he took on five inches in height, but didn't have much luck athwartship. His charming lisp also began to disappear, though it still returns on occasions. We advise him to arrange for several reefs in his grad outfit. George is rather quiet, rather too quiet, but nevertheless, he can always get the last word in any argument he takes in hand.

"No, no, that's wrong. I can prove it."

"I can thpell all right, thir, but my chalk thlipped."

MARTIN JAMES CONNOLLY

Taunton, Massachusetts

"Sol" "Cologney" "Cherry" "Martini"

Battalion C. P. O.; Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Baseball N; Star (3)

SOL started life at the U. S. N. A. with 1917, but at the end of youngster year a hazing investigation proved fortunate for all concerned but Sol, and we have taken care of him ever since. We honestly believe we have had a good influence on him, and reciprocally we feel that we have gotten back at him for those 9.30 sessions as plebes when we used to furnish the comedy he now dispenses.

Mark Time says that he is good at anything, and we believe him. For a steady, constant flow of talk, he has yet to meet his equal; when it comes to work Martin may be depended upon to do a little more than his share every time. On the baseball field, behind the bat as Spud Hick's successor, he has for several seasons been a deciding factor in our games.

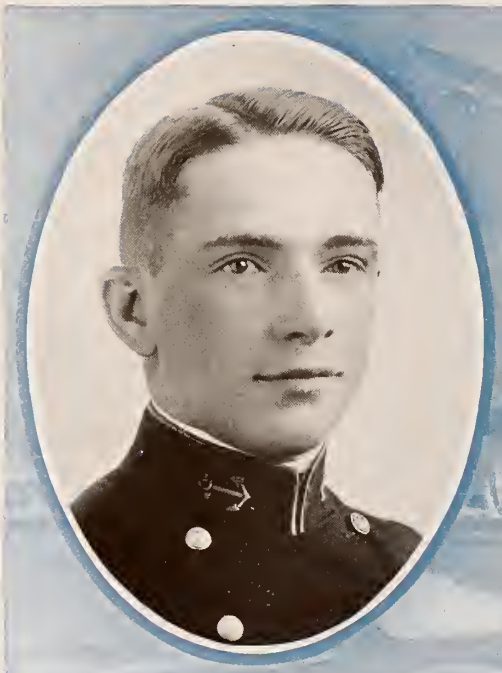
Sol really did bone once in a while until he finally starred on a second dose of youngster year. That ruined him—he decided he had enough of book learning, and turned his attention to something more obtrusive, namely, women. Here his activities are well known. After each hop he swears "Never again," but he's always there next time with a different one. We can't say whether he is such a lover of variety through choice or through necessity.

Solomon—the origin of the name is a secret—is famous for his grit and sparkling good humor. That face you see, completely hidden by his perpetual grin, would get him anywhere.

"Dear old Taunton, Amen."

"Mother, there's a storm over there."

"Why, yes! Here's Mr. Connolly—he's one of us."



GORDON ROWE

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Savvy" "Jake"

Buzzard; Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); rNt; Expert Rifleman

EVERY class has its Savvy, usually several, but ours alone can boast of a Savvy the Pink. It is hard to explain just why we call him Savvy, but the rest of his appellation, Pink, is well deserved. If you see hidden behind a rNt a little "Shrimp" with a sunset effect of grin and skin, that's Gordon.

Pink's ready smile and fetching ways have not only given him much success with the ladies, but he generally brings down the whole family. Yet one cannot be certain whether he is the charmer in all cases or the snake being charmed. The fair damsels deserve their dues, and undoubtedly there is a firm basis for the latter theory; surely Pink is a willing victim. You can easily see that his favorite pastime is fussing. Practically the only time he does not indulge in that sport is when he is asleep, or the exams loom up ahead. When that time rolls around Gordon is a firm believer in the early bird theory. His fear of bilging, which has manifested itself upon many occasions, has often driven him to forsake his cozy bed during the gray hours of the dawn, and he has established an unenviable record in that matter. He has always had above a 3.0, and no amount of argument can convince him that his noble sacrifices were needless.

With a gait that's scarcely human, Savvy ambles along the path of duty, always ready with a helping hand. A nervy fusser, a steady shot, a hard worker—add to these a cheery grin and staunch loyalty, and the result is Savvy Rowe.

VICTOR CAMERON BARRINGER, Jr.

Monroe, Louisiana

"Soche" "Vic" "Lady"

Two Stripes; Choir (2, 1); Lacrosse Numerals; Expert Rifleman

AS we first recall Victor, he was a two striper in the First Company plebe summer, and appeared to take his job rather seriously. Also, he knew all the flappers in the Yard, and devoted considerable time to them. His polite conversation and correct behavior led us to believe that he must have had a rather sheltered life, and that he was not much of a mixer. Life here, however, has not blunted the edge of his politeness, nor has it decreased his fondness for the Yard folk. He is an authority on Naval etiquette, and we like to have him along when we have to make an official call. For then we can give our undivided attention to absorbing all the food in sight, confidently leaving it to Barringer to enliven the conversation.

When you view Victor, particularly from astern you would never pick him for a lacrosse player, but it was in this savage scalp-scrapping sport that Vic obtained his numerals plebe year.

In the section room, deep in an argument with the prof, Soche furnishes amusement for his co-sufferers. He has no trouble in bringing out the instructor's goat, but unfortunately doesn't know when to stop. In fact, he has a wholesome disregard for what others think of him.

He surprised the powers that be, when, after being appointed Commissary, he insisted upon having something to say about the grub. Several welcome changes in the menu resulted from his efforts. He probably lost his grease, but he did what he felt to be his duty, and we are his debtors as a result. In fact, whether pleasant or—as it is more often—unpleasant, Victor has always been a staunch upholder of duty.

"Down home on the plantation it isn't done that way."

RALPH SMITH RIGGS

Amarillo, Texas

"W'iskey" "Riggo"

Buzzard; Baseball Numerals (4)

"W'ISKEY" is scarcely a euphemism; but then nicknames seldom are. In justice to Riggsy we must say that he acquired that misnomer because he looked like somebody whose nickname was "W'iskey" and because he was a miserable down-trodden plebe who didn't rate resenting the slur on his fair name; not through any precocious addition of his own to the use of liquid fuel. For the benefit of some fair Texas flower who may draw erroneous conclusions from the label, and thereby forever blast Ralph's hopes of happiness we would make some slight explanation, but we do not wish thereby to create the impression that "W'iskey" is entirely in sympathy with Carrie Nation's idea of an arid America; we have made too many liberties with him to be able to say that with any degree of sincerity.

To plot graphically Riggs' inner soul would be "beyond the scope of this work." He is a typical product of the sunny plains of Texas; his flash point is well above 150 degrees C. and his elastic limit has never been reached. He has not startled the various departments with any unusual mental phenomena, but he has always managed to keep in the manageable semi-circle of any academic cyclones that have come his way. Occasionally, he lashes the wheel and goes below for a good caulk only to awake to the soft strains of an honest-to-goodness typhoon whistling thru his rigging, under which circumstances he generally puts the helm up and runs in under "Dook's" protecting lee, a good safe port in any storm. He "has a past." In spite of his youth he has seen more sea service than the majority of his classmates.

Withal, Riggs is of a most amiable temperament. Smoking paps, Juice trees and Dago profs have alike failed to ruffle the celestial calm of his spirit; almost he seems to hold converse with the "Heavenly Sphere," so unshakable is the peace of his sunny nature, so eternal is the repose of his unperturbed spirit.

JOSEPH WEGNER PAIGE

St. Johnsbury, Vermont

"Dook" "Jooke"

Four Stripes; Crew Squad (4, 3, 2); Captain Plebe Crew; Crew Numerals (4); Business Manager Lucky Bag; Editor-in-Chief Log; Class Honor Committee; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3) Director Y. M. C. A. (2); Star (4, 3, 2)

DOOK is one of the Green Mountain State's most striking "Maximæ". Physically and mentally he is a veritable Antæus. He stands as high in his stocking feet as he does in his class. Unfortunately, the accompanying oil painting gives our gentle reader no idea of his fore-and-aft dimensions. Physically, his abscissæ are of mean average length, but his ordinates compare favorably with the California redwoods. Mentally, well, Dook is extremely bashful so we'll spare him any gilt-edged eulogies on his cerebral machinery. Just look at the star and count the stripes, and take it from a wooden man who has had the good fortune to live near him for two years that at anything from the Nebulæ Hypothesis to the Rigidity of the Trajectory Dook is an "avis rara."

For three years he has been the godmother of the "Fuddled Fourteenth!" He has the patience of a Job; three years in Dook's Bone-Dome Squad lead us to believe that he could successfully explain the Precession of the Equinoxes to a deaf, dumb, and blind Sandwich Islander of less than average cannibal intelligence—and all with a kindly patience and persistent effort that has won him the lasting gratitude of every wooden man on his deck. Many a precept of Bullard have we learned at Dook's paternal knee; many a "poifectly obvious" statement of Alger or Stickney has filtered through the Harveyized steel of our heavily protected superstructure, thanks to Dook's patient application of the hydraulic press. "Say, where the h–l does this steam go after it gets here?" "I dunno, let's find out from Dook." He is the final Court of Appeal in every argument on absolutely any subject—scientific, philosophical, or religious. His Nav notebook is a standard book of reference, with a circulation rivalled only by the Saturday Evening Post.

As an admirably constructed, and withal eminently human mechanism, involving the principles of the adding machine, the planimeter, the splash diagram, and the slide-scale, we unhesitatingly recommend Dook for any service ashore or afloat calling for durability, stability, dependability, and 98% efficiency.

HERBERT MEYER SCULL

Fort Myer, Virginia

"Scool" "Scullion"

Expert Rifleman; Buzzard

SCULL has been the savoir of the old fighting, fussing, frolicking Fifth. Such fearful and gruesome tales as are hidden down in the depths of Bullard, Volume II, have continually appealed to his love of good literature, and a limit of twenty pages of Steam a day seems nothing but a hindrance to him in his wild search to find out how the wheels go 'round.

He takes great delight in boning the Institute, and is just about right when anybody asks him for the dope. Of course, one must have something of an entertaining nature with which to while away the idle hours, so Scull, when nothing else tempts him, can be found knee deep in the Post or Red Book.

He has allowed his Grecian wife to uphold the social standing of the family, and the bunch have never been able to hang anything on him in that line. It is rumored that he once dragged to the Masqueraders, but as far as anybody has been able to determine, his idea of a hop is something to sleep through, and tea fights are weekly sessions of the village sewing society.

As yet the charms of Lady Fatima have not been able to lure him away from his old sidekicker, Jake. They are always on the first liberty boat with a few dozen rolls of films ready to shoot the natives in their wild haunts. Scull making a liberty without his kodak would be like taking in the Republic without peanuts. It can't be done.

"Give us a smile, Wistful Eyes."

WILLIAM STURLENG GARRETT

Klamath Falls, Oregon

"Greek" "Orsatt Muencke"

One Stripe; Football Numerals (2); Football Squad (2) Basketball Numerals (3); Lacrosse Squad (4, 3, 2); INt

YES, this our noble Greek, our Garrett! Why do we call him Greek? Oh, that is an easy question. It is because of his splendid physique, which indeed approaches the old Grecian ideals of manhood we so often see undraped in the marble. Why do we call him Orsatt? Well, that is a harder one. We could tell you easily enough, but we won't. However, if you really wish to know, just ask the Snapper.

The Greek is a tip-top athlete and a worker from the word "go." On the lacrosse team he was one of the mainstays, and anyone who makes good in that "savage" sport deserves credit. As a boxer he has a wicked punch and is just the same hard worker, with no little skill in addition. His bout with the scrappy Kenworthy, youngster year, will be remembered by all of us for a long time. And in football, this same Greek would have made his letter in another season, because he made good on the squad last fall.

He has done fairly well in studies, also, through his same predominating quality of giving all he has to the thing. Though not a "natural savoir," he has bluffed cold the Academic Department, and has pulled through with colors flying.

As a fusser, however, Greek does not shine! He is more at home with a lacrosse stick or a football than with a tea cup. It is Biesemier's delight to get Orsatt cornered before some girl and then get her to help him pay the victim pretty compliments. Our noble Greek blushes most beautifully, and his tongue verily cleaves to the roof of his mouth.

Garrett is a true friend, a thoroughly likeable chap, level-headed, persistent, and cool, and he will make a most valuable addition to the Service.

"Hey, Fisher!"

Note—All the remainder of this man's famous sayings have been censored.

FORREST PERCIVAL SHERMAN

Melrose, Massachusetts

"Joe"

Star (4, 3, 2); Three Stripes (Regimental Adjutant); Academy Sabre Team (3, 2, 1); Fencing Numerals (3); fNt; Fencing N Mandolin Club (4, 3, 2); Expert Rifleman

ENDOWED with an ambition and a high sense of duty, Forrest Percival has been the object of ridicule in some quarters and an envied example in others. Hard working and conscientious in the extreme, he came to us well schooled in the habit and capacity for studying, and has fully upheld the reputation of his native State by standing one for the course. The harder the subject the better he likes it. He can take one of his formulas, improvised for the occasion, pour in the dope, turn the crank, and get you the answer for anything. He is our most convincing argument for the theory that "Brains is King."

Fencing may not be exciting to the spectators, but it requires a quick eye, a firm wrist, and hours of hard work; and sabre blows are not the most pleasant gifts in the world to the recipient. As a member of two intercollegiate-championship teams, Forrest has proved his worth.

But as a fusser and Yard reptile Joe stands supreme. How many hearts he has broken we can only surmise, but we do know the number of times he has forsaken pink hash and speed-cones on Saturday and Sunday to join the ranks of "All those having permission to dine out, get clear of the mess-hall, double-time!"

In the capacity of regimental adjutant he was peculiarly fitted for the job, and he has added dignity to the staff and life to the staff table.

Above all, Sherman knows his job; when he is given a thing to do he finds out all there is to be found about it, and the job is well done. "Let's get some action" is his motto, and he usually gets it.

Joe: "I think an ensign and his wife should go fifty-fifty on that hundred and fifty a month."

She: "Who gets the other fifty?"

MERTIN CLARENCE WADE, Jr.

Texarkana, Ark.

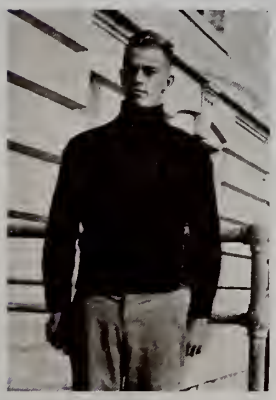
"Styx"

Two Stripes; Fencing Numerals (3); Expert Rifleman

"WHICH is Mutt in the Bud Fisher pair?" "Oh! he is the little one's big kid brother, M.C.—Mutt, see?" Styx is quiet, reserved, puzzling in his moods, always congenial and a hard worker who works best on an uphill climb. Rather a riddle to some of the class, he is well liked by the ones that do know him, for back of that reserve he has the requisites of a mighty good pal.

He has about the longest body in the Academy and should have stuck to crew, but after plebe year he fell among the sword-pushers, from whom he escaped without attaining permanent membership. Joe would rather enjoy a little tete-a-tete than push his way around the deck at a hop, but he does the best he can with the material at hand by attending every social function both inside the Yard and out. He has a more fluent line at a tea-fight than in the class-room, and his politeness and courtly manners at the social functions class him as a soche. He rivals even the Nooks in the number of Service acquaintances. However, for a soche he makes mighty good—and sometimes mighty wild—liberties.

Styx may be just a bit inconsistent, but do we not remember something about "foolish consistencies and little minds?"



What you think of him bounces right off and he never thinks of changing course. As for his ambition, we don't know whether he is trying to beat out Nooks or Joe.

"Well-l-l! Joe."

GORDON BOGERT SHERWOOD

Staten Island, New York

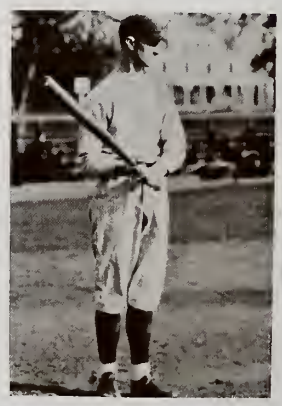
"Sherry"

Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2); Football Squad (4); Football Numerals (3); Expert Rifleman; Buzzard

IT'S a crime to expose a real genius, but to do Sherry justice, we've got to hand it to him as the King of the Grafters. Getting a "grease" with Fuzzy right off the bat plebe summer for his baseball, "carrying on" at the training table (football, gym, baseball) most of plebe year, making sojourns to the Hospital all through the course—can you beat it? Besides, his record reads like a prayer book, and he is not an angel by a long shot. Coming in about three times as wise as the rest of us, and about eight times as lucky, Sherry made a hit from the start. Nobody ever slipped anything over on him and nobody ever tried—that is, more than once. He's there anyway you want to look at it.

When it comes to athletics, Gordon doesn't need his luck; he is a born athlete; baseball, swimming, track and gym all found him out, but it is in baseball that he really shines. Made the squad plebe year, cut in on the West Point trip and has been playing ever since, except for the time he has been in the Hospital hiding from the Academic Departments. First class year, he was holding down left field till the war broke up a good ball team.

An all-round good fellow, game for anything, and sticking till the lights go out (he doesn't hide when the O. C. comes in) Sherry is a mighty good man to have along, for when he is present the party is a party. We haven't said much about his fussing, for he kind of laid off it first class year, but the girls can't help falling for the curl on his forehead.



New York certainly sent us a true and loyal son when Sherry wandered away from Staten Island to make his fortune in the Navy.

"Mine rides."

"Hey, Wart, he says he's the bully."

"Get a rep."

THOMAS BROWNING INGLIS

Van, Michigan

"Tommy"

Buzzard; Lacrosse Squad (4, 2, 1); Lacrosse Numerals (4)
Masqueraders (4, 3)

TOMMY is just exactly the sort of fellow you'd expect to find under such a name. In the three years that he has been among us he has developed into a man, but we very well remember his girlish features and curling black lashes during plebe summer. In those days, too, he was a little bashful, and more or less a Red Mike up to the middle of youngster year. After he once showed himself, however, the girls wouldn't let him be other than a fusser. Now he's as deeply entangled in Cupid's snares as some of his more rash and hasty classmates, expecially in one particular case which dates back but a few months.

Extremely sensible and cautious in all things, with a calculating business head, his amount available never approaches the zero mark, and the trees and conduct grades never boast his name.

A minister's son and a good one, he is one of those who can laugh at temptation. He doesn't admire a hard guy, and he has no ambition to be one himself. Whether his too kind treatment of men will prevent his being an excellent officer is rather hard to say now, but we are rather inclined to think the opposite will be the case.

Tommy asks for no man's friendship, but when he does make a friend he is loyally attached to him. His general non-greasiness and absolute disregard of the authorities' opinion of him probably prevented his getting the three stripes which would otherwise have decorated his sleeves.

"There's some one more lonesome than you."

HAYDEN HENKEL SMITH

Springfield, Mass.

"Smithy"

Two Stripes

SOMEONE once daubed "Tubba" on Smithy's pine sea-chest, which did not please our Hayden Henkel. So our hero insisted that if that was to continue, the accent should be on the "u." In compliance he is now academically known as Tooba. However, is you are desirous of pleasing our Bay State pride, call him "Handsome." The smile that traverses his plump face is a "blues dispeller."

Don't ever try to disturb H. H. when he is engrossed in such select literature as "Top Notch." On such occasions he growls like a sure-enough canine, and has even been known to bite.

"Handsome" likes candy almost as well as does our Gunboat, and as for ice-cream, he has a capacity which no one can hope to equal. The Chamberlain is his favorite dining place, but if all the patrons were like our Tooba even that famous hostelry would have to close, for the fields and pastures of America could not supply the demands for food, especially at Navy prices, for Smithy orders the whole menu.

Hayden is a fat, plump boy, but he used to work out occasionally before he joined us, and he is no weakling—as you will realize if you ever had a tussle with him. Smithy has muscles, rolls of it, even on his neck.

He is a generous soul, and a hard worker. Furthermore, he is one of '18's reggest members. He does not star, as seems to be the habit with Massachussets men—in fact he has to work for all he gets. But his good traits and ability were recognized first class year and he can proudly display his two stripes.

Women have not bothered "Handsome," but they will some day, for he vows that he will not be a bachelor. And we believe him.

"I'm all fat-i-gued."

CLEEMANN WITHERS

Washington, D. C.

"Moke" "Tim"

Choir (3, 2, 1); Glee Club (3, 2, 1); Track Numerals (4)
Track N; Captain Track Team (1); One Stripe
Football Numerals (3)

TIM is third ranking naval attache chez soi. He follows the well beaten path to glory trod by two elder brothers. Unfortunately they neglected to instruct their younger brother in the idiosyncrasies of naval dialect, and Tim's first impulse upon being told to "carry on" was to make a snatch-block of himself, much to the amusement of those present.

For Tim that path has been "just one d—mn thing after another." He has been on an academic lee shore, standing watch and watch with himself at the pumps ever since the first gust. Every year he starts a new seam, and only Tim's stubborn persistence and determined spirit have kept him afloat. On the first leg to windward it was Dago; he just couldn't speak those foreign vessels. Youngster year he got "beyond the scope of this work," and didn't get a reliable sounding for eight months. A hard-over helm just barely fetched him 'round that second buoy, but the leeward reach was worse yet; as a result his dead reckoning was the only thing he got right. That was the trouble; after one of those P-works he'd figure out that "by account" he ought to be somewhere on the tree, and a meridian altitude generally found him there, or perhaps a little to the southward of it.

Tim has been bucking a head sea ever since a chance nor'easter drove him to these shores. When youngster year rolled 'round with all its attendant social phenomena, Tim busted out with the rest of 'em, but after that first academic squall he let go both anchors and swore he'd never drag again if it was Cleopatra herself. But those anchors have been dragging ever since—so has Tim.

Tim never could draw an ellipse from its equation, but put cinders on one and he sure can make knots around it. There is nothing wrong with Tim's main engines, and he's shown great ability to stand forcing, on the track as well as elsewhere. Out in the Fleet they give E's; here they give N's, and Tim got one; and if we're any judge of raw material he'll make his E "oot there."

EARL EVERETT STONE

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Schlitz" "Stoney"

Buzzard; Crew Squad (4); Lucky Bag Staff

EARL came to us a shy, modest and intensely conscientious lad, and has changed little —which is rather remarkable, for he roomed with Red Hoffman. A happily-mated family, the twain, for Rouge enjoys shocking Earl and leaving the room an inviting paradise for the pap sheet, while Stoney takes a housewifely interest in keeping the place neat, even to sewing buttons on his leggins and swabbing the dust from behind the radiator.

Youngster year, under Red's able tutelage, Schlitz appeared at the first hop. His magnetic smile and smooth dancing were in evidence regularly after the first plunge, except for a brief period when he was recovering from a bitter awakening. At one time he wasted much time and effort on "billet doux," and even purchased a miniature. This sentimental chapter in his life-history gave promise of a romantic ending, but wound up rather unsatisfactorily. He admits "I realize now that she was merely toying with me." The problem as to the disposal of the miniature still confronts him.

Plebe year some first classman noticing Schlitz's beefy stanchions suggested that he try out for the crew. Well, he wasn't tall enough for this sport, but he gave it a thorough trial. He worked because he felt that he ought to, and this spirit has actuated him in all his endeavors. Being desirous of "doing his bit" in getting out the Lucky Bag, he sacrificed his time many a night in order to typewrite the brainstorms turned in. Such an unselfish and willing attitude is bound to spell success.

Earl's one source of discontent here is that his friends persist in ascribing Pro-German symptoms to his acts.

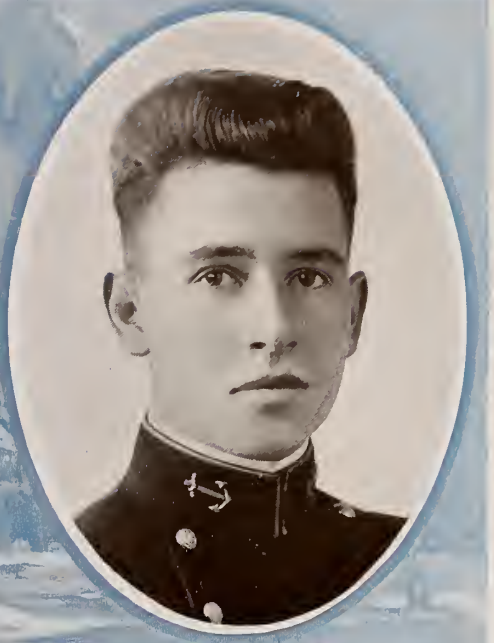
"By golly, I'm not a Dutchman. My folks are all Americans."

HARRY DRAPER HOFFMAN

Washington, D. C.

"Red" "Harry" "Gertie" "Gertrude"

Buzzard; Mandolin Club (3, 1); Expert Rifleman



NO, Harry Draper's hair is not red, it is auburn—just the shade that all the femmes admire. One would think that Red adored his locks, too, for he wears plenty of them. But if more people than his official wife could witness the ecstasy exhibited by the Prince of Fussers whenever a black bristle is discovered, that idea would not prevail.

Harry is popular with the boys as well as the ladies, and is always welcome in any sort of gathering. He plays the mandolin and piano; his personality and gestures are highly amusing.

He has a good supply of common sense, and often, by spurting has shown flashes of brilliancy—thus saving himself from being classed as academically wooden.

The nonchalant manner in which he faces difficulties is remarkable. "It means nothing to me in my sweet young life."

Athletically we do not know what Harry might have done, but we can credit him with not being a member of the Radiator Association—for nearly every night after drill he used to be seen working out in the gym or out on the field. But first class year, it was more usual to find the Red out in town calling on them—or calling them up.

He knows all the ways and means of getting on the excused squad, finding the drill period very convenient for writing to all the fair ones in D. C. And how he can reel off those sweet notes!

He is a firm believer in Berliner's Hypothesis—information of which is beyond the scope of this work. He has found it absolutely necessary to sleep half of every study period, and to see him reposing on his bed with feet in waste paper basket and auburn locks falling gracefully over his shoulders, is a picture not to be forgotten.

Coming back from town the other day, he exclaimed: "Boys I'm all in love again!" When asked "What about that outfit (uniforms) you went out to buy?" "Oh, I forgot about that!"

CHARLES WILKES STYER

United States of America

"Gin" "Colonel"

Four Stripes; Crew Numerals (4); Chairman Class Crest Committee
Chairman Class Ring Committee; Hop Committee (3, 2, 1)
Christmas Card Committee (3, 2)
Farewell Ball Committee

GIN hails from most anywhere—Philippines, Hawaiian Islands, Presidio at San Francisco, Trenton, N. J., and recently he has announced that his residence is in Arizona near the Mexican border. But it is rumored that his heart is in Trenton, so that probably will be his future base of operations.

Gin is an Army Junior, so that one wonders how he ever came to enter the Navy. Perhaps it was because, like Alexander, he sighed for other fields to conquer, and picked out this arm of the Service for the conquest. Nor does his land-going ancestry affect in any way his sea legs. He can tread a pitching deck and perform the duties with the same sang-froid and efficiency that mark his work at the Academy. Plebe summer he was responsible for the First Company's winning the flag in drill, and he liked that company so much that he has stuck to it ever since.

Plebe year Charles Wilkes stroked our renowned plebe crew to victory and would probably have made good with the big eight later, had not the "doc" interfered. The strain was telling upon his heart, and after one season he had to return to his first love, Fatima, much to everybody's sorrow, for Dick Glendon considered him a regular find.

He's a firm believer in bringing up the younger generation in the proper way, and the result of his handiwork in exerting the right influence over the "Kindergarten" is manifest.

Styer never had to worry about anything except the color of his nose in the cold mornings, which color is inclined, undeservedly, to be permanent. But it is all part of the man, and as such we would not have him changed one iota. A savoir, a good fellow, and a hard, earnest worker, he is bound to ever have the good will of those who toil with him.

"Hey, Gin! How's it to drag Oddy to the movies? I'm restricted."

FRANK FECHTELER

San Rafael, Cal.

"Fech" "Frank"

Buzzard

FECH'S exuberance of spirits and radiant good fellowship cannot be suppressed for very long at a time, and the coining of a catchy phrase is only one of his social accomplishments. It's rather hard for him to be serious—anyone could tell that by looking at his cherubic countenance. Responsibilities and cares rest lightly on his shoulders, but he surely can cheer things up wherever he stops—the best compliment ever paid a man.

His ready smile and open-hearted generosity, though, conceal honest-to-goodness intents and purposes. A favorite subject for discussion with him is making good in the Fleet. While perhaps not over-religious in the details of Academy existence, Fech has been indoctrinated—doubtless through his Navy forebears—with a man-size outlook of a naval officer's job. His greatest trouble is that he never lets work interfere with pleasure, and it has resulted in some close academic shaves, but the Lord always takes care of a happy man.

He went out for swimming for a few minutes plebe year, but there are so many distracting things to do on Saturday, you know. Frankly, we believe he is more in his element as he is.

Frank can't resist the captivating graces and charms of the "Kindergarten," and he just waited around until first class year to personally supervise their training and education, that is, when he wasn't restricted and had to get Gin to drag for him.

"SO help me!"

"AS I live!"

HENRY EHRMAN THORNHILL

Montgomery, Alabama

"Reggie"

Baseball Squad (4, 3, 1); Football Numerals (4); Manager Class Football; Class Ring Committee; Buzzard

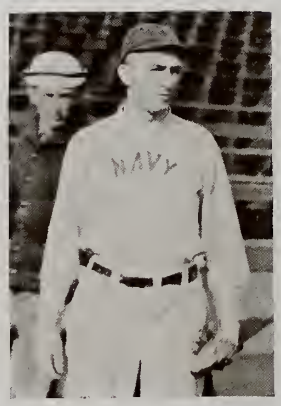
REGGIE came to us from the Sunny South, well versed in the affairs of the world. Nicknames as a rule do not signify a person's character, and Reggie's are no exceptions. Few have managed to put one over on him, even though he does possess the kind, easy-going Southern smile. Alabama, we congratulate you on sending us such a man. Whatever he undertakes is usually done and done right. Reggie is very conscientious in his work, and although rhino at times he always does his share.

With his retiring, attractive manner he is our real ladies' man. Watch your step, girls, or the Duke will make you lose all interest in home. He deems it a sacrilege to miss a hop and he likes 'em both large and small. During youngster leave he made engagements for every hop the whole year. It has even been reported that a battle royal raged at one school because one girl had six consecutive dances with Reggie and another only five. Reggie takes his success calmly, seeming never to suspect his own accomplishments.

His true love is baseball, and he has been playing for us ever since he entered the Academy. He is a born player, and has made many outfielders worry about their positions.

People don't kid Reggie much, somehow or other. We wish we had something on him to give away, but he pursues his way so peacefully and agreeably that we have to admit defeat. Perhaps it is better, anyway, not to ruffle his pleasing serenity.

"Come heah, you."



ANDREW PACE HAYNES

Anniston, Alabama

"Pace"

Football Numerals (4, 3, 2); Crew Squad (4); Two Stripes

PACE, A. P., or Pains—he answers to all three—drifted into our happy throng during that never-to-be-forgotten plebe summer. We did not know that there was an Anniston on the map, but we took his word for that. Joining the "Frolicking Fourth" he remained with that bunch of thugs and went with them to the "Fighting Fifth." Throughout plebe year he kept his reputation as a hard worker with the upper classes, and was a charter member of the nine-thirty squad. We don't know how he came to room with Reggie, our Prince Rupert. However, he has not followed the latter's evil example, for the F. I. E. P.'s do not count him among their number.

Youngster cruise took our hero far away to the bold, bad West Coast, where he became as bold and bad as the best—or worst of them. Aye, many and various were the places visited by Pace in his wanderings, and the knowledge he gained was at least valuable. Youngster year found him playing full-back on the team that ran two touchdowns over the Varsity in about ten minutes. Pace wasn't exactly scientific in his play, but he got there just the same by the simple method of walking over what he couldn't get around.

During the initial stages of his debut on the waxed floor A. P. was as obliging a "ciego" as you could find in an emergency, but even the spice of adventure attached to dragging blind at length began to pall on him and he decided to stage his own twenty-five dance dramas.

PROCTOR MORTON THORNTON

Kansas City, Missouri

"Proc" "Proctor" "Shrimp"

Two Stripes; Crew Numerals (4); Crew Numerals (3, 2, 1)
Masqueraders (2)

"YEA-A-A!" "Friction Dynamometer." Don't be deceived by his small stature; he can make as much noise as the big ones. The "little old man" with the cherubic countenance, blue eyes, and the crinkly yellow hair—you know, the kind they like, always a grin—has a big cheery greeting for everyone, delights in asking questions, is persistent in getting answers. Proc is extremely quick, fussy, agile, and a master hand at what he calls "repartoire."

He need never worry about how to make a living, for if he and Hutch would go before the footlights with a duet stunt they would sure make a hit.

"Oh my," "Goodness gracious!" "Oh! dear," "Aw, Jake, cum-on." these are Proc's strongest expressions, but they have proved effective on all occasions. Try to pipe the young Proctor down when he once gets started and you have your hands full.

Proc's specialty has been crew, where his diminutive stature and weight have admirably fitted him for coxswain.

He is one of the few men who can claim that the Second Class Crab Cruise beat the Frisco "all hollow." He has the same reasons we suspect as those that made him so wild about the Biltmore after the Army-Navy game.

One of the greatest dope spreaders we have ever ran up against, he'll believe any rumor from the gold monogramed napkin-rings in the mess hall to the graduation of the plebes next week with rear-admirals' pay.

Well, Proc, here's hoping your good dope always comes out true.

"Say, 'fessor, heard the latest?"

"Go away, you make me nervous."

JACOB HARRY JACOBSON

Frankfort, Michigan

"Jake" "Swede" "Jakey"

Lacrosse Squad; lNt; Buzzard; Basketball Numerals (4, 3)
Captain Class Basketball (3)

THE best character sketch of Jakey is a little story of his second day among us. Coming in late in plebe summer the Dagoes had him stumped. When they gave him the French alphabet to recite, they thought they had him treed. But not Jakey—he came down with the Swedish alphabet, got away with it, and has been getting away with everything since. On one occasion when they slipped one over on him and gave him four hours' extra duty, we thought he was at the end of his rope, but again not Jakey. The Saturday holidays came; they forgot all about it, and—he never walked a minute.

The same luck followed him in all studies. However, he is fairly savvy, but his air of knowing the whole subject would get him by if he never cracked a book. He doesn't crack them any too much; there are so many more pleasant things to do. He ran aground in Dago plebe year, but batted the exam for a ghoul and pulled sat. At the drills the Swede shows them all up, because of his practical knowledge. We won't say he's efficient—even though he is—because he is too proud of his grease mark, but he certainly can deliver results. He knows his job, and there isn't a man in the place that can bluff him.

Plebe year, Jake started out to play lacrosse. He got so good at the game, that he made the team youngster year and has been starring ever since. George says he likes to see the ball in Jacobson's stick when it gets in close to the goal. The Swede is also a basketball shark, but he is too lazy to work in cold weather—a bed is so much warmer. He did play on the class team, and captained it to championship youngster year.

To be serious (not that we haven't been), Jake is a mighty good friend to have around; he's never out of sorts, always in a good humor—except when pigheaded like all Swedes, and he is ready for anything.

"Smell of that egg."

"I'll get you, Greek."

GUY DUKER TOWNSEND

Baltimore, Maryland

"Rosenstein" "Red"

Buzzard; Wrestling Squad (3, 2); Choir (4, 3, 2, 1)
Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1)

ONE bright sunshiny day, not so many moons ago, a day in Eighteen's plebe summer, to be exact, a new sun came over the horizon of our placid plebe existence. That sun was our Guy from "Baltmer." Before he came down to the Navy, they used to call him "Mooney," but we soon found that "Sunny" would have been a more appropriate name. The person who could not be cheered by that red, curly hair would be a sad case, indeed. And, as a matter of fact, Red has become somewhat of an institution among us.

Red does a lot of things well. For three years that fiery stem-piece of his has added luster to glee club and choir, and that dog's bass of his has made those whisky tenors increase their wave length to drown him out. But his deeds are not all of the gentle variety. He has done a lot of hard, consistent work on the wrestling mat, and a combination of hard luck, part of which was a dislocated elbow, kept a wNt just on the other side of the hill.

Academically speaking, Red has had no bed of roses, but none of us have had any fear about his getting by during these years when the academic twenty-fives are being served out to us, and we know that the years here will be his hardest battle. For Red is a practical man, up among 'em when it comes to real efficiency, "en plein mere." He is a military little fellow—keeps his shoulders back, stomach in, and head up all the time. He would have a little more of a grease during Academic Year, perhaps, if he could break himself of the habit of starting to take his bath just as formation busts.

Taking him all in all, Red is an "Average Man," with his limits rather hard to define, and is the kind the Service wants, according to the best of authorities.

JOHN SPINNING PHILLIPS

Oradell, New Jersey

"Jack" "Spigar" "Phil"

Two Stripes; Choir (2, 1); Glee Club (3, 2, 1); Hop Committee

TO hear Jack speak "Spig" you would never spot him as hailing from the wilds of Jersey, but he has done his best to live down the stigma, by parting his hair in the middle and adopting Cincinnati as his home. For home is where the heart is, and the daily special deliveries prove the rest. Spigar trips the light fantastic with a grace and abandon that would startle Prof. Bell into standing with his feet apart on the ballroom floor, and the steps he invented for the Old Seventh with no movement above the waist kept the gang in room 49 in a constant state of envy. And warble! No one of the Chapel acoustics failed under the mild bleating of the ordinary voice after one of Jack's bass solos. The Powers-that-be certainly made no mistake when they picked him to read the Naval Academy Morning Wad.

Jack's one long Academic suit is Dago, and he was right in his element when the Jeanne D'Arc planted her mud-hook among the oysters of the Chesapeake. As Master of the Tea Hounds at the Allies' reception he was much in demand, and his work as interpreter the next day on the cruise of the Curious Hundred is worthy of mention. Except for boasting of 4.0's in languages, his Academic career suffered considerably by enough mail to have bilged a wooden man.

The wrestling and tennis teams lost a good man by a bad knee, but even at that Jack can make most men in his weight sit up and take notice. But nothing can prevent him from being a clean, likeable chap, a friend of whom any man may be proud.

"Hey, Buddie, let's catch."

HARRY WILLIAM VON HASSELN

Brooklyn, New York

"Von" "Dutch"

Two Stripes

ALTHOUGH the Count has never publicly renounced his allegiance to the Kaiser, we are safe in wagering that his German Spirits run no farther than to a scuttle of suds. For German cheer and German beer are his sole loves, while Rotterdam (and other damn) cheese, with which he has attempted to asphyxiate the enemies of the Vaterland, and pretzels are his idea of a banquet.

Von has had a stormy crossing, but by sticking close to the emergency cabin at night during the bad squalls, and following his pilot's advice, he has passed them all. If Harry's words have at times savored of alfalfa and new mown hay, they have nevertheless been fruitful, as the Count's stripes prove. They are stripes won by hard work on the part of the Count and his devoted wife. Von's calm and collective air has sanded many a slippery place and helped him retain his footing. Nothing cooler than Von can be found in this vicinity, unless it be the B. & W. heat extractors located in each cell.

The Count's bugbear has always been the Wednesday afternoon Swedish squad. However, Von is fast learning to chin himself at least once, and we believe that some of these fine days he will enjoy a movie on a Wednesday. Though the contest with the dynamometer has kept him clear of most athletics, he shines upon the gym floor, and his interpretations of "pants hanging by the numbers" and other Scandinavian art are the cynosure of all his beholders.

Withal, Von is a hard, consistent worker. These three years have taught him to work for all he gets, and the habit is going to be a valuable one. Moreover, he is not the kind that is everyone's acquaintance but nobody's friend; if you're his friend he's always right behind you, but not too far behind.

Let us clink and drink to "der Tag" when we shall meet again.

HARRY WILLIAM NEED

Mulberry, Indiana

"Harry"

Three Stripes; Football Squad (4, 3, 2); Football Numerals (3, 2) Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); Crew Numerals (3); Soccer Numerals (4); Class Ring Committee Farewell Ball Committee

HAVING come to us with a year's experience in the University of Indiana, plus an unconquerable ambition to work, he has been one of the most valuable assets in both Class and Academy matters. His presence on the Class Ring and Farewell Ball Committees gives evidence of his keen interest in social life, and the value of his good judgment. "Just leave it to me and I'll fix it up—a matter of a little diplomacy, you see."

Having a Herculean frame with unusually bluff stream lines, Harry's chief activities have been athletics. Between football in the fall, and crew in the spring, there hasn't been much spare time to get into mischief. Misfortune frowned upon his football career by sending him to the Hospital plebe year with a broken arm, but the lure was too great, and three years have seen him as one of the Regiment's most consistent workers.

If you want to hear a good story, ask Harry about our youngster cruise to Frisco, where he pilfered a little stationery from the Saint Francis and wrote his girl from the ship. Forgetting that the envelopes bore the post mark of the U. S. S. Missouri, he has been wondering how the girl discovered that he wasn't making his residence at the Saint Francis.

You may be sure that Harry's efforts have not gone unappreciated or unrewarded by those higher up, and we can see that their confidence has not been misplaced by his ableness and initiative in handling the Eleventh Company.

Here is a man from the Hoosier State with a heart as big as his body. To be Harry's friend is to know a man worth while, with a sterling character and a sincerity that is just as big as the expression on his face leads you to expect.

"What did you want to jump for when them there whistles blowed?"

BRONSON POINDEXTER VOSBURY

Binghamton, New York

"Bink"

Football Numerals (4, 3); Crew Squad (4); Track Squad (3, 2, 1)
Track N; Buzzard

BINK hails from that vague district known to New Yorkers as "Up-State" and usually associated with homespun jeans and side-whiskers. However, Bink has successfully shaken the hayseed from his clothes, and now ranks with our foremost men of the world.

Though not a Tea Hound by nature, Bink can juggle a cup of tea, a cigarette, and a macaroon as though it were nothing at all, but he is in his real element at a stag party. With the wife of his bosom, Bill Domer, to aid and abet him he can make Snappy Stories and the Cosmo look sick; and with their trusty mandolin and guitar these two can render anything from a Hawaiian love song to the "Ballyhoo Massy" in a way that makes the worst Rhino Bird in the Regiment smile.

For three years Bink's work in the sprints has made him an addition to the track team of no small value, and he has well earned the N he sports.

He has been a consistent and steady wooer of Milady Nicotine in spite of the machinations of the O. C. to the contrary. Apparently he is trying to consume the world's supply of Fatimas and seems to be in a fair way to accomplish his purpose.

Although a lazy yokel who can do less per unit time than most people, Bink will not lay down when there is any work to be done, and if you want a good time make a liberty with him, whether it is for a roughhouse or parlor-snaking.

"Say, Low, got a Fat?"

WILSON DAVIS INCH DOMER

Washington, D. C.

"Bill" "Liz" "Wid"

Track Squad (4, 3, 2); Expert Rifleman; Class Pin Committee
Musical Clubs (3, 2, 1)

YOU never know exactly what Bill will do, but you can be sure that it will be original. He landed at our seminary one bright morning plebe summer and immediately proceeded to shock all of us by his weird ways of saying and doing things. Since then we have come to expect anything whatever from him, but even at that he occasionally penetrates our toughened hides with his brilliant repartee.

Plebe year Bill was savvy, but he rapidly lost energy and his class standing began to drop with regularity. Boning is not his strong point; notwithstanding this, he is never in any danger of being "unsat," but due to his excellent bluff and good line he can always hypnotize a prof into giving him at least a 2.5. Or failing that, Bill dazes him by the rapidity with which he recites, giving the impression that he knows more than the man who wrote the book.

Regarding his athletic abilities, he has occasionally favored track practice with his presence, but, although we hate to say it, he invariably gets oh! so tired! after a day or so and returns to private life and a much needed rest. Nevertheless, we still believe that he can run a quarter with the best of them, should he develop the necessary ambition. Youngster year, Bill played guard on that justly celebrated class football team that won the class championship and afterwards beat the Varsity.

Second class cruise, Liz attained the much-coveted distinction of being a member of the Society for Improvement of the Quarterdeck—"Lay aft, sweepers, and tickle the deck"—and served faithfully in the capacity of general "crum." He tried to grow a mustache, but at quarters one bright day "Cutie" saw 'em in the strong light and gave him some fatherly advice. You would have thought that would cure him, but no chance. Between his weekly shaves he is just as proud as ever of that tuft of stubby red.

"Well-ll, it's eight o'clock. Knock off your greasin'."

JAMES EVANS WADDELL

Grand Rapids, Michigan

"Gloom" "Rube" "Jew" "Miss Waddell"

One Stripe; Baseball Squad (4)

OLD Rube hails from the Windy City, all right, and there is no mistaking it. Just listen to him!

James joined our ranks after the rather "warm" summer of '15, and for a while was lost in a rhapsody of gloom, but he soon blossomed out as one of the greatest and most finished "rhino" artists the Academy has ever boasted. Rube was unanimously elected as high mogul of the famous order of "Rhino Birds." No meeting, whether in Doc's or Smoke Hall, is complete unless Jew is on hand. "Now listen, fellows, things are getting pretty serious. I just received some straight dope from high channels, and I don't know whether I ought to let you in on it yet, but—." The rest was lost as Rube passed on with his thoughtful and knowing expression.

According to James, the Academic Departments have been after his scalp for three years. Many a Wednesday he goes over to help some "Head of the Dept." make out the monthly exam. "Well, they can have my old resig any time they want it," as the Rube is wont to say after some disastrous encounter.

There is no question about it—Jim is a sketch. He is probably the most quoted man in the Regiment, both his dope and his favorite original expressions being caught up by the multitude. Moreover, Jim's personality has something about it you can't help liking. It has always been noticeable that his company never went begging; to anyone who has heard him expound or heard his gleeful laugh as he brought forth a new expression, no reasons are needed.

"We-ell, boys, a little of the milk of human kindness this morning, I'm bilging!"

ROBERT MORSE EACHES

Reading, Pa.

"Bob" "Eeks"

Hop Committee; Buzzard; Clean Sleeve

"YOUSE poor misfortunate——." Yes, when you hear that expression and hear it followed by that contagious, irresistible laugh of his, your one best bet is that Bob is approaching. He is an optimist in every sense of the word; the easiest man to laugh with —and at—that you can find. Bob can never see gloom; he smells it coming and heads it away, before it can attack. Bob takes risks as often as he eats; he takes them first and thinks afterwards, but when he is caught he grins, as usual, and packs his bags for quick embarkation, always without a murmur.

Eeks has been out for about everything we have. He is an all-round man; good at all of them but not a star at any. His favorite pastime, though, is "shooting the honey with the boys." Though he doesn't often show it, Bob has his serious side as well, and he is a conscientious worker when necessity arises—though such occasions, in Bob's mind, come but seldom. Way back in his first youngster year there did come such an occasion, and Bob realized it fully, but a bit too late. As a result he left '17 and joined us, and although we are sorry for his sake that he couldn't graduate with his original class, we are mighty glad for ourselves, for old Bob has all the earmarks of one of those gloom-dispellers of whom there is often a lack around here.

Eeks, old man, get the little rabbit's foot on the job in the Fleet and steer clear of the tough luck you've had here, and you will advance your end in this tug-o'-war as far as the next one.

"Say, Jim, that was a h--l of a chance I took yesterday, wasn't it?"

WILLIAM CLARENCE WADE

Texarkana, Texas

"Nookie"

Two Stripes; Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2); Director Y. M. C. A. (3, 2); Track Squad (4, 2, 1); Track N Academy Record Relay Team (3); Gym Squad (3) Choir (4); Expert Rifleman

NOOKIE comes from the Texas-Arkansas-Louisiana city of Texarkana, and is, as you will gather from that, a true Southerner, so much so that you get it in his speech, see it in his manner, and find it embodied in his character. And he is proud of it, too.

Billy is a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, D. A. R., Red Cross—in fact, of anything in which he can find the fair sex. The impression we wish to convey is that he is a fusser—and a good one! While in force at every hop, informal, and all the "parties exclusivos," he is also the first one ashore on liberty, and has to use his track ability to catch the last returning boat. Shades of Portland, fogs of Frisco, phantoms of Provincetown!—Nookie carries his heart in his hand, and his hand unclasped.

University records held before entering the Academy faded before the coveted yellow N. Aside from breaking one plebe record, assisting in breaking another, and being a member of the team holding the Academy mile relay record, he found time to make the team in gym. Nookie has had other distinctions, too, for he is Styx's little older brother.

Studies he neither hated nor feared, and as a result he maintained good standing with comparative ease. He has been ambitious but not proud, and because of his cheery personality his friends are legion. His make-up is balanced, combining the gentleman and athlete, and he is endowed with all the requisite qualities of each.

Strength of will caused him to make one solemn promise, which speaks huge volumes: not to say the word to any of "them" until his diploma was in his right hand. But Nookie is as human as you and I, and how can a man hold out longer?

"Oh, 'Kink,' are you going out to see her this afternoon?"

"Sir, do I understand the book to state that——."

Theodore Frelinghuysen Clark Walker

Camden, N. J.

"Preacher" "Deacon" "T. F. C."

One Stripe; Expert Rifleman

IF the Navy had all the money it has spent in good paper and ink, in printing the name Theodore Frelinghuysen Clark Walker, it could build another battleship. One would never suspect that Deacon would carry all that "deep Six" name, a look at which almost makes you smell limburger and hot dogs. In contrast Deacon himself is a clear-cut lad, bearing none of the marks popularly associated with Dutchmen. Nevertheless, he is proud of his name and never loses a chance to praise to the skies the countrymen of his forefathers, particularly the military leaders thereof.

The Deacon has broken the precedent for preachers' sons, in that he is strictly a normal human being. But he has the same old fault. Under the influence of Nookie he started out to be a real fusser, but for some unknown reason he lost confidence, knocked off dragging, and confined himself to the lookers-on. From this stage he drifted to worse. Now he is a most ardent long distance lover. The balcony is about as close as he ventures at the present time, and from this elevated position he has been known to overlook the hop for seventeen dances. Rare sport! The only possible explanation is that he must have been looking for a "Blondie," for it is no secret that Theo is partial to the blondes. Just mention a femme and he is all ears to find if she is of that type. If she is not, his interest immediately disappears.

Deacon has always been a "reg Mid," even as a plebe. That is, until second class year, when he fell victim to the "filthy weed." His ladylike manner of smoking called forth many jocular remarks from the hardened fiends. By the end of first class year he did learn to roll a smokable "Bull Skag." Quite an achievement in itself! Before he took up this pastime, his favorite sport during his leisure hours was to join some "Fest" where he could listen, rave about blondies, and boast of Camden.

JAMES WALTER WHITFIELD

Farnhurst, Delaware

"Jimmy" "Jimes" "Jimwhiffiel"

Football Numerals (4); Expert Rifleman; Buzzard

"I'M dragging tonight, sit in the balcony and watch the girls." Well, Jimmy is dragging a Blood again. If you want to get him mad, ask him about June Week, 1916, when he and the Ninth Company Wrench broke out in full regalia—the thin time is impossible to describe. His Podunk is ———, Delaware, but he said himself that was nowhere, and "then you know the DuPonts come from around those parts."

Jimmy went out for football plebe and youngster years, but the call of the radiator beckoned to this jocular Hibernian, his correspondence was very heavy, and then, often on Wednesday afternoon he would be found waiting for some Madame X at the main gate. His intense craving for feminine diversion culminated in his buying a Henry Ford roadster, and from that time carburetor and tires have been the main theme of gossip, probably to cope with the 6-cylinder élite of surrounding cities.

Jimes often thinks himself nearly unsat, and the Academics keep him always busy. This is an excellent incentive to work, and Jimmy usually comes out with a 3.0 after his struggles with Doc Zeuner and the Cow's RI drops.

Jimmy is a hard fellow to understand, yet those who know him want no better man for a friend. Here's the best of luck to him—We hear he is going to "reck" for the Philadelphia Navy Yard and become a crab in the Back Channel—you can scarcely have failed to guess his reasons.

JULIAN DuBOIS WILSON

Clarksburg, W. Va.

"Julian" "Woodrow" "Doonie"

Football Numerals (4); Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2); rNt First Class Rifle Championship; Buzzard

JULIAN came to us after a preparatory course at "Shad's Battle Works," and for this reason his first impressions of Washington are very interesting to the listener. He originally came from the oil fields of West Virginia, and Julie tells us many "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" stories of this marvelous country.

He went out for football and worked hard plebe year, and for the time he was out showed excellent stuff, but the abolition of the class teams put an end to his ambition. By hard work since then he has won his letter on the rifle team, and first class year he was lucky enough to win the class rifle championship.

He is the one to whom many of his classmates desirous of attending the hops wander, and his comprehensive "Lloyd's," compiled by femme cuties and containing all the seminaries and girls' colleges in alphabetical order, is well thumbed as a reference book. Doonie is a steady fusser himself, too, though you can't tell how much of his straying is attributable to his famous roommate.

Julian had easy sailing after his first brush with the Academic Departments, until he delved into the mysteries of "analytical mechanics" second class year, and here he nearly struck a rock, but after his instructor had given up hope he kept up persistent work, and still remains one of the pampered pets.

Julie is simple in his thoughts and actions, with no craving for sensationalism. Frankly, we never expect him to startle the world, and he doesn't expect to, but when you want something done it will be done if you leave it to him.

ROBERT TODD WHITTEN

Columbia, Missouri

"Bones" "Spare-Ribs" "Robert Todd" "Bob"

*Buzzard; Expert Rifleman; Black *N**

YES, Robert is somewhat of a benedict. We wouldn't put him in the absolutely certain class, but the concensus of opinion is that single blessedness will not be his lot. Although plebe year brought forth no symptoms of this failing and in fact led us to believe that our friend was headed for the ranks of the Red Mikes, early in youngster year he showed us our mistakes. And since then he has been one of the faithfulest of the faithful.

Robert has not tried his hand at athletics—except the Mexican Species—though at one time he evinced a leaning towards Swedish gymnastics. Though not a participant himself, he has always been a fan, particularly in football season, and his efforts toward keeping up interest and regular attendance at football practice is especially remembered by the plebes.

Nor must we forget his powers of persuasion and his ability in a long-winded argument. In this he is at his best. To know Spu you would have to see him at Doc's on a Sunday afternoon. With one of his long legs wrapped several times around the other and a brown paper cigarette going under forced draft—in that slow drawl on any and all of the diversified subjects which are brought up in the smoky seclusion of Doc's back room, he can give you the very latest confidential European war news or can prove conclusively that the Nebular Hypothesis is a preposterous lie.

In spite of all this talent Spu has run amuck of the Discipline Department on several occasions, principally on the score of the brown paper cigarette. And once, while in the hospital the call of the wild enticed him beyond the limits, with the consequence of a month's restriction.

He is always one of the first to leave an examination and the last to leave Smoke Hall. Though current literature has claimed most of his time in study hours, he has always been willing to lay it aside to help a friend in trouble with the Academic Department. "Wal-l, I du'no."

WILLIAM HANDY HARTT, Jr.

Portsmouth, Virginia

"Billy"

Buzzard

DID you ever meet a man who combines in his character the open heartedness and ready smile of a true Southerner with the insular reserve of an Englishman? Such a man is Will.

When he quietly packed his bag and slipped away from V. M. I. that venerable institution lost one of its best men. He slipped into the machinery of his new life and has ground out his share ever since, in his own quietly efficient way. The fact that the assignment of stripes passed over his name surprised us all; but it only goes to show how unobtrusive and retiring he is—not that he didn't rate anything.

Not intimately known by all of us, the placid tranquillity of his life has only been disturbed by a few violent engagements with "Las lenguas Castellana y Ingles" in which he has at least managed to get a draw decision against the Academic Department—and by one Sep leave house party which he is reported to have left via the window upon the arrival of the feminine contingent. Needless to say, he was absolutely unknown at the receiving line of the hops, and the abolishment of these diversions caused him no discomfort.

Rather reserved both by nature and inclination, "Handsome" is slow to form likes and dislikes. Once your friend, however, in an undemonstrative yet unmistakably genial way he makes you realize that there is a man's man alongside of you. None of your light-hearted fellowships that last while the sun shines and the sea is calm, but the true kind of pal that will bear the test of fog and heavy weather.

FORD LEE WILKINSON, Jr.

Nashville, Tenn.

"Wilkie" "Jitney"

Masqueraders (4, 3, 2); Manager Masqueraders (1); Log Staff (1) Manager Log (1); Farewell Ball Committee; Hop Committee

HOW that stage director ever settled upon Wilkie to mislead the audience in the saintly role of the "Bishop of Ballarat," will ever remain one of the mysteries of the modern stage. Certain it is that the "Devil hath power to assume pleasing shapes." No, Ford would never elude capture with that "pax-vobiscum" line, without the aid of artificial shrubbery to hide most of that main panel-board of his. But stick him behind the footlights, and he'll drive Sir Henry Tree, E. H. Sothern, and Raymond Hitchcock into movie acting in no time.

Naturally Wilkie's Thespian attributes qualify him for active service at tea-fighting and other duty requiring sang-froid, savoire faire and nonchalance—Wilkie studied Spanish, so we are safe in using this language. Available information as to his activities in the "Champagne Region" is of necessity limited, but his record with "Standard Navy Boiler Compound" Oolong Brand, eminently qualifies him for the order of the "Platinum Plated Tea-Cup." He has the enviable distinction of never, during his three years of active service, having spilt a cup of tea or choked over a sandwich.

Wilkie comes from the South: to be more specific, from "Gawd's Country," as far as we can gather, about Lat. 35M, Long. 85W. According to Wilkie the only real circle of perpetual apparition is one of radius 100 miles drawn from Nashville as a center—a typical Southern gentleman. Upon occasions Jitney is an extremely active chemical, as is evidenced by his energetic work on the "Weekly Mistake." Being of the compound wound type, his voltage regulation is unusually high, but like other true sons of the South he is inclined to run on "no load." But give Ignatius Loyola Wilkinson a job to do and you don't have to hoist "Interrogatory" an hour later to see whether he has started yet.

"Down in Gawd's country, we-all arn't lazy, anyhow!"

"When are you-all gonna make that party call?"

JERAULD WRIGHT

Washington, D. C.

"Jerry" "Goose"

Two Stripes; rNt; Rifle Squad (4, 2, 1); Asst. Manager Rifle Team (2)
Captain Rifle Team (1); Asst. Business Manager Lucky Bag

HERE'S an old salt for you. From early childhood Jerry has always cherished a desire to "follow the sea." Whatsoever the cause, Jerry has set out to learn the Navy—all about the whichness of what. His heart and soul are ever in his work, perhaps at times a little too much so. His fatherly advice to the everlasting Rhino Artist generally boils down to "Well, if you don't like it, get out!" Jerry likes it all the way through.

The Goose isn't what one would call a savoir, but he is full of sound practical knowledge. He may not be able to draw a 2-way view of a B. & W. boiler, nor the treacherous curves of Analyt—but Jerry is right there when it comes to things a naval officer ought to know. It was always much easier to get the dope from Jerry than read it in the paper. "The Mississippi—er, let me see—why she carries———."

Now he "arn't no 'and with the ladies," having been a true Red Mike—one of the upholders of the old Twelfth, but once in a while on a bright spring day, Jerry breaks away and surprises us by acting as Jimmy-legs—no, not by chasing some night prowler, but by escorting a young lady about the Yard, and, with a flourish of the hand, carefully pointing out the places of personal interest—the gymnasium, for instance.

When not unsat, our hero has diversions. Being a marksman of ability, Jerry is intermittently active on the range, shooting anything and everything but the bull. You can't hold a good man down. We do not know whether it was due to Prof. Bell's influence or to some Hawaiian beauty, but Jerry sure can dance. Those Smoke Hall carnivals were brightened by his interpretations of the Hula Hula. His combination of the Hula and a good old "heel and toe" as an accompaniment to Duvy's graceful steps is famous.

You got the right idea, Jerry. The Navy is in need of such as you, and we're proud to hold you as a product of 1918.

"Got any more prunes down there?"

JOHN ORRIN WOOD

Minden, Nevada

"Joe" "Gish" "J. O."

Buzzard

HOW Gish has roomed with Gadgett for three years and a half without losing his abundant good reason will always remain one of the mysteries of the deep. Perhaps it's because Gish can come back strong in response to Gadgett's indefatigable line.

It is a well-known fact that when aroused Joe can hold up his end with the next one—and Gadgett is a great little rouser. It is rumored that when a fest is started, in the presence of ladies, between the pair, Gish's wife doesn't get a word in a-tall. Which is going quite several.

Youngster year gave promise of Joe's blossoming forth as a full-fledged fusser, but during our second class cruise, Gish received a blow from which he has never fully recovered. In short, he let a "cit" beat his time. As to the advisability of dragging a girl who wears flowers which other fellows gave her, we gladly cite this instance.

A slave to one femme, Lady Nicotine, from his prep days he has always been willing to respond to the sotto voce supplication, "Come on, J. O.: Let's catch one." Despite many hairbreadth escapes, however, he has never paid the White House a visit, "in accordance with N. A. Regulation 507."

Along with certain other classmates, Wood follows the thumb rule, "turn to the right," upon leaving the gate. By a simple calculation—knowing his course and speed—we have reached certain conclusions.

There have been a few instances, however, when Joe has not displayed that usual blasé air. One was when he was under the influence of ether, and another was when he got tangled up in an overcoat that was many sizes too big for him. For particulars, send him a note or ask the bunch.

DONALD ALEXANDER GREEN

Waukesha, Wisconsin

"Gadgett" "Don"

Buzzard

"OH I say there, Gloom, what makes you so talkative? You're liable to divulge some state secrets. You'd better——oh by the way, dijjy ever hear that'n about why a cat meows? Deep stuff. Don't think so hard; ivory's easily cracked. Why don't you say something? Do I have to talk all the time? That reminds me of a story I heard once about a man who———" And on he rambles; the average man never gets a word in edge—or other—wise. Gadgett is happiest when he is leading out someone's goat—those of George Etheredge or Freddie preferred. He spends days at a time planning bait for those animals. But whatever the subject may be, Don has a portion of his line ready. "Where are you from, Mr. Green?" "Waukesha, Wisconsin, sir, (as confidently as if he had said Baltimore or Chicago) where beer bottles grow on the trees. Why out there———."

Gadgett belongs to all the clubs in all the ports we hit—or, if he doesn't, he joins them on the spot, making a way for himself with a bit of skillful jollying—and for that reason, if for no other, you can bet on a big liberty if you go with him. He and Gish and Rummy have made the most of—and spent the most on—the liberties everywhere.

But Don isn't just a teaser and thrower of honey. He will get down to business any time when a friend needs his help, just as he did when Gish spent three months in the hospital, and had to depend on his wife to pull him through the exams. Gish is still here—enough about Gadgett's abilities in the book line. As for his abilities along other lines—including social ones—well, he's got 'em, and he has showed them to us. However, as Gadgett is a modest, retiring sort of lad, we will spare him embarrassment. You know by this time that his heart is in the right place. Que voulez-vous plus encore?

"Well, it ain't no mo' P-rade after I pass the reviewing stand."

EDWARD WILLIAM WUNCH, Jr.

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Eddie" "Unique"

Buzzard; Swimming Squad (4, 3, 2)

HARD? I ask you like a brother: wouldn't that "moosh" make a cylinder liner look like salt-water taffy on a hot day?

As an exponent of rhythm, co-ordination of movement, and inherent grace, this unique midshipman resembles the club-footed elephant of Northern Hindustan. He never gets within thirty degrees of phase with the rest of the company, and that athwartship roll of his shoulders makes the entire rear rank seasick.

Unique has tried fussing. It's a game at which he plays no rules. He likes them all and loves none (for longer than three days after a hop). When there is any prancing to be done Wunchie is present to decorate the surroundings. With that glidy, positive-motion dance, and a total disregard for the rules of the road, he manages to take a considerable part of the floor and to make himself quite conspicuous. His danger space is enormous.

In recognition of his mechanical and electrical abilities he has been given the name Edison Westinghouse Wunch out of respect for two of his minor contemporaries. His favorite sport is explaining the lesson to the prof. At P-works in Juice and Steam he persists in taking charge of the experiment and in proceeding along lines no one else can follow, and then—in all his kingly glory he generally succeeds in gumming the deal beautifully. That "Oh! how wise I am" attitude has established his precedence as an authority, and when anyone else advances an idea the Wunch must pass upon it in a tone of absolute finality: "Nope! NOPE! Won't work, see? I said it won't work!"

Max: "What's your name?"

Unique: "Wunch, sir.'"

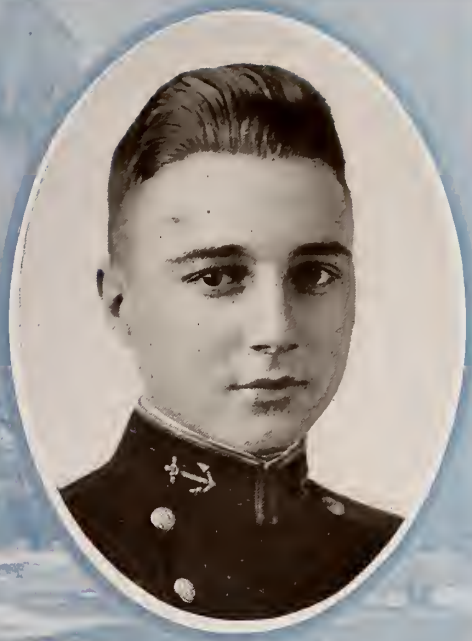
Max: "Wunst, eh?—well, wunst is enough."

MALCOLM ARNOLD DEANS

Phoenixville, Pa.

"Nemo" "Rabbit" "Belgian"

Buzzard



NEMO came to us a sweet young thing from Phœnixville via Army and Navy Prep, in his first pair of long trousers. But, my golly, how that chile done growed! He started right in plebe summer, youngster year saw him in a whorl of arms and legs, and by superhuman strength, he pulled off the weak squad, whence the cognomen Hercules. Since then he has been a candidate for the Rough Egg Club. He has passed several degrees, talks through clenched teeth, smokes like a funnel, and at present is about two lengths ahead of Stud Whitemarsh and Mose Byington in the race for the Ivory Inlaid Barnacle.

But in spite of the case hardening process he has undergone, Nemo has retained his boyish love of pranks and his good nature. He always has a cheery word and a smile for you, except when he thinks he is rhino—which isn't often. Once in a while, however, he thinks it his duty to "go split" on the Navy, and then is when he is really funny. Imagine a rosy-cheeked, beardless youth doing his best to swear in a most shocking, unbecoming manner, with his high-pitched voice floating out in wrathful tones, and you have a true picture of our little Nemo's stormier moments. Such occasions, however, are few and far between, for Rabbit presents his happy, light-hearted self most of the time.

Aside from "scoffing"—which, by the way is one of his favorite amusements—and Mr. Boemke's Athletic Dancing Class, his athletic activities have been limited to tennis, chiefly because of his size. He has been a regular member of the racket squad, and although never making the team, he can hold up his own side mighty well in the "Service Game." Everybody likes Nemo, which speaks worlds; in the real Navy game later on, he'll do his part and we all hope to see him a Rear Admiral, but not too soon.

"Cluck, cluck, here comes me."

H. P. CYLINDER

San Illio, Culebra

"Hi" "H. P. Cyl"

n th Petty Officer; Pink N; Radiator Club; Gym Squad (Special)
King's Own Rifles (Discharged with bad conduct discharge)
Bonedome Squad; Cosmo Club; Submarine Corps

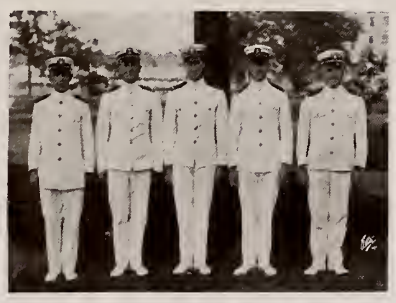
MR. CYL is a splendid example of all a naval officer ought not to be. As may be readily appreciated from the accompanying photo—which by the way is a greasy piece of flattery—he looks like Aix-la-Chapelle after a dose of Kultur. In fact he has been mistaken for a casualty upon several occasions and his escapes from premature interment are the only exciting things that ever happened to him. Mr. Cyl entered the N. A. in '82 and after marking time for seven years was promoted to the Third Class to make some room for someone else in the Fourth Class. After serving some nine years as youngster he was sent on a foreign cruise in the hope that he might fall overboard and obviate action on the part of the authorities. Mr. Cyl didn't like the idea, but being of a heroic temperament he declared they couldn't keep a good man down. After several weeks at sea he made the further discovery that it was no easy matter to keep a good meal down.

Academically speaking Mr. Cyl has been among those "present but not voting." If his brains were tNt and his ears quadrantal correctors, concussion of the brain would not necessitate swinging ship to obtain the new deviations. Systematic observations on the part of officers and instructors attached to the N. A. have revealed little above the eyebrows but a heavy thirst and only a trace of mentality.

Mr. Cyl has been active in many ways since he entered. He has been on the Fencing Squad since the Spanish War and would undoubtedly have made his N this year if all the rest of the team had died. Mr. Cyl is moreover a drawing-room vertebrate of the MechI ModI make. He passes the thinnest line of anyone in the N. A. and is about as popular with the fair sex as a skunk at a lawn party.

LOST IN ACTION

Adams, A. S.
Aler, F. V., Jr.
Anderson, J. P.
Apgar, T. B.
Baggett, H. D.
Bailliere, T. H. D.
Barlow, F. G.
Barnes, L. H.
Beltz, F. W.
Blank, L. H.
Bolling, A. R.
Bollman, J. L.
Brown, C. W.
Brush, O. G.
Burke, T. G.
Carroll, E.
Connally, J. M.
Conroy, E. E.
Cook, D. C.
Crane, W. S., Jr.
Davis, T. H.
Denny, T. R.
Dieckmann, S. E.
Dingwell, P. D.
Dobyns, T. A., Jr.
Dougherty, S. C.
Fitzpatrick, T. B.
Frere, B.
Gamble, H. G.
George, W. B.
Grey, J. E.
Haberkorn, J. A., Jr.
Halstead, F. De F.
Hellmars, W.
Herbst, H. R.
Hill, E. H.
Hollaway, C. C.
Hungate, H. H.
Ives, J. S.
Jackobs, M. A.
Kelly, F. J., Jr.
Kennedy, B. R.
Killian, W. McK.
Kimmel, H. L.
Kirtland, C. W.
Kirtland, F. R.
Kitchen, W. A.
Lamb, C. J.
Lee, A.
Leemeyer, H. C., Jr.
Lester, G. W.
Loomis, T. A.
Lyttle, H. D.
McDonald, J. B., Jr.
McDowell, C. J.
Marston, O. F.
Martin, D. C.
Mills, G. H.
Minard, D. P.
Momsen, C. B.
Moran, A. P., Jr.
Moses, C. A.
Neill, J. B., Jr.
Parker, L. C.
Peyton, P. B., Jr.
Raab, N. C.
Ramsey, L. C.
Robnett, J. D., Jr.
Rodgers, H. T.
Scott, J. B.
Seligman, M. T.
Smith, E. H.
Spaulding, J. W.
Spikes, H. W.
Stone, H. D.
Stover, S. B.
Strachan, W. J.
Styles, C. H.
Svec, W. F.
Sweet, R. F.
Thorne, T. S.
Toy, F. G. Y.
Troost, F. L.
Tuley, C. D.
Walters, A. A.
Westphal, F. A.
Wheeler, E. B.
White, N. B.
Whitson, J. A.
Whittaker, H. R.
Wilcock, W. C.
Willenbucher, E. H.
Williams, J. C.
Williams-Foote, B. E. P.
Wilson, G. B.



Picked up by a Schooner

THE COLOR GUARD

REGIMENTAL STAFF

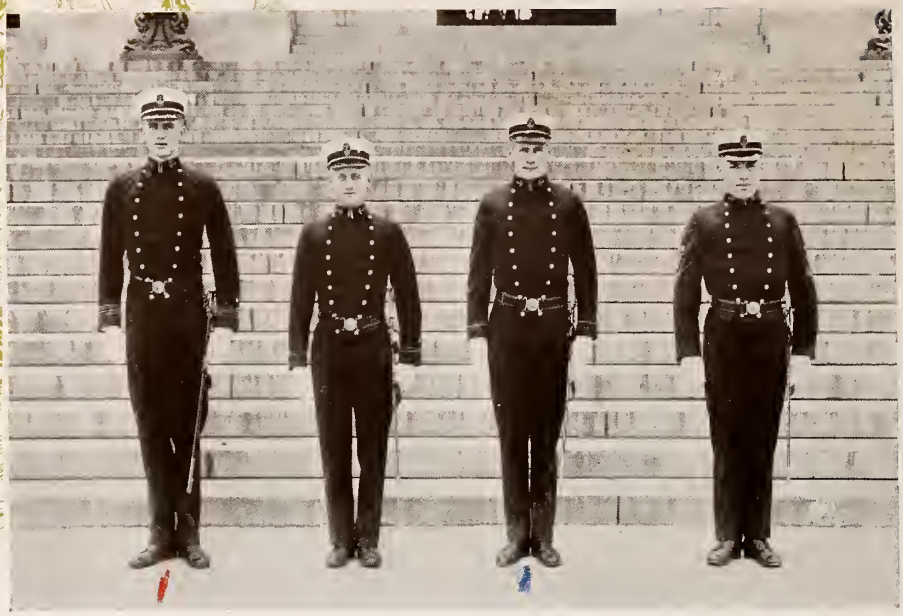
Regimental Commander
J. W. FOWLER

Regimental Adjutant
F. P. SHERMAN

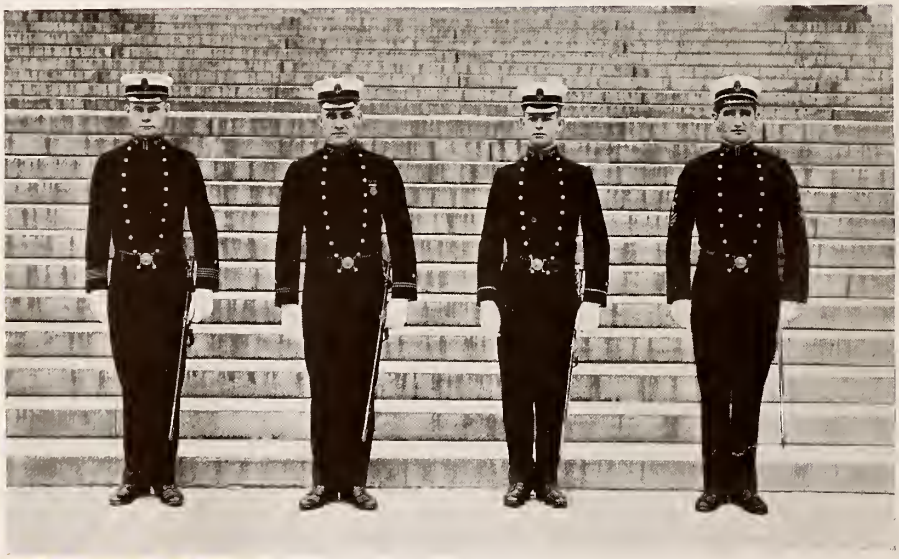
Regimental Ensign and Aid
F. S. GIBSON

Regimental Commissary
V. C. BARRINGER, Jr.

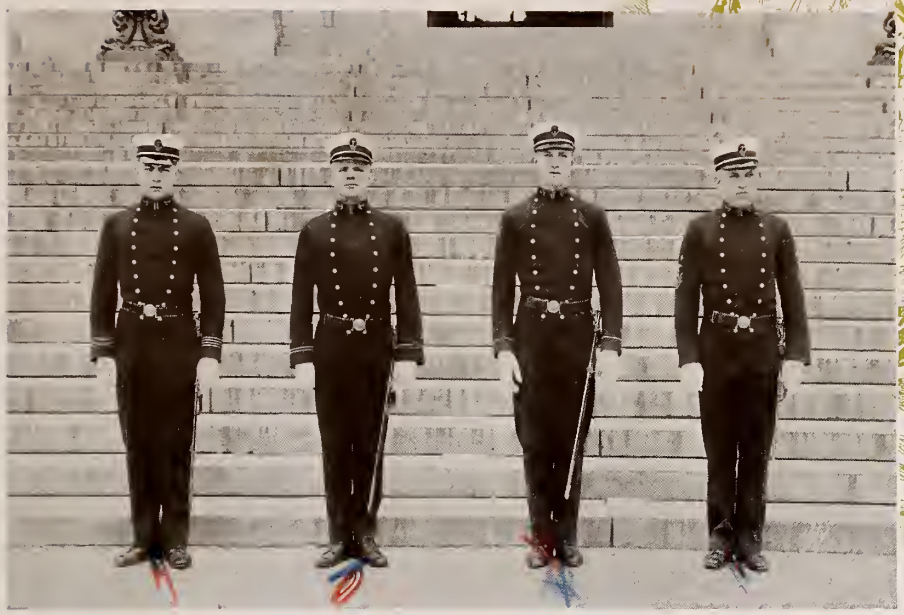
Regimental Staff Petty Officer
P. HARRISON



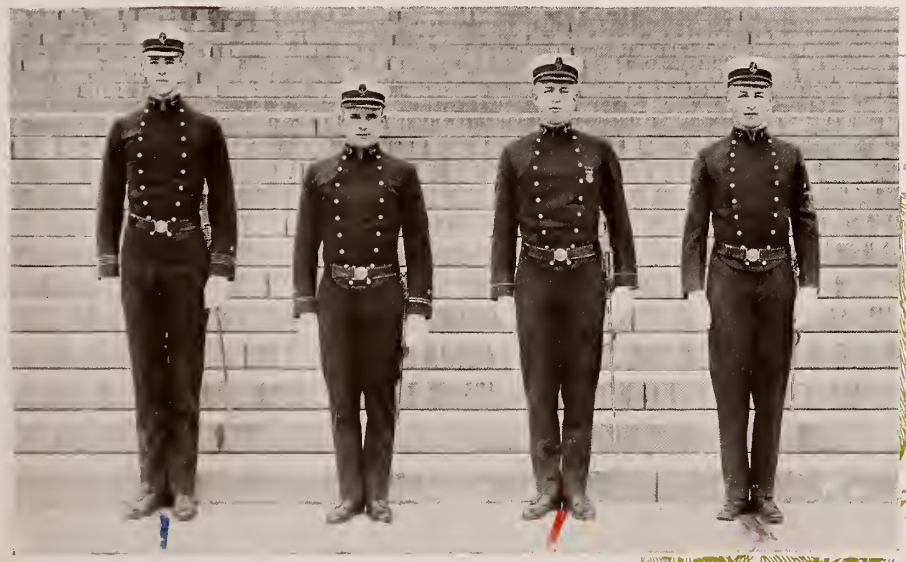
FIRST BATTALION STAFF



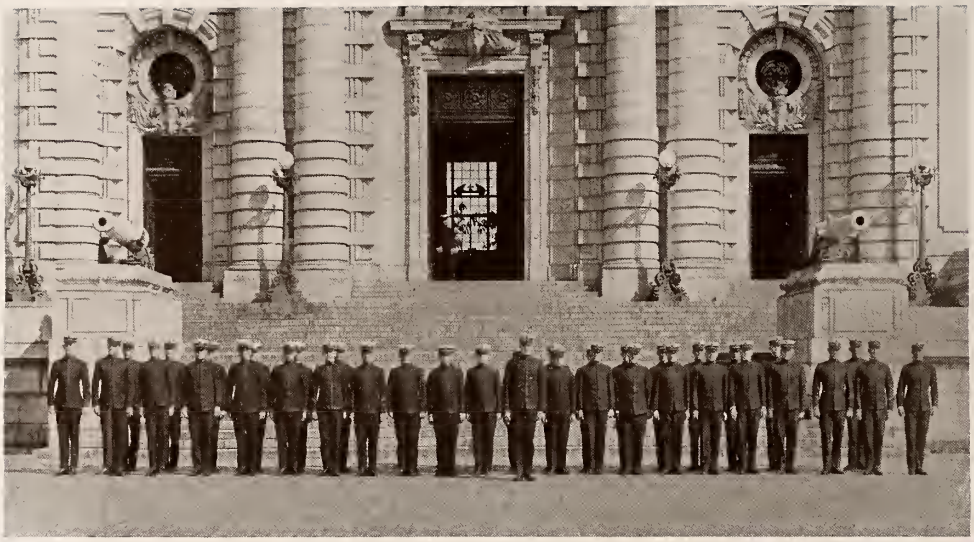
SECOND BATTALION STAFF



THIRD BATTALION STAFF



FOURTH BATTALION STAFF



FIRST COMPANY

Lieutenant, S. D. Jupp

Junior Lieutenant, J. V. Lawyer

Ensign, E. B. Colton

1st Petty Officer, R. Poole

2nd Petty Officer, F. R. Dodge

3rd Petty Officer, A. I. Flynn

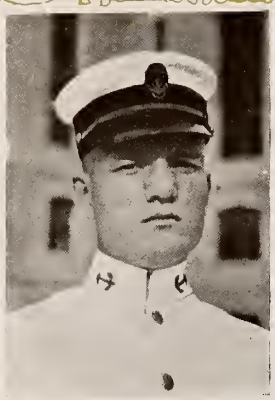
4th Petty Officer, A. P. Flagg

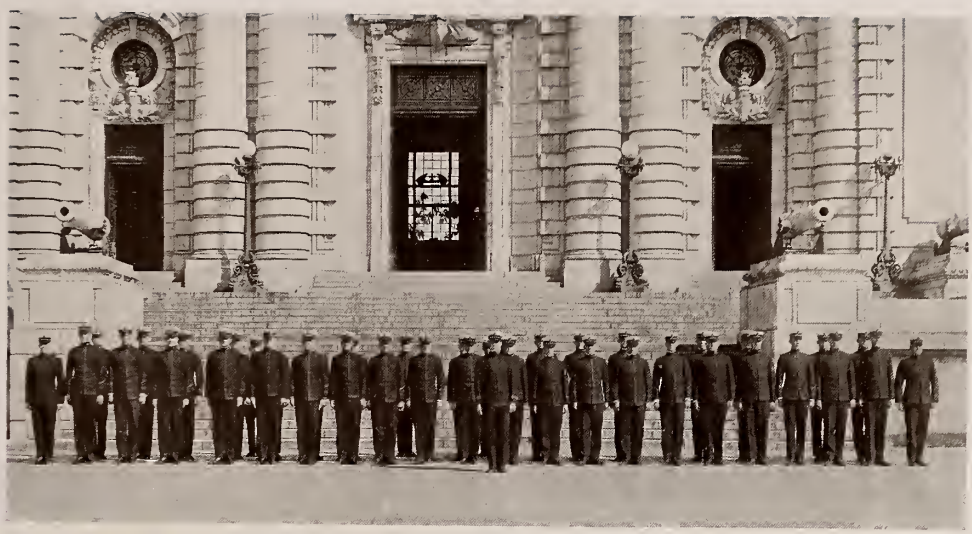
5th Petty Officer, A. S. Marley, Jr.

6th Petty Officer, F. Fechteler

7th Petty Officer, G. E. Ross, Jr.

8th Petty Officer, G. C. Hawkins





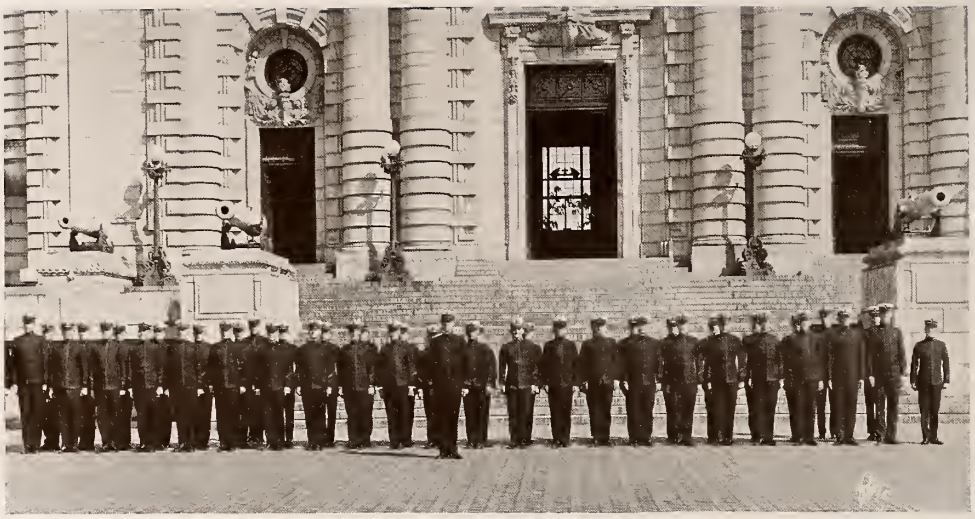
SECOND COMPANY

Lieutenant, M. J. Connolly
Junior Lieutenant, W. M. Dillon
Ensign, W. E. G. Erskine

1st Petty Officer, E. E. Stone
2nd Petty Officer, J. Fife, Jr.
3rd Petty Officer, G. Rowe
4th Petty Officer, H. D. Hoffman
5th Petty Officer, E. B. Browne
6th Petty Officer, M. R. Browning
7th Petty Officer, F. B. Connell

CLEAN SLEEVERS

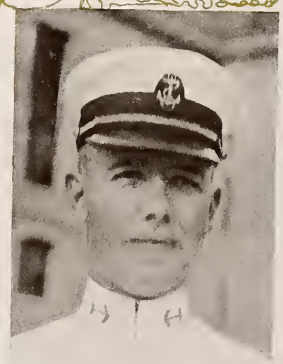
Crutcher, C. R.
Leffler, C. D., Jr.

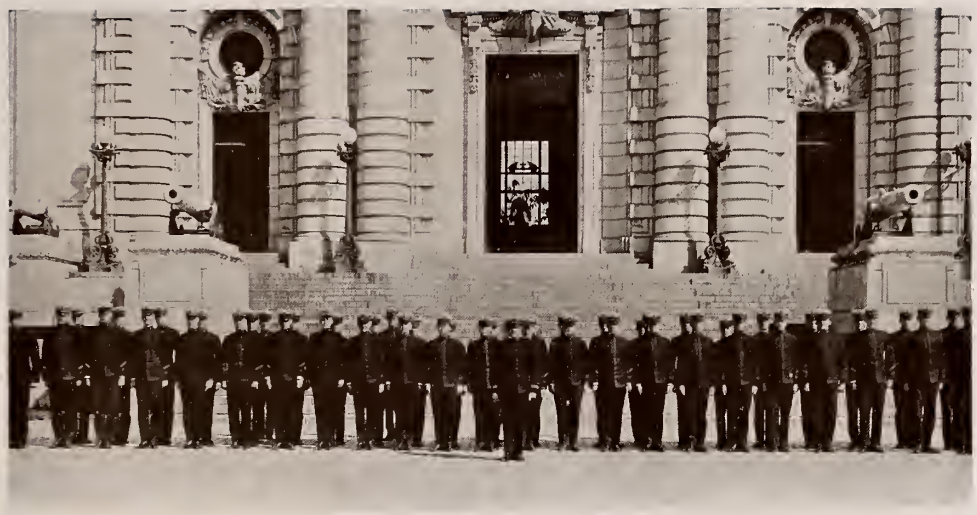


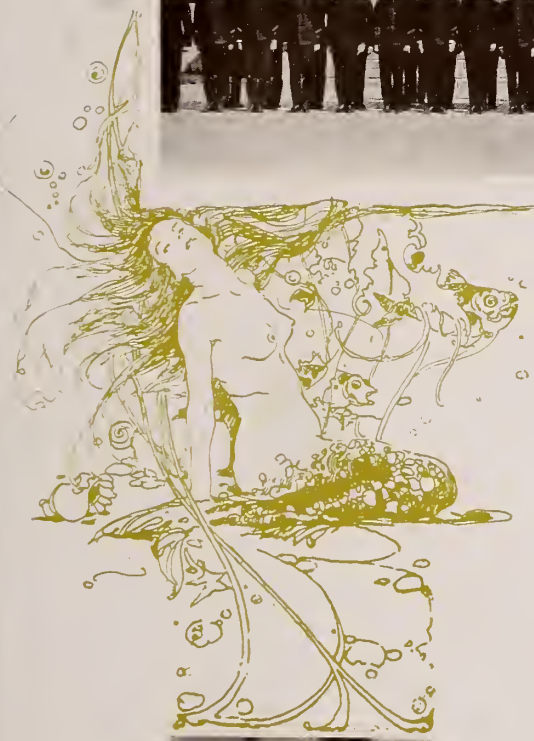
THIRD COMPANY

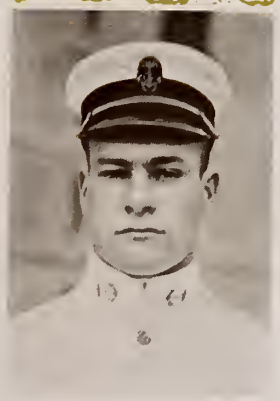
Lieutenant, H. A. Hutchins, Jr.
Junior Lieutenant, M. C. Wade, Jr.
Ensign, V. R. Murphy

1st Petty Officer, P. R. Taylor
2nd Petty Officer, A. H. Page, Jr.
3rd Petty Officer, W. M. Percifield
4th Petty Officer, R. C. Alexander
5th Petty Officer, J. W. Quackenbush
6th Petty Officer, E. E. Bell
7th Petty Officer, E. F. Bullene
8th Petty Officer, L. L. Habrylewicz





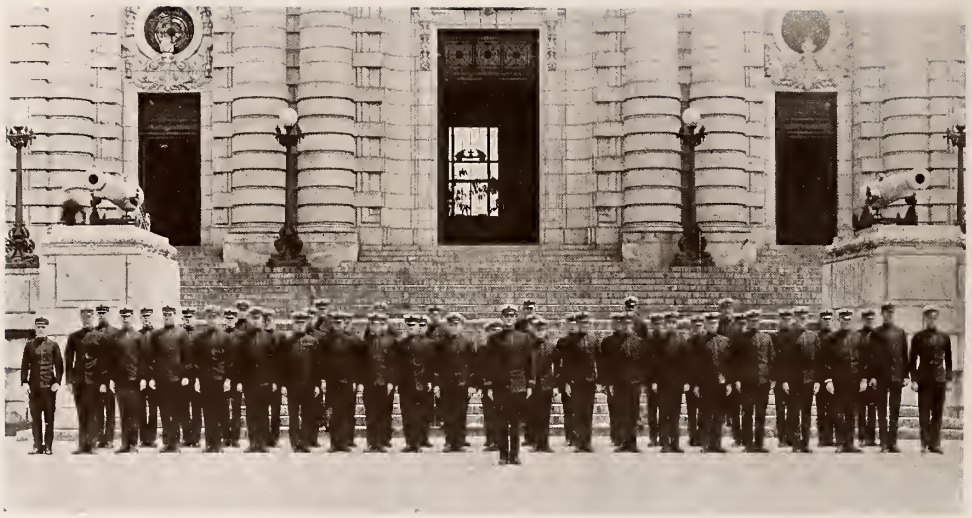




FOURTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, T. F. Remington
Junior Lieutenant, H. H. Smith
Ensign, C. Withers

1st Petty Officer, C. W. Wieber
2nd Petty Officer, C. A. F. Sprague
3rd Petty Officer, F. J. Courtney
4th Petty Officer, O. R. Bennehoff
5th Petty Officer, C. E. Denny
6th Petty Officer, H. K. Leventen
7th Petty Officer, E. A. Foote
8th Petty Officer, J. L. Perkins
9th Petty Officer, R. L. Mitten



FIFTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, E. W. Mills

Junior Lieutenant, A. P. Haynes

Ensign, E. D. Gibb

1st Petty Officer, C. B. Wooley

2nd Petty Officer, W. D. I. Domer

3rd Petty Officer, G. Bannerman

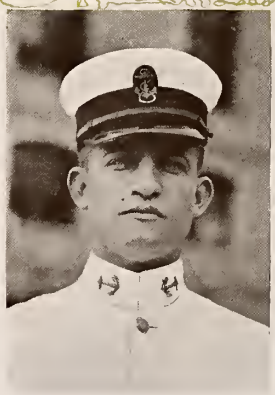
4th Petty Officer, E. H. Kreuger

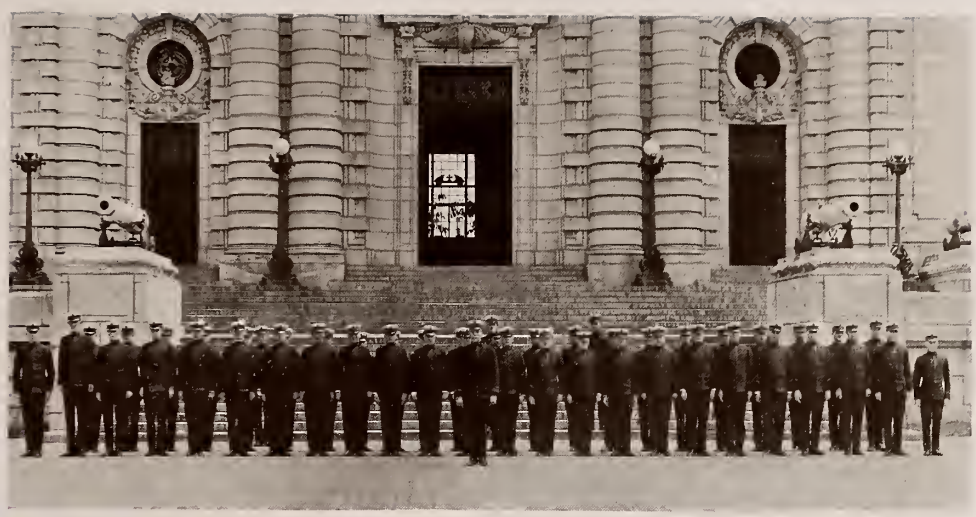
5th Petty Officer, R. R. Ferguson

6th Petty Officer, B. P. Vosbury

7th Petty Officer, H. E. Thornhill

8th Petty Officer, H. E. MacLellan





SIXTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, H. S. Kendall
Junior Lieutenant, W. S. Garrett
Ensign, J. L. Cotten

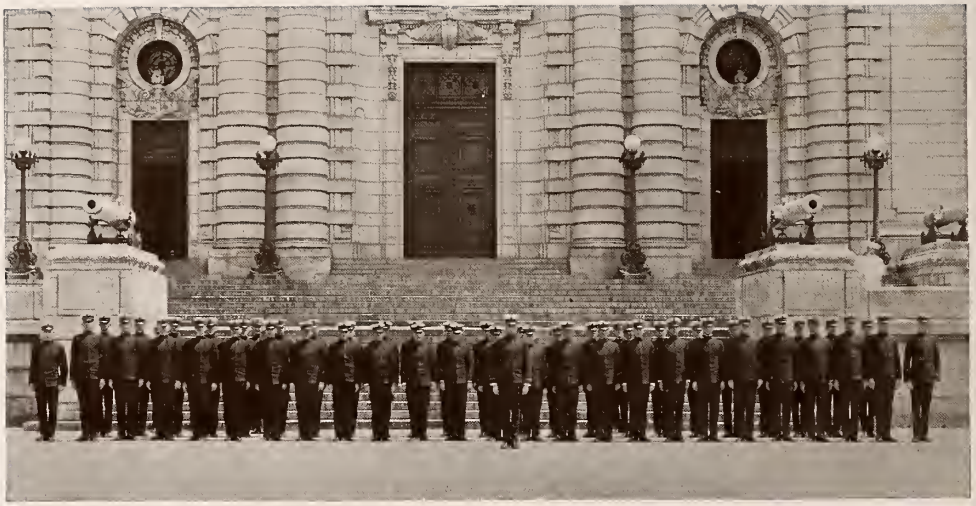
1st Petty Officer, E. R. Johnson
2nd Petty Officer, B. V. Eekhout
3rd Petty Officer, J. M. Haines
4th Petty Officer, S. C. Norton
5th Petty Officer, E. V. Iverson
6th Petty Officer, D. W. Tomlinson 4th

TO 1919

Anderson, H. H.
Scull, H. M.

CLEAN SLEEVER

Douthit, F. L.



SEVENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, J. D. H. Kane

Junior Lieutenant, A. F. France, Jr.

Ensign, J. D. Jacobs

1st Petty Officer, G. B. Sherwood

2nd Petty Officer, W. M. Lockhart

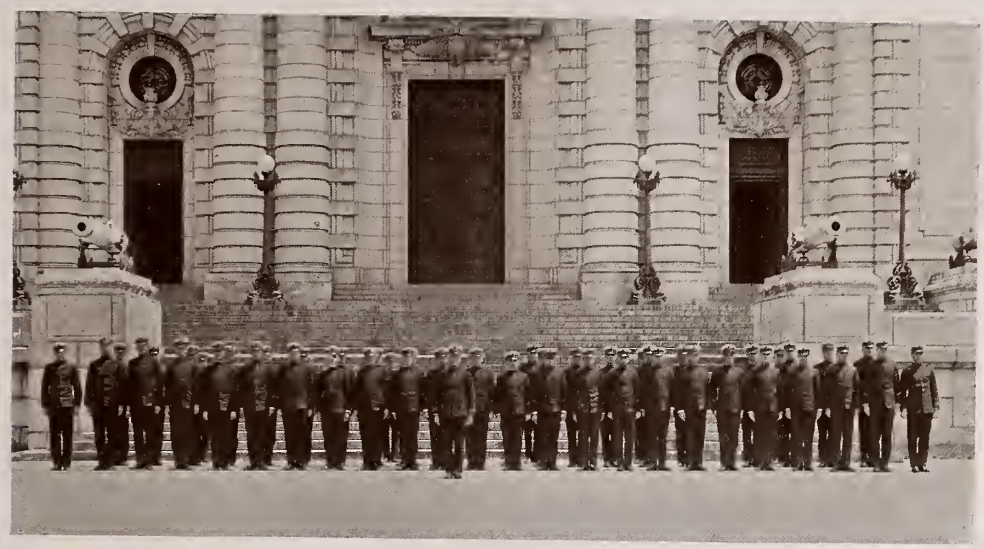
3rd Petty Officer, B. B. Lanier

4th Petty Officer, T. B. Inglis

5th Petty Officer, J. O. Plonk

6th Petty Officer, R. F. Armstrong

7th Petty Officer, C. G. Moore, Jr.

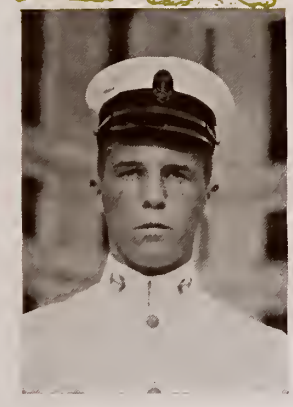


EIGHTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, G. T. Cuddihy

Junior Lieutenant, P. L. Meadows

Ensign, R. H. Henkle



1st Petty Officer, P. L. Emrich

2nd Petty Officer, O. H. Holtmann

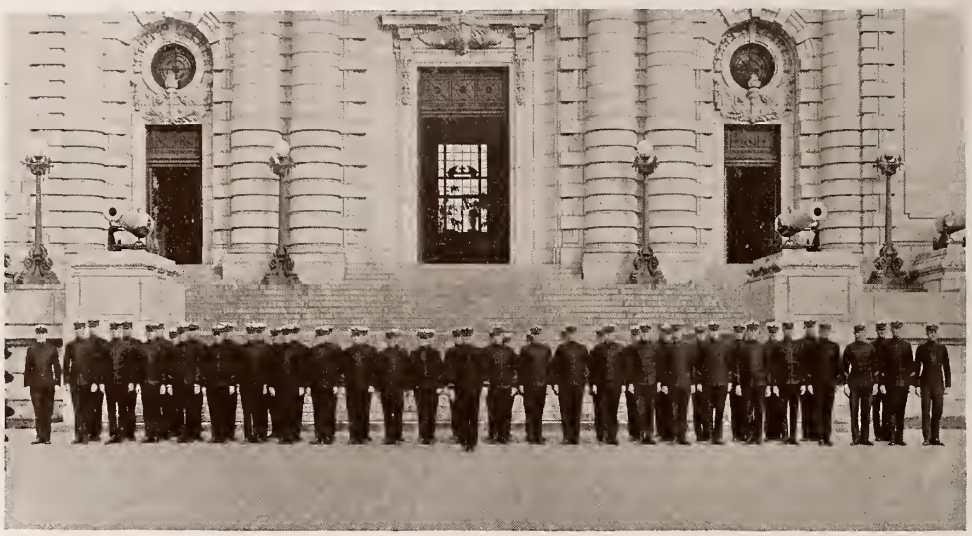
3rd Petty Officer, J. K. Jayne

4th Petty Officer, O. E. Grimm

5th Petty Officer, L. W. Busbey, Jr.

6th Petty Officer, E. H. Geiselman

7th Petty Officer, T. J. Haffey



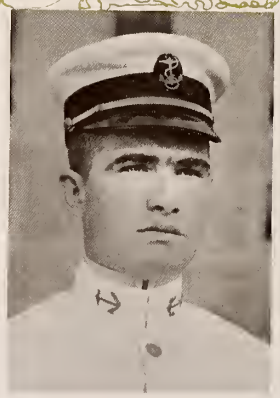
NINTH COMPANY

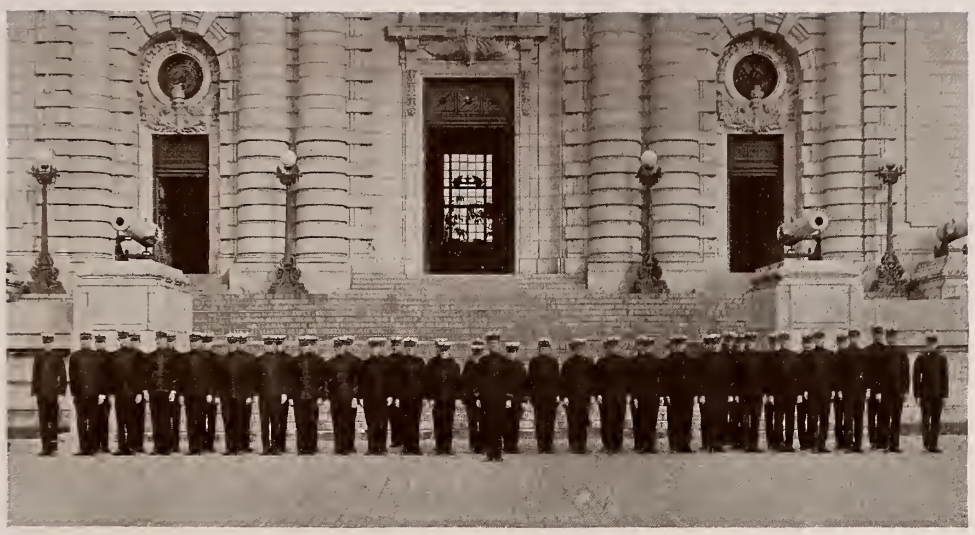
Lieutenant, W. J. Malone
Junior Lieutenant, M. L. Lewis
Ensign, S. H. Hurt

1st Petty Officer, A. McQ. Bledsoe
2nd Petty Officer, F. B. Hillhouse
3rd Petty Officer, F. M. Byers
4th Petty Officer, W. Busk
5th Petty Officer, R. P. Whitemarsh
6th Petty Officer, H. S. Corbett

CLEAN SLEEVERS

Alvis, J. D.
Bailey, W. O.
Rowe, J. W.
Sobel, H. R.





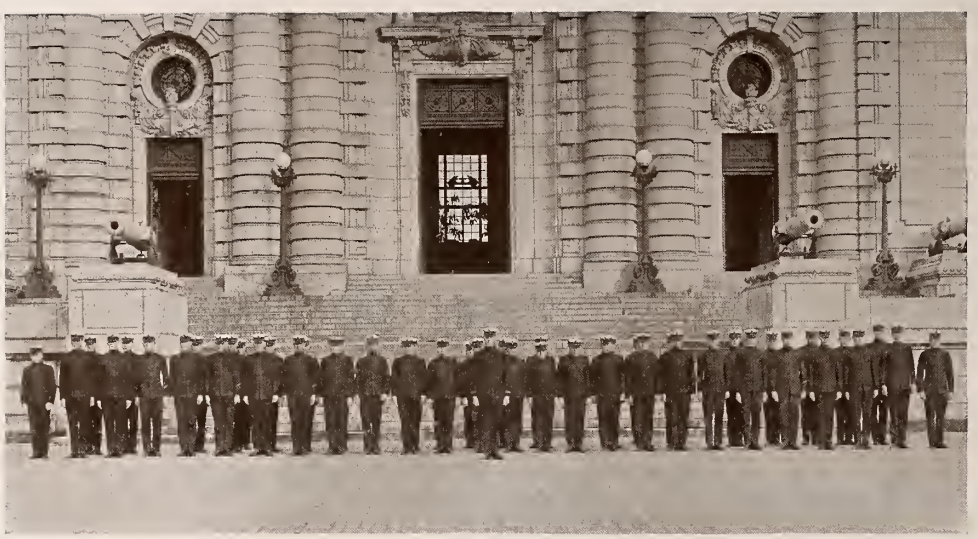
TENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, R. S. McDowell
Junior Lieutenant, T. L. Sprague
Ensign, C. B. White

1st Petty Officer, G. O. Etheredge
2nd Petty Officer, G. W. Johnson
3rd Petty Officer, M. B. Byington, Jr.
4th Petty Officer, V. Bailey
5th Petty Officer, G. D. Townsend
6th Petty Officer, J. D. Murray, Jr.

CLEAN SLEEVERS

J. H. Duncan
W. L. Taylor



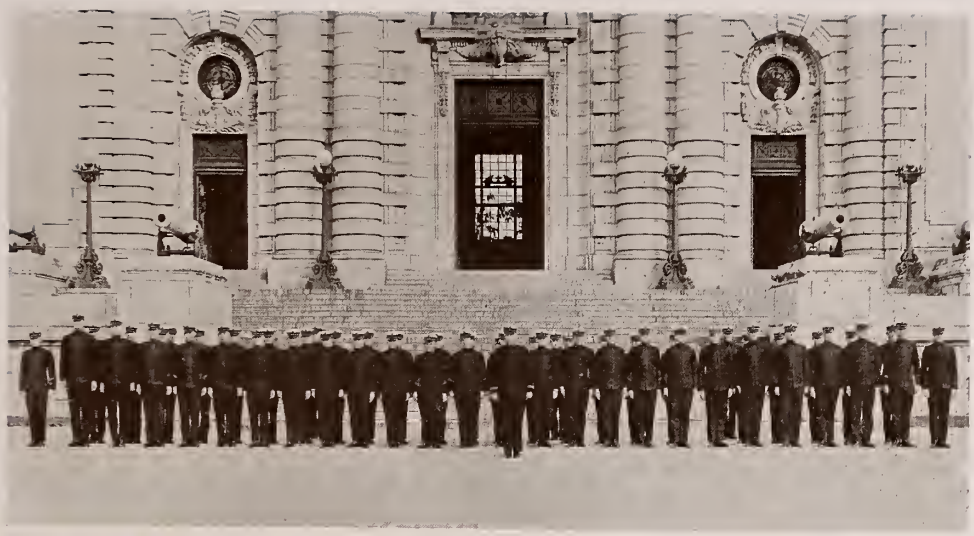
ELEVENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, H. W. Need
Junior Lieutenant, H. W. von Hasseln
Ensign, J. E. Waddell

1st Petty Officer, A. T. Moen
2nd Petty Officer, J. D. Wilson
3rd Petty Officer, A. E. Creesy
4th Petty Officer, J. W. Whitfield
5th Petty Officer, T. G. Fisher
6th Petty Officer, A. L. Hutson
7th Petty Officer, J. T. Wright
8th Petty Officer, G. D. Custer

CLEAN SLEEVER

R. M. Eaches



TWELFTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, J. S. McReynolds
Junior Lieutenant, R. T. Gallemore
Ensign, R. B. Parker

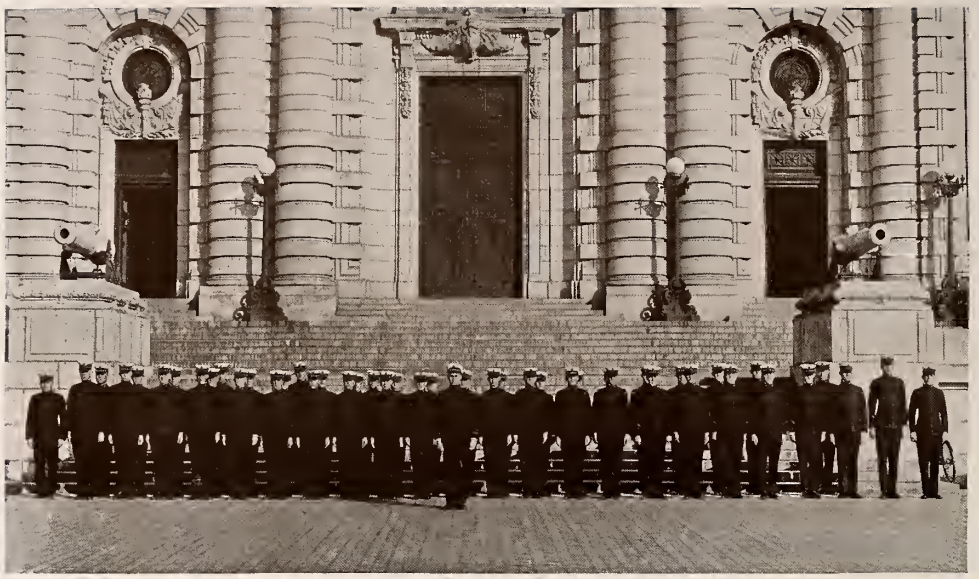
1st Petty Officer, F. S. Holmes
2nd Petty Officer, S. H. Gambrill
3rd Petty Officer, J. J. Clark
4th Petty Officer, E. J. Kidder
5th Petty Officer, S. M. Haight
6th Petty Officer, A. B. Craig

CLEAN SLEEVERS

L. P. Lovette
L. G. Scheck

TO 1919

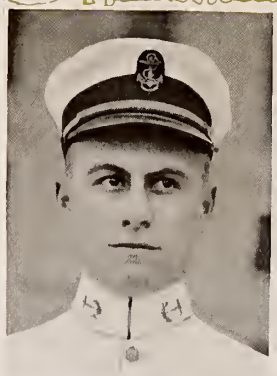
H. A. Rochester

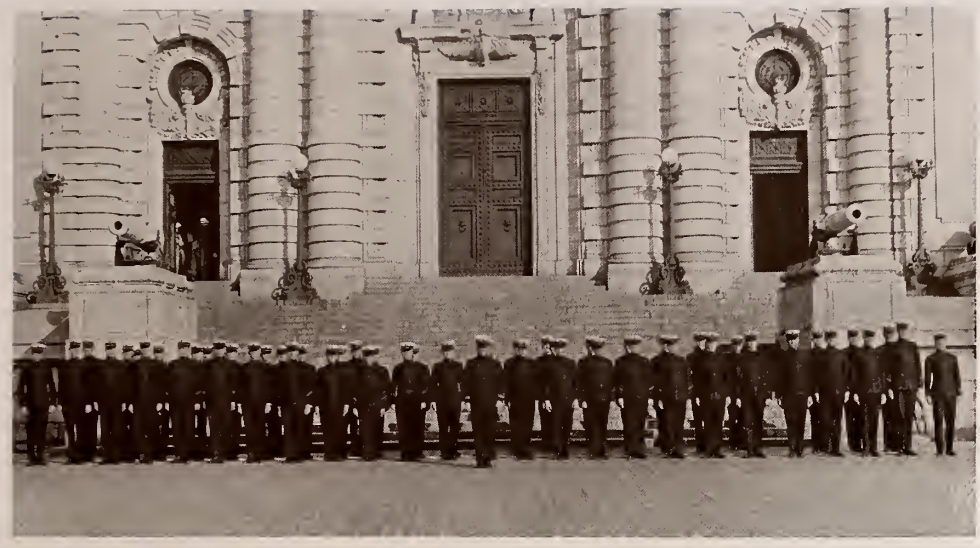


THIRTEENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, L. B. Richardson
Junior Lieutenant, Jerauld Wright
Ensign, E. E. Duvall, Jr.

1st Petty Officer, E. C. Rogers
2nd Petty Officer, E. F. McCartin
3rd Petty Officer, W. K. Phillips
4th Petty Officer, E. W. Wunch
5th Petty Officer, R. S. Riggs
6th Petty Officer, A. C. Kidd
7th Petty Officer, M. A. Deans
8th Petty Officer, Ion Pursell





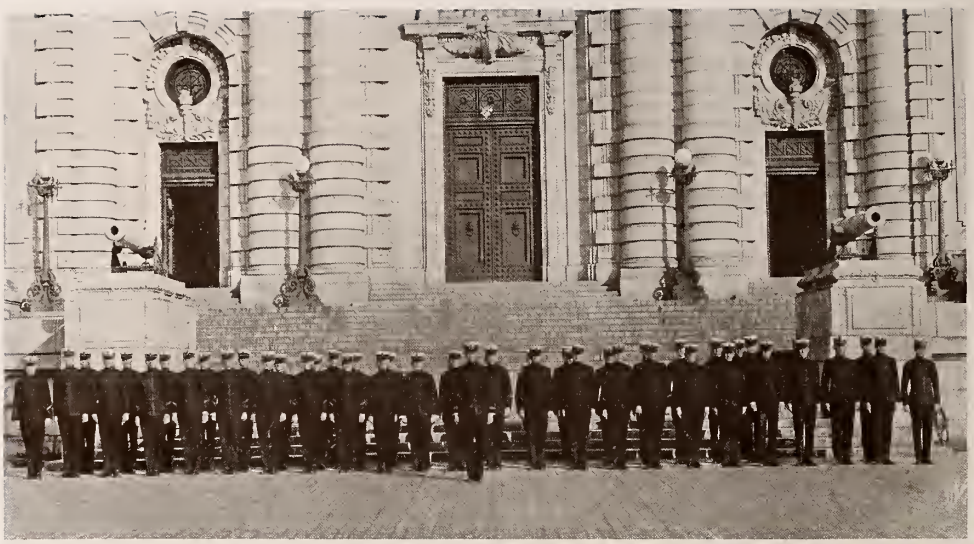
FOURTEENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, H. Y. McCown
Junior Lieutenant, J. N. Whelan
Ensign, E. D. Walbridge

1st Petty Officer, E. H. Kincaid
2nd Petty Officer, C. C. Miller
3rd Petty Officer, D. W. Loomis
4th Petty Officer, W. O. Baldwin
5th Petty Officer, S. D. A. Cobb
6th Petty Officer, W. H. Hartt, Jr.
7th Petty Officer, J. H. Brady
8th Petty Officer, L. E. Clifford

CLEAN SLEEVER

T. A. Hoppe



FIFTEENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, J. G. Huntoon
Junior Lieutenant, J. L. Fisher
Ensign, T. F. C. Walker

1st Petty Officer, D. E. Cummins
2nd Petty Officer, L. M. Mintzer
3rd Petty Officer, J. J. Ballentine
4th Petty Officer, J. W. Rogers
5th Petty Officer, G. G. Breed
6th Petty Officer, H. D. Stailey
7th Petty Officer, L. Henifin
8th Petty Officer, R. T. Whitten

SIXTEENTH COMPANY

Lieutenant, W. W. Warlick
Junior Lieutenant, W. C. Wade
Ensign, F. L. Wilkinson, Jr.

1st Petty Officer, J. D. Crecca
2nd Petty Officer, D. A. Green
3rd Petty Officer, M. R. Derx
4th Petty Officer, E. H. Price
5th Petty Officer, J. O. Wood
6th Petty Officer, G. B. Kalbfus
7th Petty Officer, W. S. Macaulay

CLEAN SLEEVER

J. G. Farrell

ACADEMIC STAFF

Commander
G.S. Lincoln

Captain
L.M. Nulton

Commander
J. W. Greenslade

Commander
H.H. Hough

Commander
W.T. Cluverius

Commamder
J. J. Raby

Commander
G. W. Laws

Med. Dir. A.M.D.
Mc. Cormick

Commander
R.C. Moody

Commander
E.B. Fenner

Officers Not Attached to Academic Staff

COMMANDER JOHN DOWNES, Aid to the Superintendent
MR. P. H. MAGRUDER, Secretary of the Naval Academy
Chaplain, SYDNEY K. EVANS

Pay Department

PAY DIRECTOR JOHN R. MARTIN PAY INSPECTOR SAMUEL BRYAN
PAST-ASST. PAYMASTER SPENCER E. DICKINSON

Department of Buildings and Grounds

COMDR. WILLIAM H. STANDLEY CIVIL ENGINEER RALPH WHITMAN

U. S. S. Reina Mercedes

COMDR. HARLEY H. CHRISTY

Post-Graduate Department

LIEUT.-COMDR. JOHN HALLIGAN, Jr.

Engineering Experiment Station

CAPT. T. W. KINKAID

Marine Barracks

MAJOR JOHN C. BEAUMONT

Naval Hospital

MEDICAL DIRECTOR JAMES G. FIELD

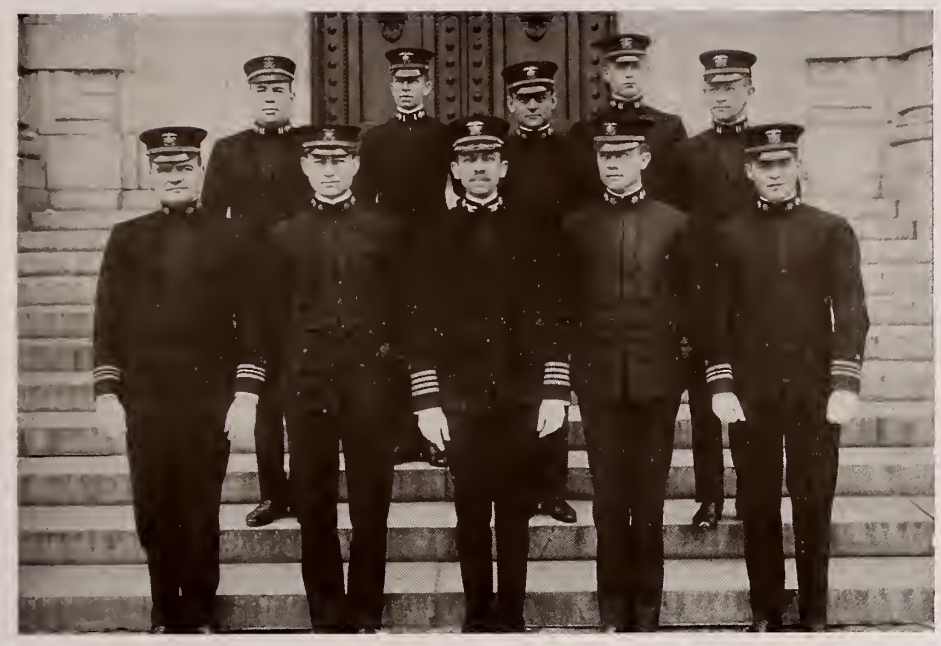
Sick Bay

SURGEON ARTHUR W. DUNBAR SURGEON REYNOLDS HAYDEN
PAST-ASST. SURG. GEORGE B. TRIBBLE
PAST-ASST. SURG. HARRY R. HERMESCH
DENTAL SURG. RICHARD GRADY
ACTING-ASST. DENTAL SURG. CORNELIUS H. MACK

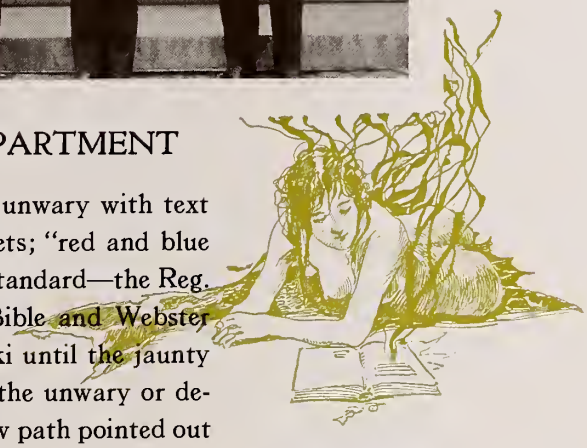
Library

PROF. ARTHUR N. BROWN
MR. JULIAN M. SPENCER MR. R. J. DUVAL

EXECUTIVE

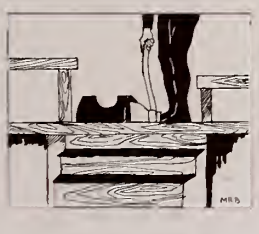


EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT



Some Departments rely on swamping the unwary with text books galore, Bowditch, confidential pamphlets; "red and blue tables," etc., but the Executive has only one standard—the Reg. Book. And that Reg. Book is Baedecker, Bible and Webster from the day the plebe draws his misfit khaki until the jaunty Ensign reports leaving for full due. Woe to the unwary or deliberate wrong doer who steps from the narrow path pointed out by this road guide. The mills of the Gods grind slowly, but they grind with ennui and precision. "Get them all, don't let one escape," is its foreword.

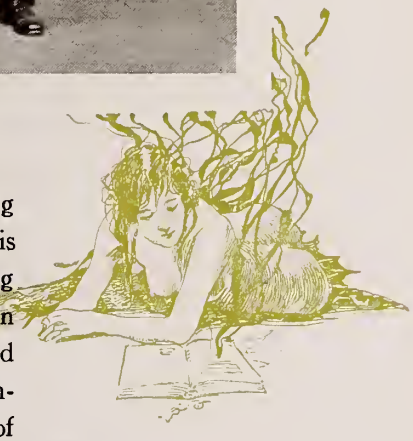
While the Executive Department is the apparent cause for much rhinoing, it is the one department in which there is a comeback to the daily trees. Withal it is a haven of square dealing and an oasis of justice. By it and its disciples are the principles of efficiency, discipline, and above all, Navy honor, established in such manner that no man can go to the Service unmindful of its Hopes and Ideals.



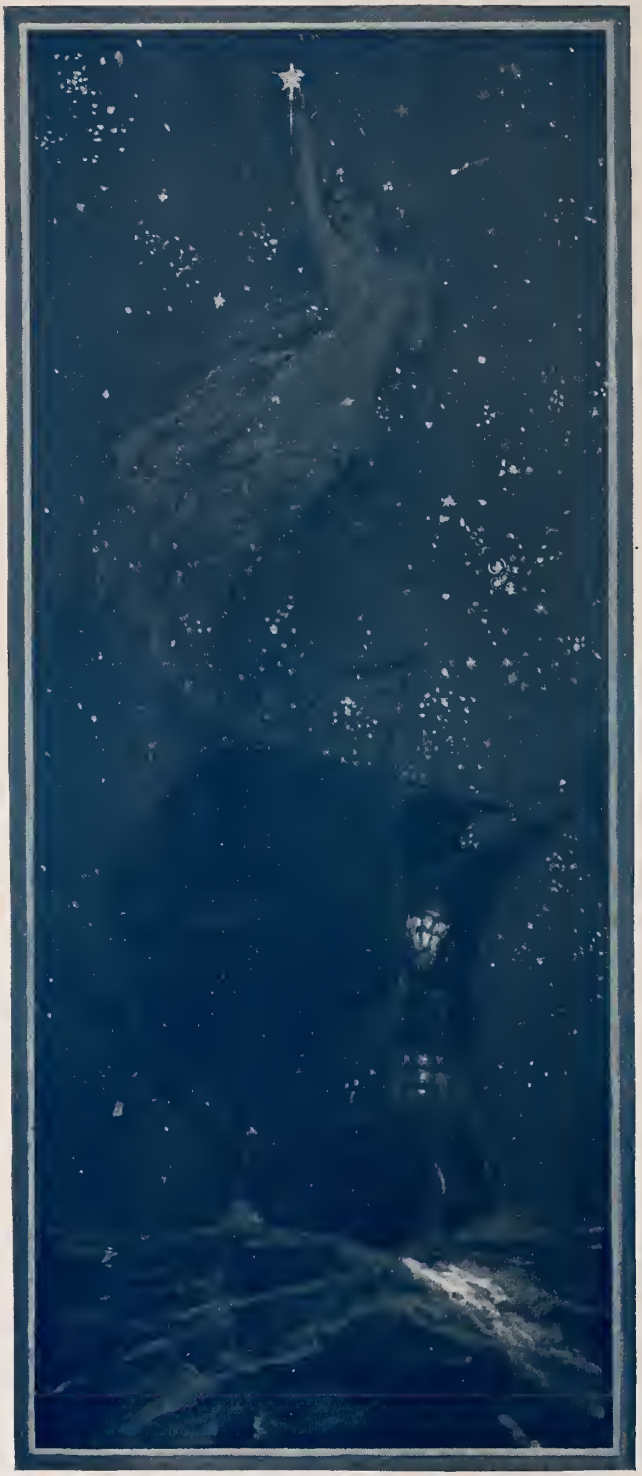
This department is the department of military character and its sole objective is the development of responsible officers for the fleet.

SEAMANSHIP

SEAMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

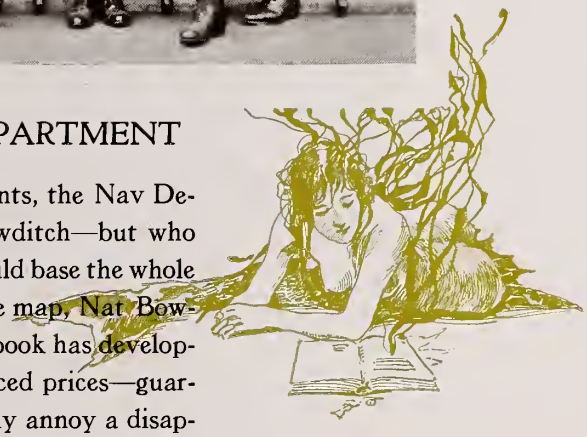


You are O. O. D. of the Piscataqua up the Yangtsze-Kiang and a Chinese laundryman attempts to come aboard without his clearance papers. Meanwhile, the Siamese Twins are bathing two points on the port bow, and a 5-inch manilla hawser is broken six times within an hour. If the Piscataqua is short of deadwood and has a right-handed screw, how will she head when a monsoon is blowing from seaward and what do? That's the kind of nonsense upon which you are supposed to cop a 2.5. The examinations are infinitely worse. Even when all other Departments eased up a perceptible amount, Seamanship was not open to appeal. For a long time it was thought that E. A. Poe was king at inventing horrible tortures and deaths. We have been disillusioned most effectively. After extreme agonies, most of us would welcome Poe's "Descent into the Mælstrom" as a delightful joy ride.

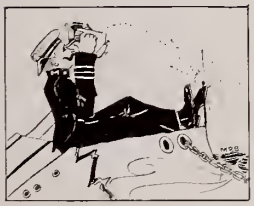


NAV

NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT



In sharp contrast with the other Departments, the Nav Department bases all its hope on the book—Bowditch—but who couldn't—why with a slight enlargement we could base the whole Fleet on it. The man who put salt water on the map, Nat Bowditch, had a wonderful eye for business, for his book has developed into a small encyclopædia, selling at advanced prices—guaranteed to ruin the best disposition and seriously annoy a disappearing "amount available." But then you can do anything with that book—with its aid the Nav Department expects us to do a day's work in two hours. We refer all fun dodgers to the chapter on courses—it is simply marvelous. We know of a case where a man stayed out for three months—think of it—three months—and came back home on a rumb line—he used Bowditch.



We all love Nav. Why since Jessie went away we have spent all our spare time on Dead Reckoning and believe that every one can pull sat.

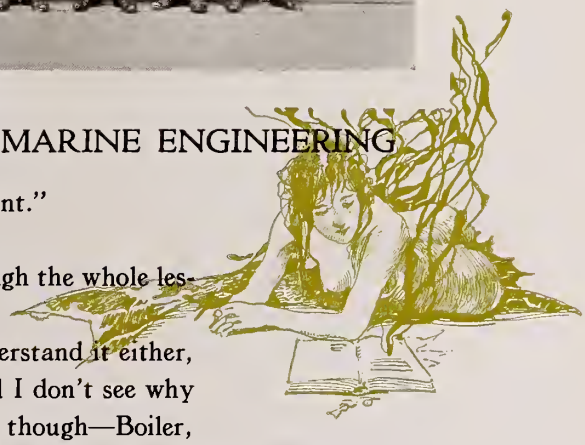
ORDNANCE

ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY

Though labeled Ordnance and Gunnery, this Department confines its teachings by no means to such prosaic subjects. Dope, the elixir of midshipman life, has here its originator and largest exponent; and goat getter supreme, with his "See? huh?," here explains the torpedoes and the range-finders in a most satisfying manner and answers simple questions as simply as possible—below on the battlefield Doggy conducts his deafening picture puzzle, training his disciples to "spot" an "error in communication"—and in the midst of all the chaos Mr. Greenslade directs his three ring circus and protects the poor midshipman from being swamped by the conglomeration of confidential pamphlets and log-pushing contests—misnamed practical works. The excitement experienced and the speed of maneuvering acquired in such atmosphere of industry surely ought to be good training for a real battle.

STEAM

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION AND MARINE ENGINEERING



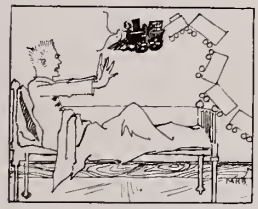
Gish: "Sir, I report the 'nth section, all present."

Max: "All right, any questions?"

Gish: "Sir, I would like to have you go through the whole lesson, I don't understand any of it."

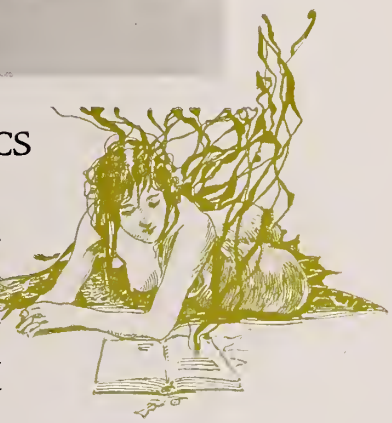
Max: "Well, now that's funny—I don't understand it either, but it's all explained very well in the book and I don't see why you can't get it—works something like this, though—Boiler, water, fire—fire heats water, makes steam, creates pressure, engine runs. See that now? Take slips—keep quiet in the section room (whistles and sings) Ta te tum, ta ta te tetum."

The subject of Mechanics although of an extremely elementary nature never seemed to appeal to us strongly although we must confess that the spinning Jenny, Ferguson's Paradox, and those epicyclic trains created quite a sensation, especially when the trees were posted.



We were relieved somewhat by the Infernal Combustion Engines, but oh those "turbeans."

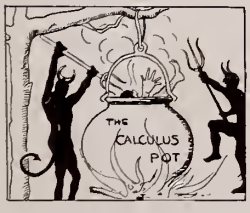
MATH



DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

This Department has presented us with some "charming little theories" in connection with the "transcendental curves." Nor has it been selfish in informing us of the "infinitesimal increment given to x as the curve approaches its asymptote." From the foregoing it must be "perfectly obvious" that more than a 2.5 in this subject indicates a state of dementia. Such "elementary treatises," however, are merely an introduction to the delightful contemplation of mechanics. In this study we deal with weightless iron rods and it very naturally follows that we are particularly concerned with the radius of gyration.

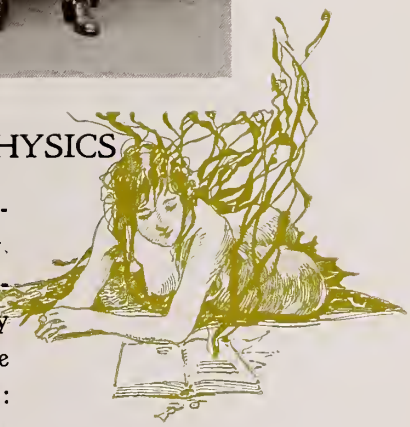
Euler's formula for the bending moment in long columns also presents many interesting features. And withal, for those who consider apoplexy desirable, Math has a strong appeal.



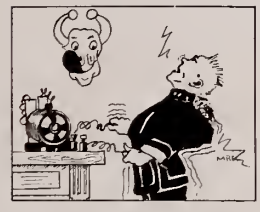
"This is a very neat little prob."

JUICE

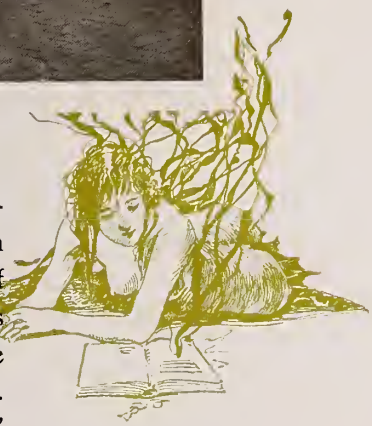
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AND PHYSICS



It certainly was fortunate for Teddy Roosevelt that he confined himself to the African jungle, instead of the Juice forest. This place is alive with every conceivable type of ferocious animal. Even the domestic beasts, such as those seen on a dairy farm, here possess Kirchoff jaws, missing eyelets and retain the unruly disposition of ancient days. Among the lesser fry are: Magnetic blow-out coils, Wheatsone bridges, ohms, and myriads of illusive electrons which flit about with rare abandon. An animal of the mastodon type is the three-phase alternator. No sure weapon of defense against this terror has yet been devised. Very few of those who ramble through that jungle escape without excruciating torment, and the brain is always affected. You will make no mistake in assuming that a person who speaks of squirrel-cage motors has passed that way.



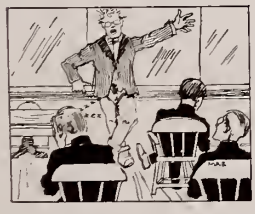
ENGLISH



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

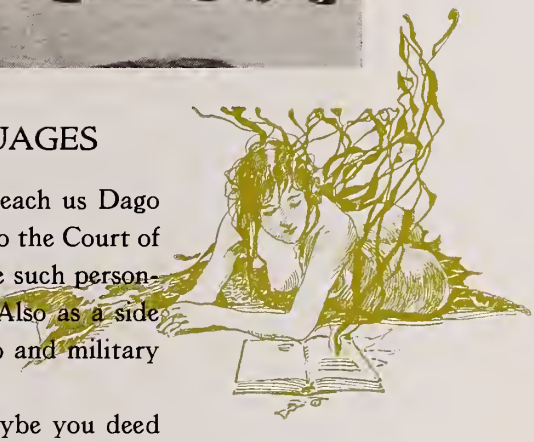
This worthy Department, to all intents and purposes, instructs credulous midshipmen in the art of "spieling" the English language, being taught by them that knows how. The choice of words in regard to connotation is first considered. During this discussion a few of us discovered that "what not" is much more emphatic than "thing-em-a-bob," especially for a snappy ending. The course crescendoed through "Iron Men in Wooden Crafts," "Constitutional Law as Seen by an Eye Witness," and "How Battles Should Have Been Fit."

Not until second class year, however, does this aggregation assume fatal proportions. Then it is that we learn of Cromwell as a Naval Officer; Hamlet, the Greatest Fullback of the Middle Ages; The Importance of Dust; Mess Hall Manners and Fashions; and Placid Walden Pond. Being possessed of this knowledge, we are supposedly afflicted with "enlargement of the mind." Investigation proves this to be true only in the fourth dimension.



Oh tell me Death, where is thy sting,
"When me thy fly I am the wing?"

DAGO



MODERN LANGUAGES

The primary object of this Department is to teach us Dago in such a manner that when we become attaches to the Court of Spain we won't pull any serious "faux pas" before such personages of distinction, as Her Majesty, the Queen. Also as a side line we are taught some rudiments of seamanship and military discipline, in some such fashion as the following:

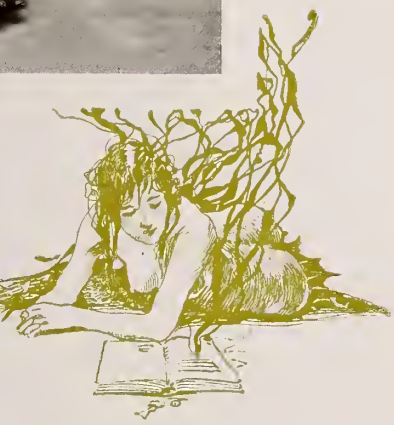
"An di secont section leeder, whoo iis he? Maybe you deed not know iit, but in thees department, we giff effificiency marks. When I come into di section room and do not see di secont section leeder in di secont section leeder's chair, I think I go bord shiip and do not see di captain at di rudder."

"All right, shove off there in the fourth class."

"Now gintlemen tak-e seats at di blackboard."

"Yes, Senor Brush, you better broosh up a leetle on your verbos."

BONES



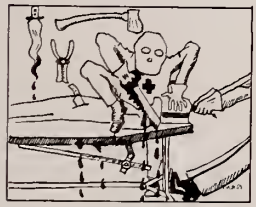
PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE

He who has not done Swedish "contorsions" under Otto does not know what gymnastics are.

"Stoop falling place, feet clear of da deck raise, arms forvarts bent, left arms upvarts, right arm sidevays—stretch—you in di second isle vatch your position—snappy now; vun, two, tree, four—all togeder. Attenshun."

"First Battalion has wopes, second vall bars, di next swimming an di fort poxing. On di dooble fall oudt and fall in designated stations. Fall oudt."

"Now the front rank is rank number one and the rear rank is rank number two—front rank two paces forward, MARCH. You lead off with the left; striking directly at your opponent's right jaw swinging a right upper cut to the left side—now memorize this. All ready—on guard."



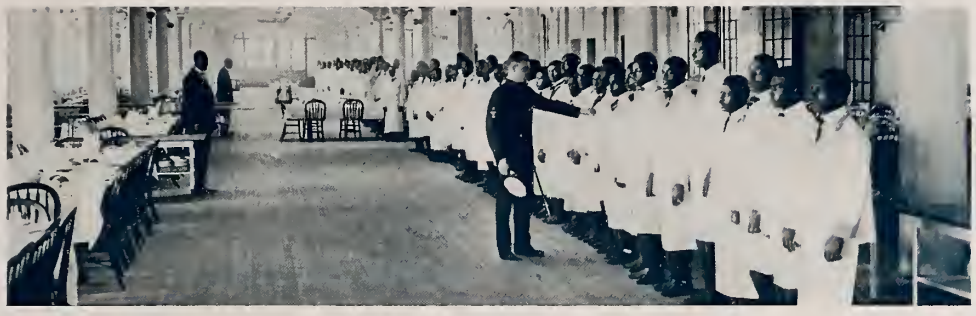
"The object of fencing, gentlemen, is to hit and not be hit. In line of quart assume your guard."

"Here now, youse guys are not submarines—only six more laps to swim and thirty seconds to do it in."

(Ding Ding) "Class Attention—About face." "Dismissed."

Commissary Department

Bureau of Supplies



BILL OF LADING

(Table d'Hote)

Hors d'Oeuvre

Best Selected Hemp Celery — Emergency Rations — Dairy Cream Pickles

FISH, SHELL AND OTHERWISE

Atlas Flounder — Lobster a la Pittsburg — Steamed Clams (Superheated)
Codfish Fenders — Dead-Sea Mud-Cake — Roughneck Clams

EGGS AND OMELETTES

Eggs, Quarantined — Eggs, Interned — Eggs, Paroled on Toast
Eggs, Plucked — Eggs, Retired on Half-Pay — Coral Reef Omelette
Eggs, Discharged with Bad Conduct Records — Spanish Omelettes (Old as the Alhambra)

GAME AND POULTRY

Sea Gull, Class of '82 — Canvas-Covered Duck — Spring Loaded Chicken
Chicken a la Rameses — Centipede Fowl, Fibre Packing

SPECIALS

Collision Mats — Best Shellac Syrup — Bomb-Proof Waffles

MEATS AND STEAKS

Canned Willie — Salt Horse — Pink Hash
Embalmed Siberian Wolf — Fillet of Half-Sole
Slum Acitate — Speed Cones — Walk-Over Steaks

VEGETABLES

Spuds, Mashed, Crushed or Water-Logged — Seamless Drawn Spaghetti — String Beans
Best Hemp Cordage — Navy Beans — Bessemer Process Asphyxia Cabbage
Rubberset Corn-on-Cob — Fifty-Fifty Succotash

DILUENTS

Red-Eye — Boiler Compound — Blast Furnace Mustard
Horse Radish

SALADS

Nebuchadnezzar Salad — Lettuce Salad, Service Dress
Fruit Salad, First-Aid Dressing

DESSERTS

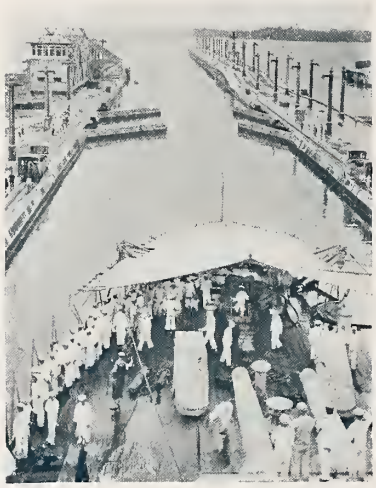
Shivering "Liz," White Lead Sauce — Tar Barrel Pudding
Charlie Rushes, "Riggs" Style

WINE MESS

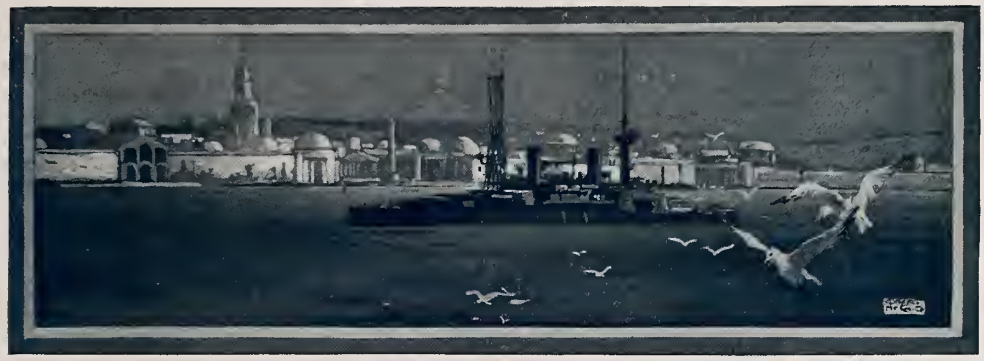
Concentrated Lye, Formosa Brand — Teahound Oolong
Devil's Cocktail

Class of 1918

CRUISES



INTO THE
PACIFIC



YOUNGSTER-PACIFIC-CRUISE

JUNE 5. Begin to appreciate sufferings of Flood Victims. Have been trying to collect my effects ready for departure ever since I got back from the June Ball this morning. Managed to get everything but the less mobile articles of furniture into my six laundry bags, two of which are on this boat, one next door on the Misery and three on the dock with my suit of blue service. Must call up the Misery. Just rescued one of the bags—the one with my white service in it—from a watery grave. It is now drying out down by one of the stoves in the cellar.

June 6. I spent a very restless night between my hammock and the floor—mounting and dismounting by the numbers. A most exhausting pastime; sleeping in hammocks is not one of the sports of all nations. Mine is right under some steam pipes that run along the ceiling. Have a most unfortunate habit of sitting up in bed and striking same. They got us out of bed at five o'clock to scrub the floors. Must be the hired help's day out. I have been arranging my impedimenta all day. They gave me a key to a small locker on the first floor that I could just open by climbing over one of the guns and reaching around the post. Guess I am supposed to keep my toilet articles there. Have not been given any stateroom yet.

"Mac"

June 11. Never saw such dirty floors in my life. We have scrubbed them every morning so far. The cellar of this hotel is worse than the

Hard at it

Catacombs. Went down this morning to hunt for the engines—somebody said we had two of them. Neither of them were running but one of the workmen said it was because we were at anchor. Nearly died of suffocation getting out again. Lost in fireroom No. 3. Must go wash a hole in my face so I can eat. Go back to "fast in fires" this evening at twelve.

July 16. This boat has a bituminous tapeworm. Its weakness for coal is appalling. Took on the contents of another Allegheny mountain range yesterday. Anchored in Gatun Lake this morning. All seemed quiet with no indications of hostile tribes in the vicinity. Went ashore and inspected Gatun Dam this afternoon. Dam good job. Must congratulate Colonel Goethals.

July 17. Went through Canal this morning with several de facto leaders and provisional ministers of the more important Central American governments. They don't look at all bloodthirsty, and we haven't had a single revolution since they came aboard. Ditched them at Panama and headed for San Diego.

July 27. The Navigator. Gibraltar is in sight. Prudential sign is not yet legible. The Navigator thinks it is San Diego. Later: The Navigator was right. Anchored off San Diego this afternoon. They took us ashore on a parade somewhere into the interior crossing the Sahara Deserts and ending up at the Expo. They are going to give us a dance tonight; to meet the members of the feminine boat clubs of the city. Bet I draw stroke oar of the winning eight. I always did get roped in for the Amazon class of beauty.

July 29. There is something uncanny about the bottomless pit in our bunkers. Filled them up again this morning and left town amidst weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Dredge "Hercules," Panama Canal

Captain's Inspection

July 30. The Navigator is off again. We ought to sight the Aleutian Islands some time today. I can smell the ice-bergs. Cold intense. Stood a look-out watch this morning and had to be thawed loose with an acetylene torch.

August 2. The Navigator was right and if this is Sunny California give me Peary's Farthest North. Called all hands to knock the icicles off the Skipper's whiskers and then went ashore for a P-rade. Exposition most extensive affair. Spent $19.20 of my liberty money at San Diego and have eighty cents left to spend on San Francisco and Los Angeles. Guess I will spend it all on San Francisco and have a real fat time.

August 10. What I haven't seen of Frisco and nearby waters isn't worth putting in the "Log." A most remarkable city. Passed well to windward of the Barbary Coast and sighted several derelicts. Nearly lost my right eye the other day. Aloysius and I were coming chowing down in Chinatown. He got to gesticulating with his mess gear and stabbed me in the eye with his chop stick.

August 12. There are only two reasons why I will never be able to dance: One is my right shoe and the other is its sister ship. They gave us a dance in the city last night. Danced on some of the prettiest feet in Frisco. A silly ass persuaded me to go back with him in a taxi. Missed the last boat and got aboard just at "turn to" the next morning. My companion is a wonder. He sat on that dock for three hours talking about the driver and never called him the same name twice. The O. O. D. welcomed us aboard and very thoughtfully introduced us to the Medical Officer who tested us for percentage alcohol.

Through the Canal

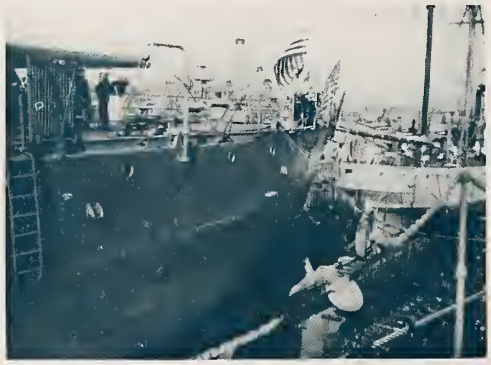
ISOTHERM
BLOCK IS.
ANNAPOLIS
ENEMY ON STA
ENEMY ON S
BEAM
SWING SHIP
A.M. SIGHT
ENEMY ON PORT BEAM
SIGHTED
ENEMY ON PORT QUARTER
PERSELL AT THE WHEEL
MISERY MAKING STERNWAY
LINE OF POSITION
CRUISES OF 1918
YOUNGSTER
SECOND CLASS
FIRST CLASS
U. S. Naval Academy Practice Squadron
Ohio, Missouri (Flag) and Illinois
Fleet
U. S. STORM WARNINGS
N. W. WINDS
HURRICANE
MESS GEAR
U. S. SUBMARINE WARNING FLAG
CRAB FLEET IN VICINITY

COURSE
BVIOUS
ASONS)
BY GUN-FIRE
TORPEDOED
IED
POSITION
BY OBS.
TRACK OF
HURRICANE
POS.
BY D.R.

The Morning Exercise

August 14. The bottom dropped out of the cellar and we had to coal again. There must be enough in there now to light and heat the most of Russia. They are now clipping the icicles off the wildcat and we leave the frozen north tomorrow.

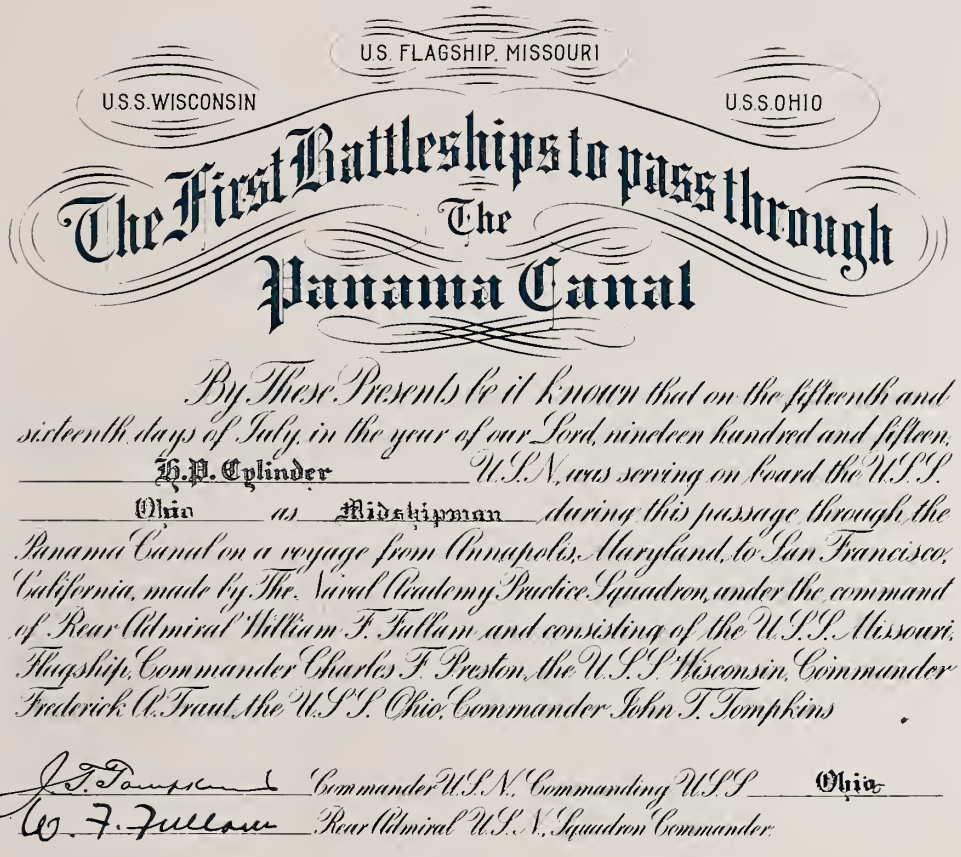
August 17. Arrived at San Pedro this morning. Disembarked and went up to Los Angeles in auto and then out to the movie camp at Universal City where we saw some reel life. They make movies of everything there from sunrise on Mount Blanc to twilight in Fou Chow. They had a Prade of floats and we danced in the evening. Danced with one of the two hundred butterflies from one of the floats. Never knew a butterfly had so much negative buoyancy. August 21. The anchor is aweigh and don't know when it will be back. The next stop is Panama. August 31. Panama in sight. I can see the Panamese hats. Went through the Ditch four bells and a jingle. Gatun Lake by moonlight is "digne de verse," as the Walrus would say; in fact, with all due apologies to the Don Quixote or whoever was responsible for that little couplet.



Stranded

"Quein no ha visto Gatun,
No ha visto slaboon!"

Roosevelt's Address



U.S. FLAGSHIP, MISSOURI

U.S.S. WISCONSIN

U.S.S. OHIO

The First Battleships to pass through The Panama Canal

By These Presents be it known that on the fifteenth and sixteenth days of July, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifteen, H. H. Cylinder U.S.N. was serving on board the U.S.S. Ohio as Midshipman during this passage through the Panama Canal on a voyage from Annapolis, Maryland, to San Francisco, California, made by The Naval Academy Practice Squadron, under the command of Rear Admiral William F. Fullam and consisting of the U.S.S. Missouri, Flagship, Commander Charles F. Preston, the U.S.S. Wisconsin, Commander Frederick A. Traut, the U.S.S. Ohio, Commander John T. Tompkins

J. T. Tompkins Commander U.S.N. Commanding U.S.S. Ohio

W. F. Fullam Rear Admiral U.S.N. Squadron Commander.

Old Tars Went Around the Horn; '18 First to Cut Across

Reached Gatun locks about midnight. The local traffic cop told the Admiral we would have to wait till morning to get through, but the Admiral said we'd be dammed if he did. So he let us through, and we tied up at Christobal about two a. m. September morning. Have been playing a most diverting parlor game since five this morning. The Panamese railroad dumps a train load of coal on the dock

The San Diego Singers

and we have to get it in the cellar before the next one comes. The Panamese railroad six points ahead. They dumped the last point on top of us about ten p.m. If this is my first test of September leave give me thirty days of "Solitary on diminished rations." This high life among the coal passers is too strenuous.

September 2. Gracias a los cielos, we are headed for God's country at last. All boilers cut in and most of the pampered pets in the Black Gang. I feed boiler number seven every morning from twelve to four and as an inanimate hog she certainly wins the pearl handle slice bar. There must be a fire on the Misery. She looks like Vesuvius underway and we've been getting the benefit of the eruption.

MEXICAN
FAIR
TIJUANA, MEXICO

THE PLACE WHERE
"The Lid's Off"
The Big Monte Carlo
Now Open

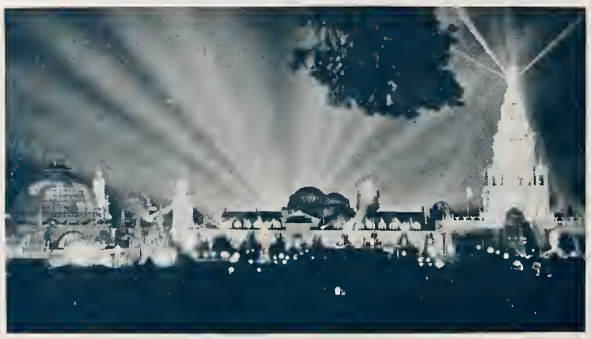
Colonel Cantu's 25th Regiment Band of 50 Pieces
Native Entertainers
Spanish Dancing and Singing Troupe
Cock Fights
Exhibition Bull Fights for Elks
Regular Bull Fights Daily
All Kinds of Amusements
Spanish and Mexican Cafes
Kauffman's Wild Animal Show
Dancing Hall–Free Dancing
Beer Gardens

Special Daily Attractions for Elks

Come and Have the Time of Your Life
"Where Everything Goes
" Where Everybody Goes"
EXCURSION RATES
Five Trains Daily from Third and Broadway
Auto Touring Cars Every Half Hour from Leading Hotels

September 9. Got a landfall today and passed in the Capes four bells and a jingle, cleaving the waters of the Chesapeake like an elephant wading the Ganges. Lookout reports Chapel dome broad off the port bow. God bless him! Must lay below and fetch my trousseau up on deck ready for a quick getaway. Can hear the old wildcat mewing. It's going to let go the anchor in a minute.

September 10. (Two hours from home.) The cruise a memory!



SECOND CLASS CRUISE

1 "Travel in the younger sort is part of education"—*Bacon* 2 "Weighing anchor" 3 "And a ha-a-alf, seven!" 4 "Nothing in our life became us like the leaving of it"—*Macbeth* 5 "Water, water, everywhere nor any drop to drink"—*Coleridge* 6 "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean"—*Coleridge* 7 "A deed of dreadful note"—*Macbeth*

8

9

10

11

12

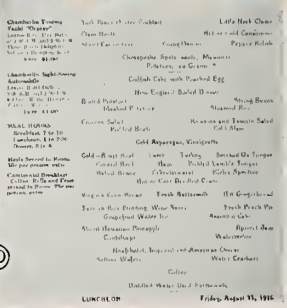
13

14

15

8 "Thank God! I—I also—am an American!"—*Webster* 9 "Free trade, one of the great blessings which a government can confer on a people"—*Macaulay* 10 "Arriba!" 11 "The hills rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun"—*Bryant* 12 "The sea! the sea! the open sea! The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"—*Procter* 13 "What are these so withered and so wild in their attire that look not like the inhabitants of the earth and yet are on't?"—*Macbeth* 14 "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness"—*Wesley* 15 "Nuff sed!"

16 "She drifted a dreary wreck"—*Longfellow* 17 "A hit, a very palpable hit"—*Hamlet* 18 "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!"—*Whittier* 19 "Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form"—*Goldsmith* 20 "Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint"—*Webster* 21 "A banner with the strange device"—*Longfellow* 22 "Alone, alone—all, all alone; alone on a wide, wide sea"—*Coleridge* 23 "For I am nothing, if not critical"—*Othello*



24 "Here's metal more attractive"—*Hamlet* 25 "God save the mark"—*Henry IV* 26 "I have peppered two of them"—*Henry IV* 27 "Ra-a-ange, twenty-two fifty!" 28 "Bore clear!" 29 "That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun"—*Henry IV* 30 "Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"—*Macbeth*

FIRST CLASS CRUISE

(MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE)

IT was after two bells of the midwatch and the wide corridors and low-ceilinged chambers of the Ananias Club were dreary and deserted, save for the solitary group seated around the open fire in the library, gazing dreamily into the dying embers. Finally Admiral Munchausen, who had been gradually approaching the axis of X in his luxurious Morris chair straightened up, ditched his Fatima, took a long deep breath of whiskey and soda, and turning on his confrères inquired: "Did any of you ever hear of our first class cruise back in the summer of 1918?"

"DRAINING HIS WHISKERS WITH EVIDENT RELISH, HE SETTLED DOWN TO A PROTRACTED ENGAGEMENT."

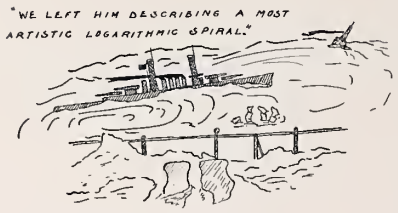
Expecting some new yarn more gross than its predecessors, his listeners, too sleepy even to think of a sarcastic remark, remained silent or grunted in a non-committal fashion. Encouraged by lack of caustic reply Admiral Munchausen inhaled deeply once more, and, draining his whiskers with evident relish, settled down for a protracted engagement.

"Well it was this way. I happened to be at a Juice recitation one day when the Sec Nav radioed down to find out where I'd like to go on the summer cruise. At that early age I had not seen much of the world so I radioed back that I'd like to see as much as possible in the time allowed. Of course this necessitated fairly fast ships so I told him he'd better send down the best he had. They arrived late in May and we embarked the first of June. They were handsome craft and well adapted for the purpose—the Constitution, the Constellation, and the Lexington. We

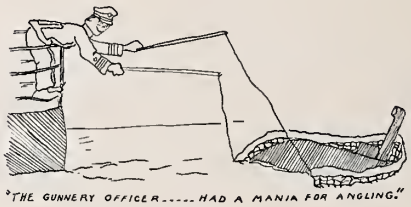
"THE SEC.-NAV. RADIOED DOWN."

were assigned to large, well-ventilated first cabin staterooms, well aft on the starboard side.

"Standard speed was set at thirty-five knots. We got under way at an early hour—eight a. m.—and passed out of the Capes that afternoon. Turning north we headed for the Grand Banks where the Paymaster wished to stop, as there were not sufficient funds on board at the time for us to draw our first hundred thousand of liberty money. Off the New England cost we ran into an off-shore breeze, and, being to leeward of Provincetown and Gloucester we had several cases of asphyxia.


"WE LEFT HIM DESCRIBING A MOST ARTISTIC LOGARITHMIC SPIRAL."

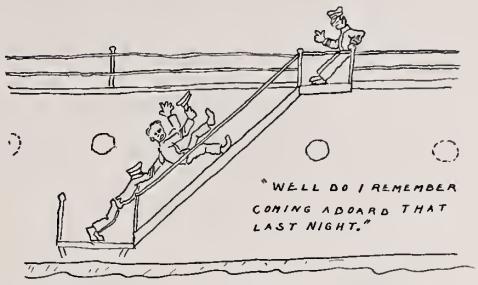
"From there we made the Grand Banks and then headed for Europe, arriving off the coast of Norway after an uneventful passage. Passing in the vicinity of the Maelstrom the Navigator took the opportunity to swing ship for residuals, having taken on board a lot of soft iron of Crabtown. During the operation one of the crew, under the delusion that he was on a carousel, reached too far out for the brass ring and fell overboard, where we left him describing a most artistic logarithmic spiral.


"THE GUNNERY OFFICER.....HAD A MANIA FOR ANGLING."

"Having heard a good deal about Norwegian fjords, I was naturally anxious to see if they had anything on Henry's make so we put in towards the coast to view them. Leaving Scandinavia, we turned southward. Our progress thru the North Sea was slow as we were continually stopping to clear the propeller of torpedoes which fouled them or to drop the anchor on submarines which the Gunnery Officer, who had a mania for angling, had caught in a patent submarine net of his. Finally we reached the Skagarak, passed through the Cattegat and arrived at Kiel just at sundown where we were given a rousing reception by several of the Krupp family. Continuing southward we dropped anchor off Notre Dame

"WE ARRIVED AT KIEL.....WHERE WE WERE GIVEN A ROUSING RECEPTION BY THE KRUPP FAMILY."

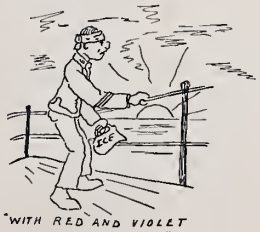
and spent several days and most of our cash seeing Paris. It was a most expansive liberty! Well do I remember coming aboard that last night in a coat of mud with a Latin Quarter in the only water-tight pocket of my lightened floor-plate trou. The next morning we dropped down to Gibraltar where we anchored in the lee of the Rock. From Gibraltar we made some delightful liberties in some of the nearby towns like Spanishtown and Tangier, where we visited the Grand Sultan and many other places.


"WELL DO I REMEMBER COMING ADOARD THAT LAST NIGHT."

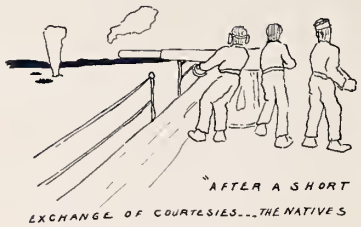
"After a short stay we hoisted anchor and three days later passed out into the Arabian Sea. Here we discovered to our dismay that the monsoon had just reversed and would not be favorable for several months. It looked like driving into head seas all the way across, but by a fortunate coincidence it happened that about that time the convicts were raising h——l in Siberia and the increased temperature gradually effected a reversal of the monsoon, which proved most useful to us. Owing to a slight error in C—W on the Navigator's part we reached one of India's coral strands the night before we expected to and were forced to await the arrival of tugs to drag us off.

WE REACHED ONE OF INDIA'S CORAL STRANDS THE NIGHT BEFORE WE EXPECTED TO."

"As luck would have it, however, while we were waiting, with nothing to do but loll about the deck sipping ices, play bridge and curse our luck and Navigators in general, the elements themselves took charge of things. It happened this way. The barometer had been falling steadily for several days; in fact, had acquired considerable kinetic energy by the third day. Light, feathery plumes of cirrus were observed. The air was hot and moist, with red and violet tints at dawn, particularly after cocktail parties which several officers gave in the wardroom. On the morning of the third day the barometer became unsteady and had to be supported to


"WITH RED AND VIOLET TINTS AT DAWN."

Sick Bay. Then, without the slightest warning, the storm was upon us. Lifting us clear of the coral strand it raised us to a dizzy height, bearing us eastward and depositing us, at the end of twenty-four hours, upon a floating dry-dock off Hongkong, where we took the opportunity to make extensive repairs. While they were in progress we were entertained in a most hospitable fashion by the Emperor and the Imperial Diet. Not being oriental, digestively speaking, however, we soon found that the Imperial Diet did not agree with us and took our departure, turning our prow homeward.



"AFTER A SHORT EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES---THE NATIVES WITHDREW."

"After several days on course 110 degrees p. s. c., we reached the Society Islands just as the Newport season opened, and anchored off one of the fashionable resorts. Here we were at once surrounded by the 400 of the place wearing earrings and broad expectant smiles. After a short exchange of courtesies over the rail with the torpedo defense battery the natives withdrew and soon afterwards the anchor was hove up and we headed for Panama which we reached three days after the Navigator thought we would. Here we locked in at once and scraping over Cuccurrachee Slide reached the Atlantic coast. Crossing the Carribean and passing Cape Maysi we headed for the Virginia Capes. The passage northward was uneventful. Off Hatteras, an enemy craft was reported far to leeward, causing no small stir among the midshipmen, who crowded the lee rail for several hours. Finally, however, we reached the calmer waters of Hampton Roads. Our appetites having turned and our bunkers being sadly depleted we went ashore for fuel and supplies at the Chamberlin. After several hours continuous coaling the party returned, and when the last man had been carried aboard, the wild cat was untied, the anchor hove up to the hawse-pipe and the prow pointed toward Crabtown. Soon the Chapel dome appeared on the northwestern horizon and shortly afterward the anchor found a resting place among the oysters of the Chesapeake.—Ye-es, that was *some* cruise!"

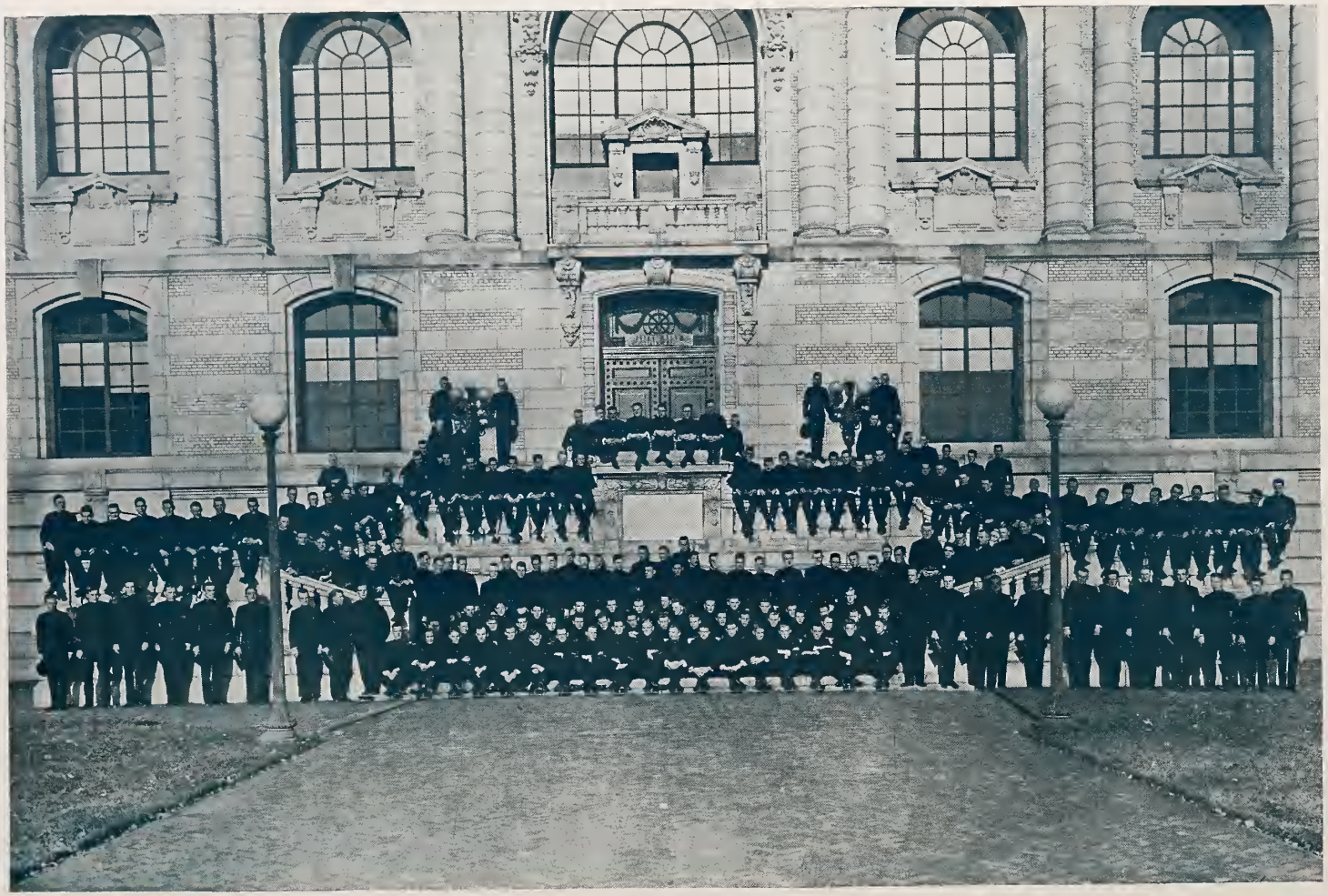
"THE MIDSHIPMEN---CROWDED THE LEE RAIL FOR SEVERAL HOURS."

And Admiral Munchausen rose, opened his main supply valve and drained the flagon on the mantel-piece, gazing reminiscently into the dying

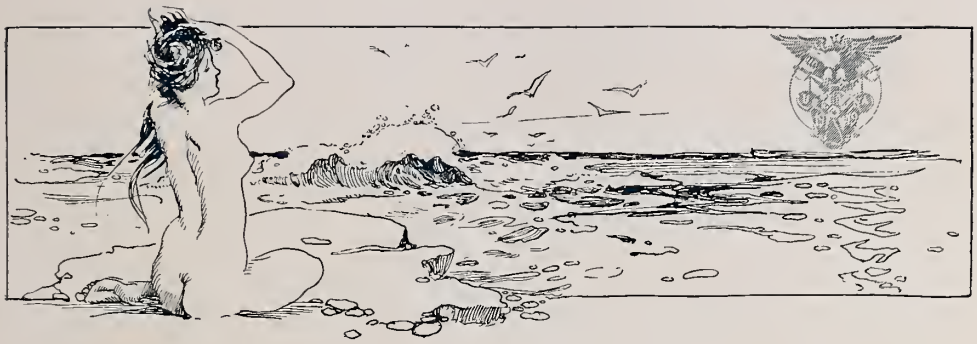
embers while the assembled company stared at him in stupefied amazement and strove to realize that they were all of the same brotherhood. Finally Ananias, who had just put the cat out and shut up the club for the night, recovered his speech and turning to the corridor moke, managed to gasp:

"Herodotus, go get the silver-plated oil stove! *You win*, my dear Admiral!"

(Here the manuscript ends abruptly.)



Class of 1919



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CARROLL
ON THE
CLASS OF 1919

"HEY dar, Fletcher, does yo' know dat I'se been mos' nigh wurried ter deaf tinkin' bout our pore boys out dar on de deep blue sea in dem dar big battle boats. Now, ef we don' watch ourselfs we won' hev no fust class back hyar in September. Ah sees in de papers mos' evy day dat dem periscopick Garmens am blowing boats in ter littl' pieces. It sutainly would be sad ef de class o' 1919 wuz made in ter mikrescopick particl's by dem Prooshins. Why, yo' know wot's er fac', dat's de bes' class wot's evah eat Navy Beans since de day dat young Mistah Farragut hit Mistah Dewey on de haid with dat biskit."

"Yassah, Carroll, Ah sho' did hate ter see dem young gem'men leave hyar; an' wot's mo' dat dar Dreemlan' boat wot dey lef on warn't eny too substanshill lookin' hersef. Why ef Ah hed hed ter navigat' down de Bay in dat dar ting all mah dreems would sho'ly er' ben nightmar's."

"Steve"

"Now, Fletcher, yo'se wrong dere altogedder. Dey tell me dat dem chillun hed de bes' time o' dey lif's on dat boat. Mistah Royal, he knowin's as how dey wuz only Second Classmen, an' tinkin' dat none o' dem hed eny terbaccy, wuz struck wid er crafty idee. He tink it wuz so fine dot he jes' smile an' smile ter himsef. Den he pass de wurd dat de Second Class could smoke. Well sah, he tink dat's er fine joke, but de seelurity wid wot pipes, seegars, matches, an' terbaccy 'peared

The Old Navy

on de sceen well nigh ruined he life fer sho. Dat dar joke wuz on Mistah Royal, but he wuz er sport an' de boys am smokin' yet dey tell me.

"Ah also hyars dat when dey jined de fleet de Captain, he give em six side boys; showed em down in dey new quarters, which he hed jes' run de Admiral an' he staff outer; o'dered em fried chicken an' watermillons fer supper, an' hed de 'listed men stow dey bags fer em. An' las' Ah hyerd frum dem de President wuz bout ter make em Commanders o' de Fleet.

"Ah sutainly hopes dat no harm comes ter em; dey wuz allays so happy an' contented lak. Why yo' membahs when de Supe, he declar's dat dey would hev no mo' Dago an' English but would hev ter sit up till midnight ter bone Navigation, O'dnence, an' Seamanship fer dat 2.5 o' else 'main hyar in September; how dey jes' smile lak an' do it. An' dey mos' all make 2.5s too.

"An' does yo' membah when de Glee an' Mandelin Clubs give a show, how dey all hed a nice mat'nay dat afternoon? Dey all took dey gals an' hed *sech* er big time. An' wots mo', all de seats wot dey didn't use, dey let de pore plebes hev. Yas, dem boys allays did shar' dey good times wid odders less onfortunate.

"Howevah, dem boys ain't allays hed er aisy time, nossuh, not by er whole pan er slum full. On de tother han' dey'se hed some fearful jolts. Fust an' foremos' dey hed ter quit studyin' English an' Dago. Right dar is whar dey los' de two bes' fren's dey hed in de whole Teachers Associashun o' de 'Cademy. Dat sutainly wuz er sad blow ter dem young gem'men; yit an' still dey done de bes' dey knowed wid de substitoots wot wuz give em. An' den agin de

The New Navy

Com. he knew dat dey would be fust class on dey return to de 'Cademy an' yit he wouldn't let em o'der dey class rings so dey could wear em on dey return. De Com. he says dat dey fingers ain't growed big nuff yit ter stan' de weight o' sech heavy bands o' gold an sech large preshus stones. But den Ah guess dat dey will get dem by de time dat dey arrive at Jr. Lutinants. Dat ain't so bad nohow.

Before Embarkation

"An'besides all dis de game wid de Mulers wuz called off. Dat wuz sho'ly too bad, but it couldn't be helped. Dey's out fer bigger game now, but yit an' still dey wuz lookin' fer vingence, an' Ah know dat it mus' er hit em hard not ter git eny at all. Why fer all dey hard wurk dey didn't git enyting but reg'lar ole slum an' beans. Yo' knows, o' course, dat day didn't hev no trainin' table die yer. Yassuh, dey go out an' wurk hard all day an' dey don' git nuttin' but slum an' beans fer dey trouble. De only time wot de boys got wot dey de- sarved wuz when dey hed dem feeds durin' de las' few weeks. Dese feeds looked so good ter me dat Ah sho did wish dat all de teams could hev won evy game. De boys 'joyed dem feeds hughely an' Ah feared dat dey would eat so much dat dey would not be able to git up frum de table. Ah guess dat it war er good ting dat dey didn't

The J. O. Watch

Watch on the Rhine

J. O. Quarters

Off the Starboard Bow

hev de feeds often b'case Ah knows dat it would make em pore to tote all dat dey would eat.

"But den de wurse ting o' all wuz de fac' dat in de middle o' all dis hard luck dey dindn't even hev er hop ter which dey could drag de Crabs. Course dey hed what dey call er informal caseonally but den er real old fashioned hop wuz not ter be hed. Enyhow at dese informals dere wuz no moon, de sun bein' still up, an' who kin 'joy deysef's when dey ain't no moon? Who kin look on de beautiful, trustin' faces o' de littl' gals, an' den into dey eyes an' see em as wunerful pools o' darkness by de glarin', blindin'

The Clan

light o' de sun lak dey kin frum de soft golden beams frum de full moon?

"Now does yo' know de bes' ting wot ever happen'd ter dem an' de ting dat dey 'preciated mos'? No? Well Ah b'liebs it wuz dis. It wuz de dance dat some o' de boys mothers give dem. De boys hed dere mothers, sisters, an' sweethearts dere; de music wuz simply intrancin'; an' dey all hed de time o' dere young lifs. De boys an' gals wuz as happy as three yer ole's in er rye patch.

Down the Bay

Dey jes' dance an' laff ter dey hearts' content. Yessuh, dat wuz de mos' wunerful shindig since Adam shake de fust foot wid Eve.

"Ah hopes dat Ah sees dem boys agin, an' dat no troubl' comes ter dem. An' Ah jes' knows dat dey intends ter make good when dey git out in ter de sarvice."

Embarking on Dreamland

Class of 1920

President
W. A. INGRAM

Secretary
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Sanner, G. R.	Somerset, Pa.
Saye, J. R.	Sharon, S. C.
Scaffe, T. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Schmidt, F. W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schubert, H. P.	New York, N. Y.
Schulten, L. B.	Helena, Mont.
Scott, S.	New York, N. Y.
Scott, S. T.	Zumbrota, Minn.
Seitz, G. A.	Rochester, N. Y.
Severyns, J. H.	Seattle, Wash.
Sexton, H. C., Jr.	Shelbyville, Ind.
Shaw, H. P.	Gallipolis, Ohio
Shoemaker, J. B.	Helena, Mont.
Shoemaker, W. R., Jr.	Washington, D. C.
Shope, W. K. B.	New York, N. Y.
Sickel, G. H.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sinton, W.	Richmond, Va.
Skinner, C. R.	Brodhead, Wis.
Skinner, G. C., Jr.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Slater, R. I.	Flushing, N. Y.
Slawson, P. S.	Big Rapids, Mich.
Smith, A. F., Jr.	Reading, Pa.
Smith, C. G.	Passaic, N. J.
Smith, C. W.	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Smith, J. C., Jr.	Douglas Manor, N. Y.
Smith, P. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Smith, R. H.	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Smith, W. M.	Williston, S. C.
Smith, W. W.	Commerce, Ga.
Smyser, A. G.	Chicago, Ill.
Snelling, C. M., Jr.	Athens, Ga.
Snyder, G. W., 3d.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sollars, R. D.	St. Joseph, Mo.
Speight, E. P.	Mayfield, Ky.
Spriggs, A. J.	Grand Forks, N. D.
Sproul, M. F.	Brewer, Maine
Spykstra, J.	Golden, Col.
Steel, H.	Benton, Ark.
Steinhagen, P. W.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Sterling, M. B.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Sterling, P. R.	South Berwick, Maine
Stevens, E. E.	Beaumont, Texas
Stevens, G. C.	Cave Springs, Ga.
Stoddert, F. B.	Baltimore, Md.
Stoker, E. S.	Chicago, Ill.
Strother, J. H.	Dadeville, Ala.
Strother, W. J., Jr.	Culpepper, N. Y.
Sullivan, J. B.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Surran, C. L.	Newport, Ky.
Swafford, C. A.	Terrell, Texas
Swanson, C. F.	Devon, Ill.
Swanston, W. A.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Sylvester, E. W.	Alexandria, La.
Tague, J. R.	Middlesboro, Ky.
Talbert, J. T.	Winona, Mass.
Talbott, B. T.	Washington, D. C.
Taylor, F.	Kingston, N. Y.
Taylor, H. McG.	Richmond, Va.
TenEyke, J. C., Jr.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Thomas, F. C.	Gloucester, Ohio
Thomas, F. J.	Springfield, Mass.
Thompson, H. O.	Washington, D. C.
Thompson, J. B., Jr.	Paul's Valley, Okla.
Thompson, W. A. P.	Austin, Texas
Thorne, T. S.	Vergennes, Vt.
Thornton, J. M.	Greensboro, N. C.
Threshie, R. D.	Dunlap, Ill.
Tillman, E. H., Jr.	Washington, D. C.
Tillson, E. M.	Middleboro, Mass.
Tipton, C. D.	El Paso, Texas
Tobey, N. S.	Portland, Maine
Tomlinson, W. G.	Kansas City, Mo.
Townsend, R. J.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Turney, H. W.	Marion, Ohio
Tusler, F. A.	Cornell, Wis.
Tyler, C. L.	Cambridge, Mass.
van Buren, H. S.	Washington, D. C.
Van Cleave, M.	Ceddo Mills, Texas
Van de Water, D. G.	Passaic, N. J.
Vetter, J. P.	Detroit, Mich.
Voinot, P. E.	Annapolis, Md.
Wachtler, W. A.	Ottumwa, Iowa
Walker, H. E.	Des Moines, Iowa
Wallace, C. R.	Colorado Springs, Col.
Wallace, H. K.	Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

Wallace, W. H.	Stockton, Cal.
Walsh, E. J.	Troy, N. Y.
Walton, C. L.	Brownsville, Texas
Ward, B. N.	Como, Miss.
Ward, B. P.	Pass Christian, Miss.
Warrack, R. C.	Portland, Ore.
Watson, P. B.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Webb, J. C.	St. Thomas, Ont.
Weed, W. H., Jr.	Washington, D. C.
Weidner, W. F.	Hoboken, N. J.
Weiss, O. C. J.	Hebron, Neb.
Weller, O. A.	Brownsville, Texas
Wellings, A. J.	Brockton, Mass.
Wheelock, R. S.	West Winfield, N. Y.
Whelchel, J. E.	Washington, D. C.
Wheyland, M. C.	Jacksonville, Fla.
Whitmer, D. T.	Wilton Junction, Iowa
Whitmire, J. E.	Sumner, Iowa
Wiens, R. E.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Wiestling, R. C.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Wilkerson, D. C.	Topeka, Kan.
Wilkes, C.	Charlotte, N. C.
Williams, D. C.	Keokuk, Iowa
Wilmot, F. E.	Westfield, Ill.
Wilson, A. A.	Baltimore, Md.
Wilson, E. P.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Wilson, H.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Wilson, J. D.	Corinth, Miss.
Winter, F. C.	Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands
Wintermantel, E.	Newport, R. I.
Woodson, C. R.	Lynchburg, Va.
Wooldridge, E. T.	Lawrenceburg, Ky.
Wootten, C. T.	New Bern, N. C.
Worsham, R.	Evansville, Ind.
Worth, D. F., Jr.	Brockton, Mass.
Wright, J. E.	Connellsville, Pa.
Wyatt, J. L.	Easley, S. C.
York, L. D.	Portsmouth, Ohio
Zimmerli, R. M.	Lyons, N. Y.

CLASS HISTORY

The Straight and Narrow Path

During the months of June, July, August, and even September, 1916, the class roll of 1920 grew steadily, as sundry groups of natty looking cits journeyed to the Superintendent's office, where they took the oath of the Service, and became, not midshipmen, but plebes, until at the opening of the Academic year on October 1st, we mustered 626 strong, by far the largest class that had ever entered the Academy.

The first term passed quickly, interrupted by the Game, where we gained our first real ideas of the Navy spirit, by Thanksgiving, and by Christmas leave, when some of us made flying visits home, and others, who had the misfortune to be unsat or on the grade, remained at the Academy, alternately cussing out our luck and rejoicing in the privileges that a three-day assumption of youngster rates afforded.

Youngster Deity

Then out of a calm sea we struck storms and steered for the shoals of the semi-ans. The old law of the survival of the fittest prevailed, and by the time the good ship '20 had weathered the blow, some 70 members of the class had gone by the board, some to return with '21, but some to say goodbye to the Academy and the Service forever. But we shook ourselves, and gathering a full head of steam bore away on our course for the ans.

The Old Man of the Sea

Whoo-oo-o----!

Eight bells!

Standing there in ranks in the Armory, we heard the siren screech out its weird note, and heard the bell in the clock tower boom forth with sonorous clang---one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, EIGHT.

Youngsters All

Yea, Navy! We were youngsters! Not a sound was made, thanks to a year of plebe training. The only outward sign of our elation was the fleeting smiles that flickered over our faces. But who was there in the class of '20 that was not almost overwhelmed by that feeling of wild exhilaration that we all experienced? In that one minute the rigors of plebe year were forgotten. Gone were the restrictions of plebe rates, and we were midshipmen in the eyes of the upper classes at last.

Then it came—"dismiss your battalions!" With a wild whoop we broke for the Lane, and to the cheers of the few visitors and the music of Toroski's band, we solaced our spirits with the sweetest of all words, "'Taint no mo' plebes!"

Fleet Cruise Coaling

The Fleet cruise was but a few days away. Sep leave, that mysterious something of which we had heard so much, but never experienced, was hull down on the horizon, but showing more plainly every minute. Truly, life appeared as through rose-colored glasses.

Much of the disquiet caused by their anticipation disappeared when the orders came to graduate '17, and it was announced that there would be "no more rivers," at least as long as the unsettled condition of affairs, caused by the war, continued. However, the Academic Department was not to be altogether denied, and when the marks were posted at the end of the year, seven had been dropped from the rolls, and thirteen turned back, to try their luck again with the new fourth class. Eight others, by reason of extended sick leave, dropped from the race, to resume it with '21.

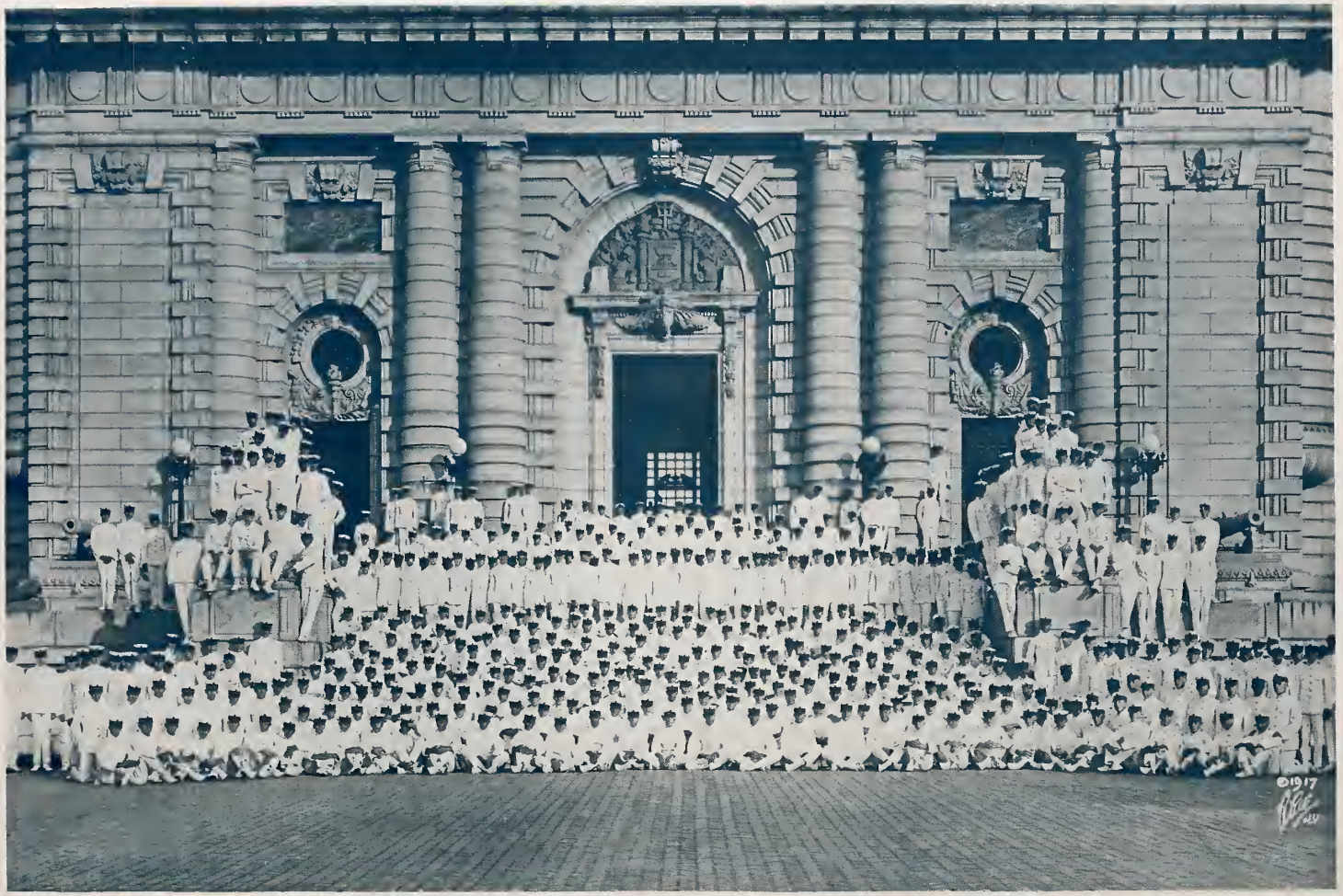
Off Watch

But as a whole, the scholastic year was a successful one. May 26 brought forth twenty-six men who had earned the right to wear the star for distinguished scholarship throughout youngster year, and the average of the class as a whole was up to normal.

In athletics, too, '20 has made a place for herself. Six men won their N's in football, and represented the Navy on the Polo Grounds. Basketball developed some good material, and the interruption of competition with outside schools was all that prevented a number from earning letters in baseball and track.

The Fleet cruise and prospects of early graduation give us opportunities that few classes before us have had. May our meeting of them bring results which are up to the Academy standard.

20's Big Six



Class of 1921

Masqueraders.

THE CAST

An Anxious Moment!

THE MASQUERADERS

Since Patsy Donavin founded the Masqueraders back in 1908, when he was a first classman, every sort of light theatrical productions have been tried, from farces of the extreme burlesque variety to light operas. This year, however, saw a change; Wainwright's ambition

in life was to stage a real drama of the serious kind. There was enough discussion, pro and con, among the Ancient and Honorables to fill a volume of the Congressional Record. Most people thought we couldn't put across a serious show; we didn't have time enough to practice; no audience we ever had could be serious during love scenes enacted by midshipmen as parties of both first and second parts, or with Vaughn Bailey as the 4.0 vamp. But no amount of "cons" could change Wainwright's determination, and "Raffles" was selected, with Courtney, of course, for the star.

Rivals of Broadway

We thought we'd have it as a Hundredth Night Show, and work was commenced early. Three weeks before the date set diplomatic relations parted, and the prospect of ever "pulling off the show" appeared dubious. The only hope lay in Commander Cluverius, and he finally arranged a date for us, during March Week.

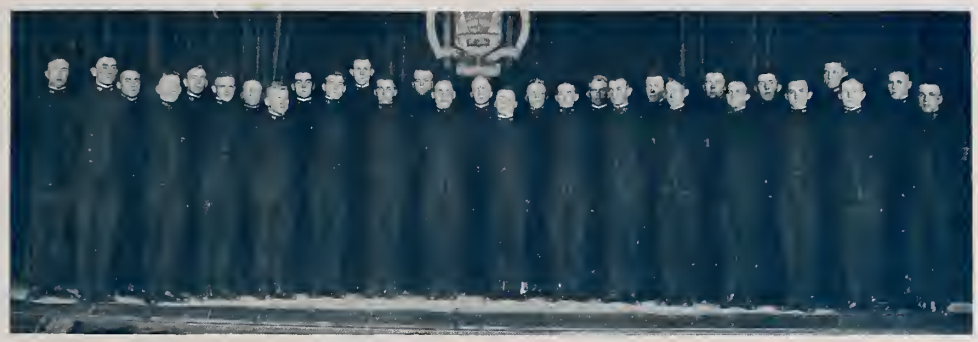
With the invaluable coaching of Lieutenant Donavin, the cast worked steadily—as Masquerader casts have done since Patsy ran the first one—right up to the date of the performance—all except Courtney. He developed tonsilitis at exactly the wrong time, and almost broke up the show. But he left the hospital at exactly the right time, and all went well in the end—though no one will ever know how he learned those lines.

We must not forget the work of "The Kaiser," as Wainwright was affectionately dubbed by the cast. He supplied the motive power that kept every one in action, driving his victims day and night with unrelenting vigor. Besides taking a part in the play, he made a huge success of the advertising, and did all the planning—in his sleep, we reckon.

A Climax!

Seventeen passed on, and Wilkinson took up the Kaiser's duties, with dreams of a midsummer success, but like many other hopes of '18, his dreams were rudely interrupted by early graduation. The histrionic stars of 1918 will never again appear on the boards as Masqueraders.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB



THE GLEE CLUB

THE MUSICAL CLUBS

This year the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, encouraged by the success of their first concert, began their work of preparation early. The new plebe class furnished a wealth of talent, which, with a nucleus of last year's men, was rapidly being shaped into what promised to be the finest ever. Then came the war cloud. Lieut. Le Bourgeois was ordered to sea; the concert was indefinitely postponed; and all musical work consequently suspended. It seemed indeed as though music at the Academy had received its death blow.

"Mike"

A bare three weeks before the cruise, the concert was again authorized. Interest sprung up as did Jason's dragon-teeth. But, it meant work! Night after night, eight bells found Bledsoe coaxing music from his mandoliniers; found Page and his Glee Club vainly searching for that lost chord.

The concert was held a week before the end of the year, and its unqualified success can be attributed solely to midshipman effort, the talent of the Clubs and the unflagging zeal of Bullene, the Manager. A departure from the stereotyped musicals was innovated in that several interesting and diverting "specials" were interspersed through the performance. The Saxophone sextette showed signs of having braced themselves for the occasion. Mike Flynn might well have been fresh from the Keith circuit, and by his parodies, Swabo put the whole Academy to singing "Sometime." All in all, it was a wonderful "boost" for organized music at the Academy, and it is to be hoped that effort along this line may be more extended next year and thereafter.

The Quartet

CHAPEL

The Chapel service, with the formations relative thereto, is our one consistent enthusiastic endeavor, the measure of which is the lasting impression made upon visitors.

Sunday here at the Academy is alike unique and attractive—a combination of the serious and military in a strikingly original manner. For such an organization we are indebted to the Service; for its successful administration during our careers as midshipmen, we owe much to Chaplain Sidney K. Evans for his attractive

CHOIR

services, and to Derx for his excellent leadership of the Choir.

Chaplain Evans has successfully endeavored to make himself cheerful and serviceable in his daily contact with officers and midshipmen. His presence is sought for as much as medical aid in the Hospital and in Sick Quarters, where he is a tonic to the down-cast spirits of the "rhino" midshipmen.

If a more patriotic organization than the Choir exists in the Regiment, it is deserving of much credit, for aside from making the Chapel service a success, the same voices of Page, Derx, Breed, Withers, Bullene, Phillips, and Brady, with equal under-class ability, have made the musical clubs possible, and, for their efforts there are no "N's" awarded.

Y. M. C. A.

It has been the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. to present in an entertaining way the high ideals of life, to humanize, to broaden the mind, and to promote love of and devotion to duty. To any one acquainted with the Naval Academy it is apparent that Y. M. C. A. work here must needs be limited, and if the weekly meetings have served to lift anyone out of the rut to a higher and broader viewpoint of life, they have not been in vain.

The time of assemblage has been experimented with; once or twice the meetings were held before chapel, then for several months on Wednesday evenings. At these Wednesday services we were fortunate enough to hear some of the country's eminent men, including William J. Bryan, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert E. Peary, and several other fine speakers.

Later on, the time of meeting was changed to Sunday evening where it has since remained. Our own officers and instructors have favored us with addresses and these have without exception aroused keen interest and enthusiasm among the Regiment. The only regret is that so few officers from the service at large have honored us with their presence, for if ever the force of example is strongly felt, it is on such occasions as the recent address of Admiral Simms

The Y. M. C. A. takes this opportunity to express to Chaplain Sidney K. Evans its appreciation of his unfailing devotion, tireless energy, constant good humor, his earnest desire to please and help, and for the pleasantest of associations with the student body.

THE LOG

The Log, during the year of 1916-17, has undergone an expansion and a reorganization. The 1918 Log Board, in the short two months of Mark V. must claim only a small part of this honor, except insofar as 1918 has helped out predecessors and has carried the thing along to its logical conclusion to the end of the year. The Log has ceased to be a purely student paper and a temporary organization which passes into entirely new hands from year to year. In place of this it has become the Academy organ and to some extent a professional weekly, representing the Officers here as well as the Midshipmen. The Censor has continually warned us in censoring articles which have been submitted, that they might, appearing in The Log, give our readers through the country and in the Fleet a wrong or a bad impression of the Academy. The Log has more than doubled its circulation (goes to every Ward Room in the Fleet, by the way) and has almost doubled in size. The professional side of the paper has been fully developed and the editorial policy has been to criticize constructively. In addition, we have tried to include in every issue something which would be of interest to every reader. Most of all The Log has been established on a permanent basis, that is, the coupling between the relieved and the relieving Board has been such as to assure that the business and editorial policy should go on without shock or violent change. We have, in fact, tried to take The Log seriously, not too seriously of course, and have tried to set it on the right path to become what it should and will become to the Midshipmen and the Academy.

THE LOG *of the* UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Published Weekly from October till June by the Midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy

MARK V

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ADMIRAL DEWEY

ADMIRAL DEWEY

One of the saddest occurrences of this year of startling events and changes in the order of things was the death of Admiral George Dewey, the ranking naval officer of the world, and the last link connecting the traditions of the old Navy with the progress of the new. As an expression of his attachment for the midshipman body, the Admiral had requested that we be the escort of honor at his funeral and it was so arranged. We were the only followers from the home to the Capitol, where we waited during the services, while sandwiches were served us, having been thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Dewey. And they were welcome!

The fifteen mile tramp with overcoats and rifles will ever be a memory. Prospective applicants for the Army and the Marine Corps were definitely won to a life on the sea, and "foot-sore" is a mild descriptive. We were glad, nevertheless, to become martyrs temporarily, and will always be proud of our participation.

And even though a man be tired and hungry, rest and food—real rest and real food—were waiting. It's a grand and glorious feeling to come back to such hospitality after a hard trip, and Mrs. McLean won forever the whole-souled esteem of even such an unresponsive and heart-hardened set as the midshipmen by her true appreciation of our emptiness and her interest and friendship in providing such a reception.

It was a tired and wornout aggregation that reached Bancroft Hall that night and turned in with no thought of boning, but there's always one more experience gained. In thoughtful moods, the recollection will come of Dewey, his achievements, the impressive tribute of the nation to him; the realization of his example will ever be our inspiration.

"The world seems suddenly to have grown more commonplace. We miss a tonic that was in the air. Something fine has been taken out of life; some glory has departed."

—Rear-Adm. Bradley A. Fiske

AN APPRECIATION

On January twentieth, at the funeral of the late Admiral Dewey, and on March fifth, when the midshipmen journeyed to Washington to participate in the Inauguration, the Regiment was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLean at their home on I Street.

If you can imagine how you would feel if you had marched to Arlington and back, and then found yourself in a handsome residence, sitting at a table covered with every variety of delicious things to eat, at once tasty and substantial (the kind of things the Mess Hall never heard of), you have some slight conception of how we felt on the 20th of January.

There are few private houses that are capable of entertaining such a number of guests, and there is certainly not another host or hostess who could even think of attempting such a feat for the sake of that noisy horde of midshipmen which invaded their home on that bleak day.

But not discouraged by the trouble which we twelve hundred ravenous, dusty troopers must have been in January, the McLeans again opened their home to us when March fifth rolled around. The luncheon was even more delicious than before. The music was wonderful—so wonderful, in fact, that we soon forgot our weary legs and aching feet while dancing with the charming "buds" of Washington, whom Mrs. McLean had invited for the occasion.

We can never fully thank Mr. and Mrs. McLean for their hospitality and for their thoughtful kindness on these two occasions. As we go into the Service we shall carry with us only the deepest sort of appreciation which will be added to the full measure of appreciation which the Service already feels for the McLeans.

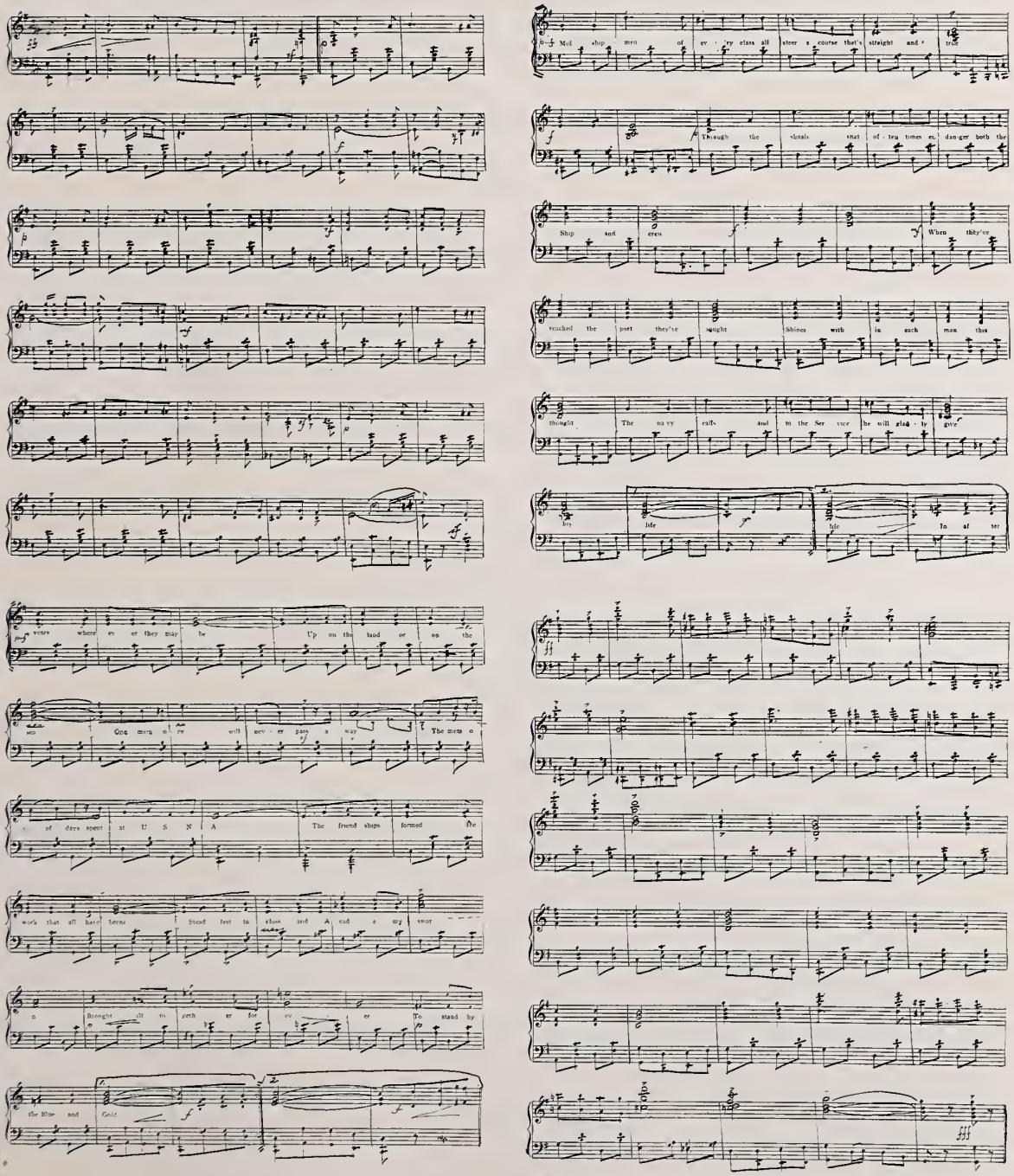
MEMORIES

18's

CLASS SONG

Music by *Adolph Toroski*

MARCH, ONE STEP



Carl Fischer, New York
No. 4—12 lines

INAUGURATION

After the dust of counting ballots had finally cleared away and our wirelesses got their last recoiling returns from the West, telling everyone how much he owed, we began to visualize one of the prime landmarks of our Academy careers—the parade with the West Pointers in the inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

A kind Providence has arranged it that a presidential tour, leap year, and a midshipman's term of service each have a fundamental period of four years, so that the important subject of whether it's going to rain or snow at the inauguration only comes up once in a career. It's bound to be one of the two, if not something worse. This time we were fortunate. It stopped raining soon enough for things to dry up a little by the time we were shunted into the Washington station with the rest of the freight, and we set out in overcoats.

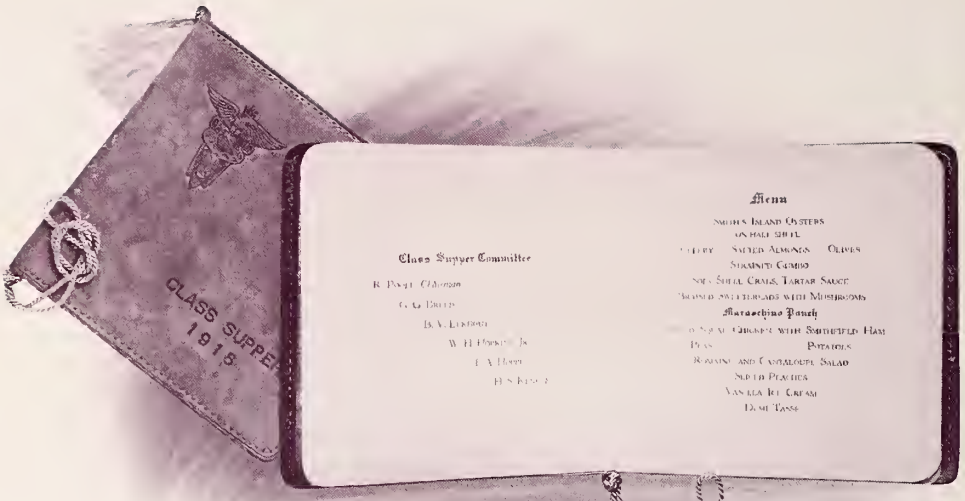
Marching to our forming grounds alongside the House offices, we exchanged dope with the Pointers while the President was inaugurated.

Finally we got under way and swung gallantly down Pennsylvania Avenue, eyes full of sand and chin straps proving their value for the first time.

Stacking arms on 15th Street brought on familiar sensations this time, and we were again brought to realize that there are some real people left in this busy world. From oyster patties to French pastry, Mrs. McLean did herself proud in our estimation, and music—we could have rested there forever had there not been that crowdedly happy informal.

"It's only once in a lifetime."

THE
PRESIDENT



THE CLASS SUPPER

On September 28 the second class returned from the shore of Paradise to congregate about the festive board in the Emerson foretop and mourn the "End of a Perfect Day." The password was "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow is Friday and we eat beans and quaff oyster soup in Bancroft Hall."

Hostilities commenced about eight o'clock, the lid being removed with due ceremonies by the Senior Officer present; mess gear sounded and all hands turned to.

The lively atmosphere and enthralling melody kept the guests on their feet, and dancing of a most rigorous and esthetic nature was indulged in. It must be conceded that in spite of its rare beauty, the Board of Censorship would scarcely have urged its adoption by the best conservatories.

As the evening advanced festivities increased in intensity. The arrival of the class president from distant Arkansas about the middle of the soft-shell crab course was the signal for another uprising which resulted in the victim's being called upon for a speech. As the applause was continuous from introduction to peroration, the immortal words were lost to the despairing shorthand artist who endeavored to get within battle range. The insurrection being in some degree stamped out and the ringleaders having been muzzled with sweetbreads and tall glasses—grape-juice—all hands carried on with the coaling. After the kitchen and cellar had been somewhat denuded of their wealth by the voracious horde several "danseuses" just released from the "Frolic" appeared upon the dais at the side of the banquet hall and caused another violent ebullition which only subsided after vigorous action on the part of the Committee on Law and Order.

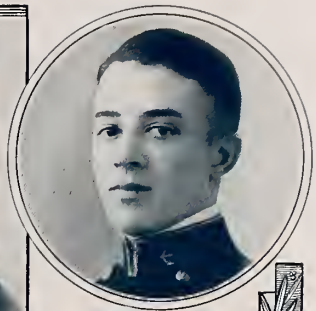
Altogether, it was a most memorable feast and adjudged by many connoisseurs the best supper they ever drank. And, indeed, it will ever linger in memory as among the pleasantest hours of good fellowship within our ken.

Hop Committee

Dillon

Eaches

Styer


C.A.F Sprague

Wilkinson

J.S.Phillips

Byers

Gibson

A.H.Page Jr

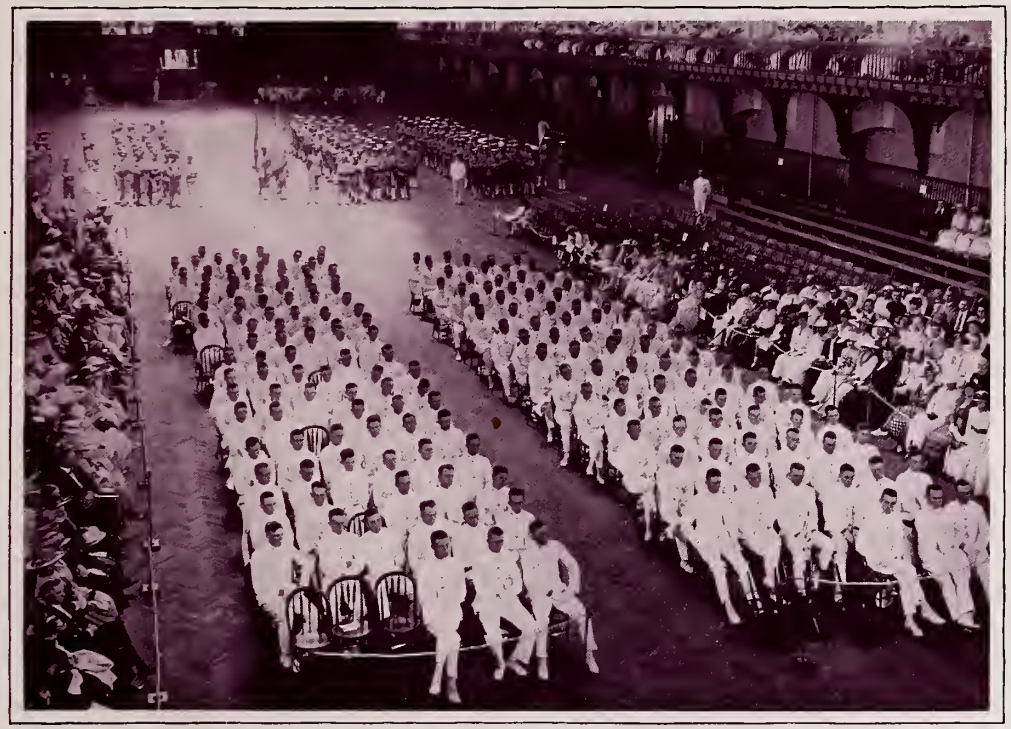
Courtney

Richardson

C.K Post

Andrews

THE NAVY GIRL



JUNE WEEK

L. G. Fisher

S.G. Fisher

Withers

Athletic Assn.

Byers

Fowler

Douthit

CAPTAINS

Browning

Jerauld Wright

Beisemier

Smith

Gallemore

Crutcher

Bledsoe

Mills

When "Doug" Howard issued his call for candidates for the football team early in September of our plebe year about half the class turned out. By the time the upperclassmen returned the coaches had picked out the likely-looking men for the Varsity Squad, and the rest furnished the nucleus for the plebe team. Mills' hard consistent work won him a regular place at left guard, where he was a tower of strength in every game. Some very good teams were played here during the season of 1914. One of the best games was probably that with Colby, in which we were on the short end of the score until the third and fourth quarters.

We met the Army at Franklin Field and the conditions were ideal. The Pointers' Air Line attack was too much for the heavy line-crashing team that we had, and they won 20-0.

Before the semi-ans were started, Jonas had started practice again, and had a good-sized squad practising in the Armory on Wednesdays and Thursdays. This practice was of incalculable value in handling and passing the ball. All that Spring Jonas worked us as

Fisher

only Jonas can. Our youngster year the team played erratic football, probably due to the fact that it was a young, green team, but this was the beginning of a new era in Navy football. Jonas had brought a new system—that of the open game, combined with the excellent system used at Harvard. The Army game was a disappointment. A rainy, muddy day took away our high hope for a victory, Oliphant contributing in no small measure to West Point's success.

Holtmann

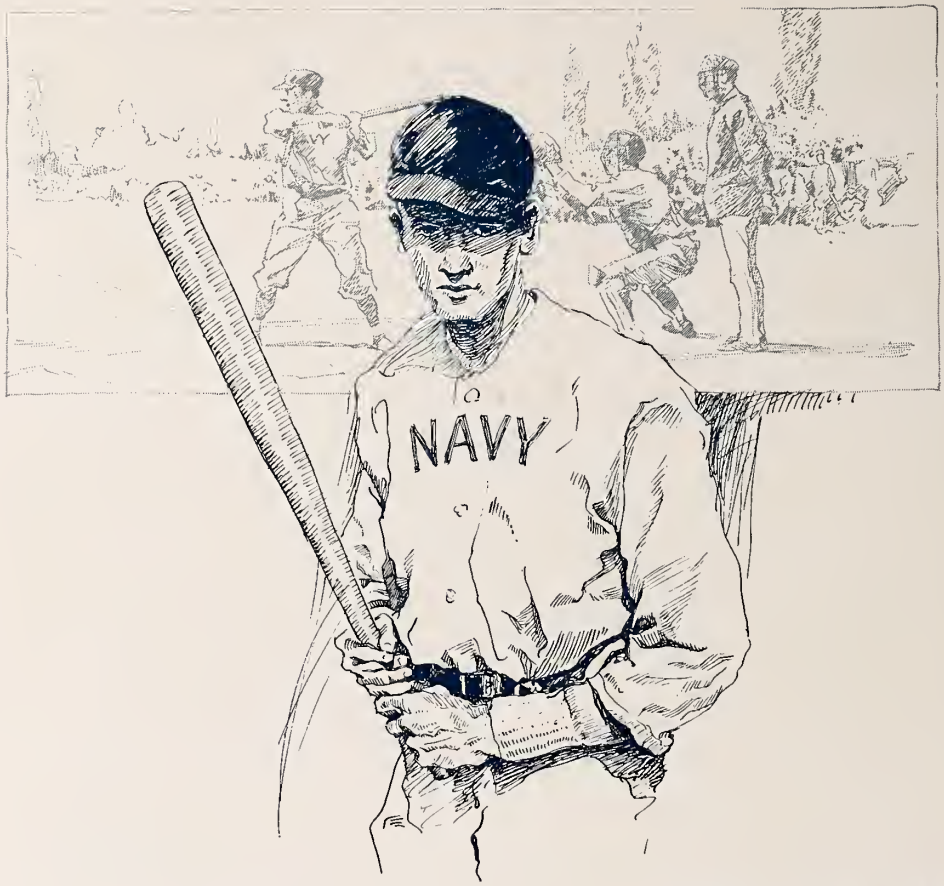
The last football season that we spent at the Naval Academy was by far the brightest season that the Academy has had since 1913. In all, we had one of the most perfectly balanced teams that ever represented the Navy. Our game with Pittsburg is one that will be recorded in the annals of football history as one of the best. We are justly proud of the team that held Pittsburg—the best team in the country—to a virtual tie.

Whelan

The success with the forward pass was remarkable. Not a team that faced us could gain on a forward pass. We knew what our team could do when they crossed the Army's goal line for the first time since 1907. Our own Bubbles Fisher played a wonderful game at end. The way he covered Pop Perry's long punts and was there to down the receiver was a sight that made every Navy heart beat faster. Horse Holtmann stopped everything that came near him, and was a good consistent player throughout the season.

Garrett

We have gone through here without ever ringing the old bell. Let that touchdown of 1916 be the start of a successful season as a reward to our Jonas who eats, sleeps, and thinks only of beating the Army.



Baseball.

The baseball season of 1917 brought the dawn of an entirely new system of coaching at the Academy. The old "Regime" was wiped out, and everything was begun along new lines. There was of course no chance to test this system in an Army game, but if the early season development of the team can be taken as a criterion, it seems logical that the new system should be given a good trial in the future.

The first call brought out over one hundred men, and from February until the middle of March, the Armory was filled daily with the plebes working hard to make an impression, and the old timers easing off gradually on the "old soup bone." Due to the early graduation of the class of 1917, the team had to be picked from three classes. Coach Lush began at the bottom and impressed the fundamentals of baseball into the raw

material, instead of trying immediately to polish off rough spots. The result was marked improvement, especially in hitting.

The biggest gap left open was that of the pitching department, but hard work by the men themselves and good teaching of Lieut. Needham soon had several fair prospects under way. When the season opened we had a team made up, with two exceptions, of inexperienced material, and we did not expect that a new team would have immediate success. It was clearly shown, however, that "the stuff" was there, and that team play was now the necessary factor, which could be developed with time. Although we lost the first two games of the season there was a noticeable improvement between the games, and when the third game came around, the team began to show its strength, the result being a victory.

Then came the news of the schedule being called off, due to the war. It was a big disappointment, both to coaches and players. There was nothing left now but to build for the future. An interclass series was first arranged. The class of 1918, composed almost entirely of the Academy team, easily defeated the youngsters. The plebes had a fine team on paper, and were liberally backed by their class, but they, too, were defeated, giving the class championship to 1918.

In the Stands

Interbattalion games were next in order, and in these much new material was developed. The Second Battalion defeated the First, and the Third defeated the Fourth. In the play off, the Third Battalion won in a well-played and very interesting game. All championships were thus decided save that of the interwing. There have been ball games and ball games, but few ever contained so many thrilling moments as this one. There was action every minute and runs were few and far between. Three double plays at the plate, some sensational fielding, and wonderful pitching in the pinches, were a few of the features. The Right Wing was one run to the good at the last half of the ninth, but bunched hits, daring base running, and plenty of fight pulled the game out of the hole, and the Left Wing came through with two runs, the game and the dinner.

All considered that the series gave new material, which would have been overlooked in normal times, a chance to display itself. When the team takes the field next season the coaches will have a solid foundation upon which to build, and mighty fine builders are "Bill" Lush and Lieut. Needham. Too much praise cannot be given them for the work they accomplished. Not only was the baseball ability developed but the general spirit of the squad was raised to a perfect standard by their personal influences. There are, however, many gaps left by 1918, which must be filled, but we know that "Bill" will be equal to the situation. In parting we wish him the best of fortune, and have confidence that he will break the Army's string of victories at the next meeting and hang one up in the Navy's hall of fame.

In Action

Lacrosse

The Team

War and early graduation handicapped all athletics severely, but this game of lacrosse can lay claim to greatest disappointment in that respect. It's a game that is learned at the Academy and takes both time and patience in the learning; hence when '17 left, taking with them the veterans, George Finlayson and his remaining stick artists were up against something of a proposition. With five letter men and a bunch of raw material George started out to build up a new team. The team worked in good old Navy style—then, just when we were about to find out how well we had succeeded, Johns Hopkins cancelled, and a week later all athletic events suffered in the same way.

Two games were played, however, one a practice game with Baltimore City College and the other with Pennsylvania. The B. C. C. game was rather easy; the team trimmed them, 10 to 1. From a standpoint of perfect lacrosse form, the game was disappointing, but the team showed much promise, nevertheless. The stick work as a whole was poor, and many chances to score were lost on that account, but the team work was good and that was the promising part.

Fast Work

Douthit

In the Pennsylvania game, there was a marked improvement in both stick and team work, which made the team work mighty good. Our defense, which was composed almost entirely of green men, was excellent. The team showed a general tendency towards rounding into shape, but the game ended with the score 4 to 1, high number opposite Navy.

The season, while disappointing when judged by the number of games played, was decidedly successful. We had few accidents, none of a serious nature. Our squad was the largest in the history of the game here; moreover, interest increased to such an extent that our games were well attended, even the battalion games drawing good-sized crowds. Too much cannot be said in praise of Coach Finlayson and his work. He converted a green team into a smooth-running machine that was just finding itself when the season was so unfortunately terminated, and moreover, lighted afresh the spirit of fight and "pep" in the squad that bids fair to keep the Navy in the high position she now occupies in the lacrosse world.

VARSITY CREW

VARSITY CREW SEASON

It is somewhat difficult to discuss a season that was so abruptly ended, but since we feel that only the war prevented a complete success, it is worth while considering.

Last fall when Dick arrived, work started off at a regular spring clip—and that is some pace, as anyone knows. Two boats were picked with no attempt at constructing a Varsity, as yet, and nip and tuck the struggle for victory was fought each evening. Every man had a chance, as is always the case when Dick coaches, and everyone was pulling his hardest for a seat in the big boat this spring. After three weeks the fall season was over and Dick left, saying that we were already as far advanced as most crews are in March.

Semi-ans over, the work began again. The largest crew squad in the history of the Academy turned out, and there were more men than the shells could seat. Cold weather kept us in the tank for practice until the end of February, but when the winds died down Dick had boated a crew that was final, and it was some crew. The plebes also gave great promise in a long limbed, husky bunch of men, several of whom had swung a blade before

entering the Academy. In fact, there wasn't a really poor crew on the water.

Pretty soon the newspapers began to take notice and printed a column or so about the Varsity crew that the Navy was developing. Dick said nothing, but he smiled at Skinny Rockwell whenever the Varsity shot by the float and Skinny would smile in return. Those who know realize what that meant.

One day he took us over the Henley course for time. When we finished, every man dog tired and leaning over his oar, Dick drawled "Pretty good fellers, but you'll have to do better than that in the future." No one knew that the time made for the distance was 6.40, so the next day when the Varsity lined up at the start, there was determination in everybody's heart to "vibrate" the shell, and the finish saw them four lengths ahead of the nearest crew. Dick and Skinny had to compare their watches to believe it, but both checked us as 6.32, just two seconds slower than the record for the Severn course.

Now came the bitterest blow of all. Early graduation of '17 lost to the Varsity three men on the port side, two on the starboard and the coxswain. Our stroke, Dillon, of whom it was said "There has never been a better stroke in the Academy" was one of those missing, and our crippled crew faced a race just three weeks away.

With the spirit that has always characterized the crew squad, every one left settled down and worked just so much the harder in order to make up the deficiency. There was no rhinoing—everyone realized that the fact confronting them was too arduous to waste time in useless regret. Fowler was elected captain and Alexander manager and the molding of a new Varsity crew was commenced.

"Dick"

The plebes, in the meantime, had been improving steadily, and every evening now gave the first crew a stiff brush, so that there was plenty of competition to get the Varsity

18's PLEBES

in trim for the Potomac Boat Club.

The Washingtonians came down here expecting to hang our scalp at their belts for they had made an excellent showing last fall in the South Atlantic Regatta held on the Potomac, and moreover, they banked upon our being crippled by loss of men. We were, but when the finish line was crossed that Saturday, it was the Navy shell that led by six lengths of open water. This terminated our crew season, for three days before Pennsylvania was due all outside competitions were cancelled.

Loafing up

It was an entirely victorious season, but hardly satisfactory because of its shortness. We were confident that our first Varsity crew, the one that was broken up, was the equal of any, if not the best in the country. Dick himself said one day, "If you men keep up your present clip, I'll have you shooting for new records." Nor must we forget the disappointments which were his. To have labored so earnestly for the past three seasons to build up a record crew, and then, just when he was to reap his reward to have it snatched away from him was doubly bitter. There never was another coach like Dick, and we know that those who follow are going to give him the support he deserves. Here's hoping that they may be the best ever.

1918 PLEBE CREW

When Culbert called for plebe crew candidates in the fall of 1914, our class responded by turning out a big fall squad, filling four shells with the wealth of material. Then it was that we caught our first glimpse of Dick—quiet, unassuming, with a tired yet kindly expression on his weather-beaten face, but oh, what a driver and a worker!

Every evening saw the squad out on the water with him. They banged their knees, blistered their hands and caught crabs ad infinitum for the first few weeks. But by the time the fall season drew to an end they had made a good start.

In the middle of January Dick came again, and with him a stiff program of work, and by the end of February our training table—a veritable plebe heaven—and frequent trips to Round Bay had all in good physical condition.

For the next month competition was rife, no man being sure of his seat, and often changes were made but by the end of March the final seating arrangement went into effect with Duke Page as our captain.

We thought that we were doing pretty well in those days when we used to fight it out with the second Varsity and come in two or three lengths behind the big crew, but we were far from perfect. There was a daily howl from the stroke four of "She's down to port" and an answering wail from the bow four of "She's down to starboard." So we christened the old boat the "Helicoidal" and called her "Hell" for short.

"Count off"

Princeton Embarks

One week before our first race, however, a punctured air compartment sank us in mid-Severn and as some one thoughtfully pushed his foot through the bottom, "the Jinx is drowned for good."

The next day our crew found themselves boated in the "Pullman Car." The result was marvelous. The plebes jumped the Varsity from the start and led them all the way down, cleaning up by five or six lengths in a four mile row from Round Bay. Just to show it wasn't a fluke, they did it all the rest of the week. They made the Henley distance in 6.43 one afternoon.

The 17th of April brought Princeton. We had heard much about their Freshman crew —how they used to give the Varsity stiff races and how they had laid off a whole week from studies to get in trim. We were all anxious but confident that we could do as well as they, and when the two shells shot away from the start, Navy plebes had gained half a length. When the spurt at the little red house had begun, Navy gained another two lengths. The race ended with the Navy four lengths ahead, the time being exactly ten seconds faster than that made by the winning Princeton Varsity, which rowed a few minutes later under identical weather conditions.

1918's crew leaped into newspaper prominence as a result, and received much favorable comment, many critics saying that it was the best plebe crew that the Academy had seen in years. So it did not surprise anyone when we easily defeated Central High School—the champions of Philadelphia rowing circles. The time was six seconds slower than that made by Harvard on the same day, although the crew was not pushed in any manner, winning by eight lengths.

The hardest race was with the Penn Freshmen. There was a high head wind blowing and our plebes had the outside course. In the first half-mile things were very close, Navy being only three-quarters of a length ahead, and after that proceeded to get even closer, for Penn spurted, rowing her short fast stroke against our long heaves and was only a few feet behind at the Little Red House and was gaining steadily. It was then that Proc gave her fifty (will we ever forget them) Styer responded with a beautiful spurt, and with every man behind him '18 swept across the line victors by three lengths. This closed our winning season, and the one regret was that our crew could not go to the Henley to clean up, as they would have done, for the winning time there—which is a faster course than the Severn—had been bettered by us on several occasions.

MIDDIE PLEBES OUTROW CENTRAL

Local Schoolboy Eight Makes Creditable Showing on Severn River Course

ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 24.—Although defeated by the Naval Academy fourth class, the Central High School crew rowed a creditable race this afternoon. The course was a mile and five-eighths, the Henley distance on the Severn River, and the distance was covered by the winning crew in exactly seven minutes. This was 17 seconds faster than Central's time, the crew finishing about four lengths to the good.

The race was first of three contests which made up the biggest aquatic program of the local season. In the second, the Naval Academy second crew defeated the Analostans, of Washington, and in the final, which was the big race, the Harvard eight defeated the Naval Academy first crew by three lengths.

An indication of the good work done by the youngsters was that the winning crew covered the course four seconds better time than the first Navy crew did and only eight seconds slower than Harvard. All the races were started just past the railroad bridge, about two miles above Annapolis, and were rowed upstream. The races were started immediately after each other, but conditions did not change to any practical degree and were ideal. There was no wind and the surface of the water was clear. The crews:

Central High School—Roring, bow, 147, 5-6; Rhaod, 2, 148, 5-7; Chambers, 3, 147, 5-10½; Supplee, 4, 153, 5-11; Stafford, 5, 167, 6-2½; Keller, 6, 155, 5-10; Thomas, 7, 167, 5-10; Aloe, stroke, 160, 5-10; Murdock, coxswain, 105, 5-5.

Naval Academy, fourth class—Alexander, bow, 150, 5-10½; Weiber, 2, 170, 5-11½; Alvis, 3, 165, 5-11½; Rogers, 4, 168, 5-10½; Fowler, 5, 175, 6; Paige, 6, 172, 6-3; Lawyer, 7, 172, 6-2; Styer, stroke, 154, 6-1; Thornton, coxswain, 108, 5-4.

N.Y. EVENING POST

MAY 3, 1915

Intercollegiate sport on Saturday was favored by beautiful weather, as becomes May Day, and interesting contests were waged on land and water. Pennsylvania's 'varsity crew did not escape distinction of defeating the Annapolis 'varsity, an honor which already had fallen to Princeton and Harvard. Suggestion that crews of these universities did well to make hay as it were, while the sun shone, is found in the splendid boatload of plebes which atoned for the 'varsity defeat by beating the Quaker freshmen. Next season, when these cub midshipmen sit in the university shell, there will perhaps be another story to tell. Princeton lost the Straw Hat Day game to Penn-

VETS WERE MISSED

It is fair to say for the Navy lads that failure of some of their veterans to maintain their scholastic standing has played havoc with the crew during the week and some of the best men had to be kept out of the boat. Before the race Coach Glendon stated that his junior crew had been beating the first crew during the week and this was borne out by the fact that the time of the fourth class crew was better than that of the Princeton varsity, though the conditions were about the same. However, Princeton's rowing away from home and under adverse conditions is given credit for its strong race, and it was not pressed hard enough to show just what it could do.

TRACK TEAM

The 1917 track season was begun with a firm determination to put the Navy team on the "map" of the cinder path world. An early start, made during the winter months in the form of cross-country runs, was carried through and these were not limited in their extent, as we were permitted to leave the Academic limits twice a week. These weekly runs were well attended and all hands showed much interest and enthusiasm.

Soon came the indoor meets, one handicap meet with St. John's College and the other with Catholic University. In both of these meets Navy came out an easy winner and all looked most favorable when the early graduation of the class of 1917 was announced. Coming as it did, quite unexpectedly, we lost several point winners. This necessitated the election of a new team captain and Tim Withers, the man for the job, was elected. From this point on, a rearrangement of conditions took place and after a thorough analysis of the abilities of those left, made by our capable coach, Lt. Comdr. McNair, we still had a chance to carry out our original intentions.

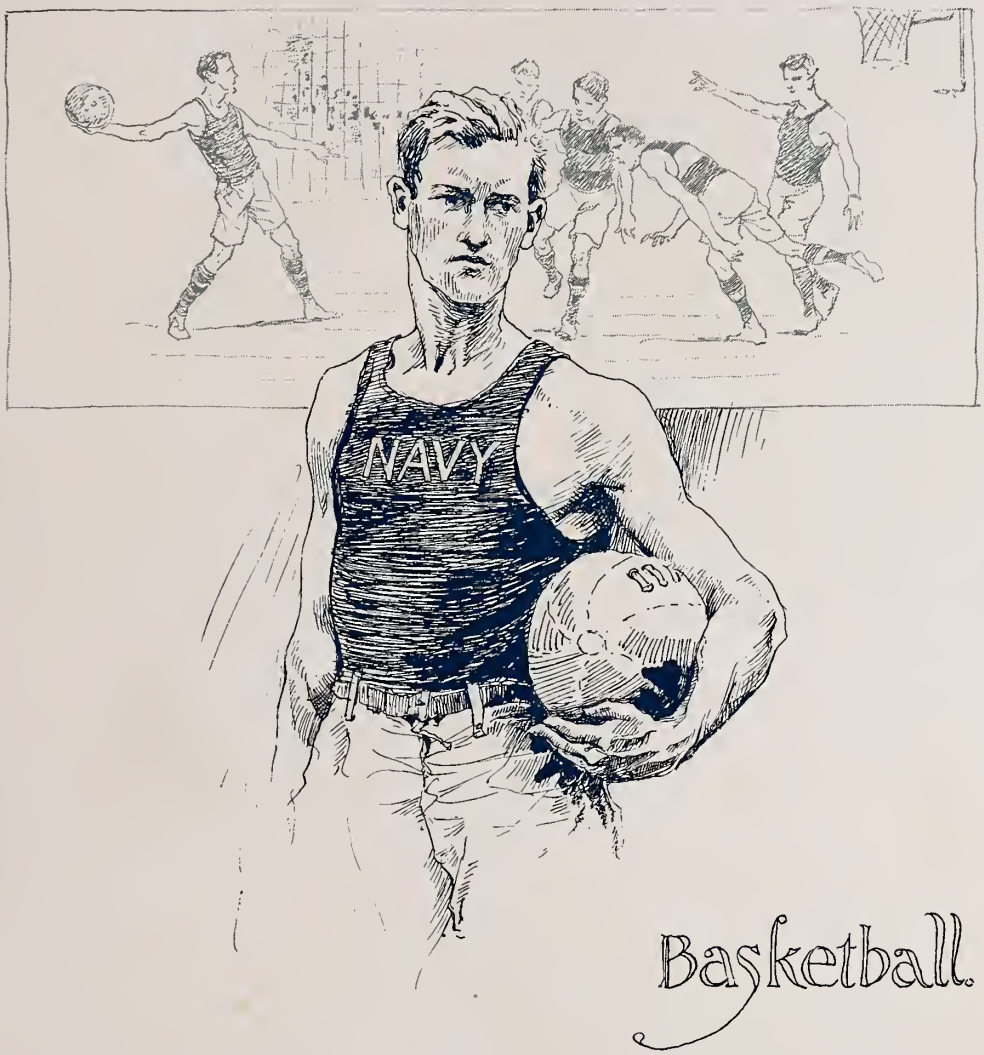
The Start

A High One

Our track, which heretofore has been very slow due to a dip in the back stretch, was worked over and improved and by the time we were ready to go outside it was in the best of shape. This was due primarily to the efforts of our coach and our two managers, Leffler and Dillon, both of whom lent a helping hand at every turn.

Once outside, each began to hit his stride. The training table began in a business-like way and continued so. The boards were cleared of those who could not deliver the goods and their places taken by more capable men.

All was going well, but just a week from the Pennsylvania meet, athletic relations were called off with all outside colleges by the Sec Nav. What was the result? Well, just as one might expect. A regret that we would not have a fighting chance, nor a completed season. Not losing sight of the 1918 season and its possibilities we continued our practice for several weeks, at the end of which time an inter-wing meet was held. As a reward for the efforts put forth, appropriate medals were awarded to winners and seconds in each event, and from the times in all events, especially the hundred, the two-twenty, the four-forty and the hurdles, it was quite evident that our ambitions would have been realized. With the material at hand and the spirit of that material (for heart is what counts in track work) there is little doubt in our minds that we would have made Pennsylvania, Pittsburg and Virginia make knots to pass our cruisers in the home stretch.



Basketball

Basketball is a sport that our class, strangely enough, has never taken up to any great extent. The class teams, however, have been well supported, and here, as in most other class sports, we have enjoyed distinction.

In the squad that turned out plebe year, there were many who were just below Varsity caliber and before the season was over we had the three upper classes more than disturbed about the Academy championship.

We won from every one but the second class, much to the sorrow of the youngsters, both ideally and materially. The first class never counted—they were perfectly content to seek pleasure elsewhere.

We won all outside games except that with the University of Pennsylvania Freshmen, losing that by a close score.

Youngster year we seemed to start where we left off plebe year. The others really did not have a chance. The season ended with us far in advance of the rest. The squad was practically the same as that of the preceding year, and the following year not a few went to the Varsity. Lockhart and Byers have been our most brilliant tossers.

We found out the next year that we had had our last class sport; the reorganization of athletics at the Academy demanded that interclass competition be abandoned. Chagrined as we were at the time, we now at least have the satisfaction of knowing that our last efforts were crowned with success—the feeling that one has when he quits ahead of the game.

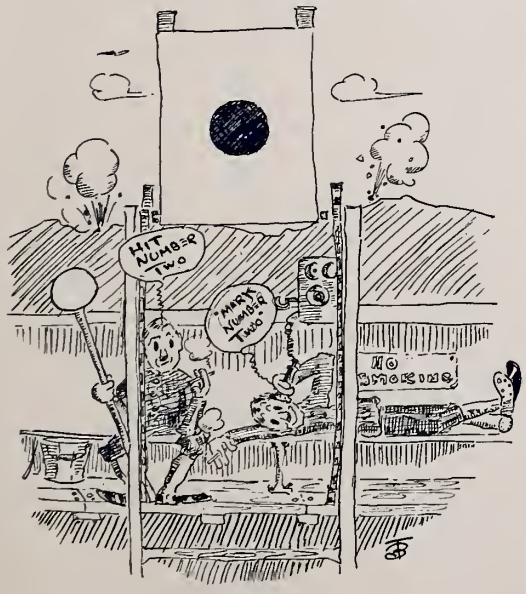
Basketball seems to have been killed with the abolition of class games, but everyone has become so familiar with watching a Navy victory before the informal, that success is becoming monotonous anyway. The Sunday afternoon games are doing their best to help Coach Calliflower keep the spirit alive, and '19 has a bunch of players, so we'll have at least one more big season, in which to again humble all intercollegiate champions and aspirants as of yore.

RIFLE TEAM

Rifle shots are not born, they are made; like all sports, rifle shooting requires study, mastering of detail and good nerves, combined with no little practice. From a military point of view the value of rifle shooting is seldom appreciated. It's hard to tell when one of us might be called upon to land a bullet in something other than a bull or one of those rifle scary crows. Training along these lines is invaluable to the development of recruits.

Through '18's entire career at the Academy the team has been as great a success as could be hoped for, considering the bettering teams we met. Defeats have been few and far between. Plebe year we finished on top side of every match save one, the intercollegiates. Youngster cruise found us testing our luck against the Los Angeles Rifle Club, one of the West's best teams. New guns and three months without practice lost the day.

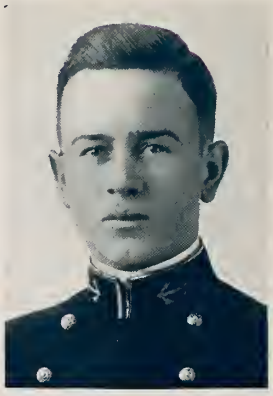
The following spring we fired a match which will long be remembered by every man on the squad. The 71st New York came down to carry off the apple of every team man's eye, David. With three thousand odd points per team the score was a tie. Another string fired at 600 yards won the day for Navy by one point.



First class year the outdoor rifle team work consisted of a couple of weeks' practice and during this short time we located a number of men invaluable to the success of the future teams. A promising season was in store for us and just at the time when our hopes were the brightest we were sadly interrupted by the war and the attending restrictions. However, the spirit of the squad will always prevail throughout the Regiment and we know we can rely upon those that follow us to keep the trophy David in our midst.

Kiernan Jeter De Kay

FENCING SQUAD



Gallemore

The Fencing Team won all its meets, as usual, during the winter, but at the end of the season, within a few weeks of the intercollegiates, the early graduation left it sadly crippled. The best men with both foils and sabres were lost, and consequently prospects of keeping the Iron Man were not bright.

However, the squad worked hard and left for New York determined to do its best. The results speak for themselves; the Navy won both sabre and foil team championships. The two sabre men, Sherman and Kiernan, won all their bouts and had to fight it out for individual honors. Jeter took the individual foil championship, and Abbott came in second in the novice event after a tie and a decision on points. Let it suffice to say that the little Iron Man will stay in Recreation Hall another year, and that the supremacy of the Navy swordsmen remains unchallenged.

Sherman

WRESTLING

Wrestling at the Naval Academy has developed in the last few years to be the greatest of all the indoor sports, especially because it is a man's game and because we have had excellent teams. The interest the Academy has taken in this sport has contributed as much perhaps to its success as the hard, consistent work of the coach and the team.

Last year's squad was no doubt one of the best that ever represented the Navy on the wrestling mat, and the fact that we lost two meets during the season does not in our eyes detract from its ability. The team was in fine form until a week before the first meet, when two of the point winners were crippled for the rest of the season. After this, luck continued against us, first one man getting hurt and then another. In spite of all, we are proud of the record. In passing, we cannot fail to mention the name of Captain Wyatt, who by dint of good, hard labor brought the team to a high state of efficiency. Ward, the undefeated "light-heavy" man, put away two intercollegiate champions in the same meet, a record which it will take a long time to equal. Grant was a veritable little wildcat, and always "produced" in fine style. Redmond, Beisemeier, Rogers, Nelson, Anderson, and Maichle have done excellent work, winning and holding their own against men superior in strength and weight.

Beisemeier was elected captain for 1918, but due to the early graduation the "General" will never lead the Navy team. Redmond was chosen to succeed him, and if the war ends soon there will be an opportunity for the Navy to come in strong on next year's schedule.

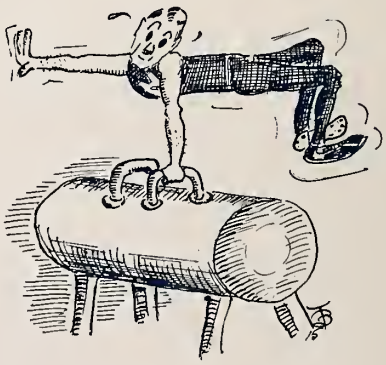
GYMNASIUM

Starting the year with a crippled squad, only the conscientious work of every man on the team enabled us to compete favorably with such schools as Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania.

No other sport requires more constant grinding and excitementless training, and the fact that we have always had enough men who were willing to make the effort has given us the enviable record of but two defeats in six years.

There is no doubt that in Mr. Mang and Mr. Boehmke we have the best coaches in the country. Gym is a sport in which individual excellence counts, and this would be impossible without coaches of untiring patience.

Benson and Councill regularly defeated intercollegiate champions, and the remainder of the team, although never as spectacular at the game, proved themselves consistent point-winners.



For years the goal of the Gym and Wrestling teams has been the "Intercollegiates," an ambition as yet unrealized. We had them headed this way for next fall and had things continued smoothly, we believe some titles would have changed hands.

Gym is one sport in which we never have to apologize for teams.

SWIMMING TEAM

The fortunes of the Naval Academy Swimming Team wax and wane like a sine curve. A year or two before 1918 resigned freedom for the glory of glittering uniforms, the Naval Academy team was in the prep school class. Our plebe year the swimming team reached its zenith; that year we came through the season undefeated and, having won against Pennsylvania and Columbia, could rightly claim the intercollegiate championship. Youngster year the final score-board may not have been such an inspiring sight, but ineligibility from lack of a 2.5 got in its foul work and the New York Athletic Club and Chicago University trimmed us by small margins. Second class year the horrors of war descended on us and we only had one meet.

What would have happened first class year must remain a matter of conjecture, but it is "not a very violent assumption" that with Captain Browning, Goggins, Winter and Griffiths in the relay and forty yard; Browning, Goggins and Eekhout in the hundred; Haight and Eekhout in the two-twenty; Post and Griffiths in the back stroke; and Crowell, Campbell, Guerin and Post in the plunge and especially with the able coaching of Mr. Hueber, the curve would have taken a decided upward slope.

TENNIS

The season of tennis, if it may be called such, was short but snappy. Practice started late on outside courts without the usual preliminaries. Notwithstanding this, the squad by its size proved that the Regiment was interested.

In about three weeks all was running smoothly and everything seemed fair for a successful season when '17 graduated. This took from us our two sure bets, Randolph and Haeberle, and made necessary the development of a new team with new material, around Captain Slocum as a nucleus. A short time later by dint of hard work, Graham and Ketchum made us feel less keenly our loss, as they developed their smashing, volleying and footwork with great rapidity.

Crutcher

Our one match, St. John's, was close at hand and the horizon brightened considerable. Then—Bang! All athletic schedules were cancelled. This included tennis. Farewell to our aspirations!

However, practice continued with a view to next year, and barring extreme bad luck, Navy will have the winning college team in tennis next year.

To Coach Foster is due credit for all that was accomplished. His knowledge and willingness to help were invaluable and our thanks are for him.

THE SQUAD

Coach, Instructor Foster

Captain, Slocum, '19
Crutcher, '18 Manager
Smith, C. R., Asst. Manager

Richardson, '19
Cochran, '19
Foster, '19
Graham, '20
Ketchum, '20
Ten Eyke, '20
McVay, '20

WHAT CAN WE DO

At last, after patient years, we have grit and grace
To look in a Frenchman's face;
We can speak the Belgian, the British, the Russian name
Without a sinking of shame.
At last—oh, the joy and the pride of it!—
Our country will "do her bit!"

Though our brother is over the farthest sea,
Our brother's keepers are we.
Though savage chief, or the distant, most alien lord
Has done a deed abhorred,
Though the meanest churl in the deepest African wild
Has beaten the smallest child,
Ours is the quarrel, and ours is the holy cause,
And ours are Duty's laws.

Who has heard of a righteousness of degrees,
Hemmed by convenient seas?
Of brotherhood bounded,
Of mercy surrounded,
Of love cold-shackled by ease?
A widow's tear is a little thing,
But it drowns the pomp of the mightiest king,
And it washes boundary lines away,
And it sweeps old foulnesses into the day,
And on it travels, afar, alone,
Till it leaps to the foot of the great white throne.
There is no distant and no near,
No halting, no fear,
When a hero sees a widow's tear.

What can we do?
It is easy to be too young, too old;
It is easy to be too rich, too poor,
Too busy to see it through,
Too basely secure;
But it is not easy to be too bold.
What can we do?
We can do the thing we are told.

Not to the hero the choice of his deed,
Weighing the easiest, picking the safest and least.
His to answer the need,
Far or near, west or east,
In the general's tent or where men battle and bleed.
This is the hero's test:
Not prudence, not foresight, not calmness and caution
of mind,
But a leap, and no looking behind;
And instant yea, and God for the rest.

With no debate,
No query of dubious fate,
Though he choose the bursting shell,
Though he choose a flaming hell,
Though he choose the hospital's pitiful, narrow strait,
The hero chooses well.

Better a lifetime hid from the light of the sun
Than be blind to the world's great need and the thing to
be done.
Better a lifetime shut from the song of the bird
Than be deaf to Duty's imperial word.
Better a lifetime bound to the cripple's chair
Than walk for an hour the path of a coward's care.
Better an empty purse forever and aye
Than a purse filled once, only once, the Judas way,
Better Duty's rudest, ungarlanded grave
Than all the glittering show of a selfish knave.

What can we do?
We can hold us true
To the highest thought and the broadest view.
We can smile at the threat of an evil fate,
We can scorn to hate,
We can bury fear in the pit of doubt,
We can sing, we can sing with courage stout,
We can see it through.

What can we do? We can do our best.
Each his best and not his neighbor's,—
Money, body, prayers and labors,
Cheer and faith and eager zest;
Each, at the world-wide, heaven-high call
To do his best, to stand or fall,
To lead or follow, tarry or go,
Guard at home or face the foe,
Living to die, and dying to live,
His best, and all of his best, to give.

And at last, when the glorious end has come,
And the battle sounds forever are dumb,
When the battle horror, the battle fear,
Are lost in the light of the golden year,
When all are seeking all men's good
And the nations are welded in brotherhood,
Then—oh, jubilant dawning!—then
Heroes of women and heroes of men
They shall have right to the victors' place.
They shall have right to look God in the face.

—*Amos R. Wells*

MEXICAN ATHLETICS

MEX

There is one branch of athletics, at least, that has been affected by the war and early graduation—in a distinctly different way from any other. Far from being handicapped, its many teams have been immeasurably aided by the events which ruined the other sports. For Mexican Athletics is a sport, and to say it is a popular one is putting it mildly. It is universal. Is it not called the King of Indoor Sports, and do not its devotees call it the King of all sports? They are not content with supporting one team; there is material enough for at least four teams, with a large squad out for each: the Radiator Club, the Cosmo Club, the Ben Johnson Club, and the Royal Order of the Bull-Can Bohunks.

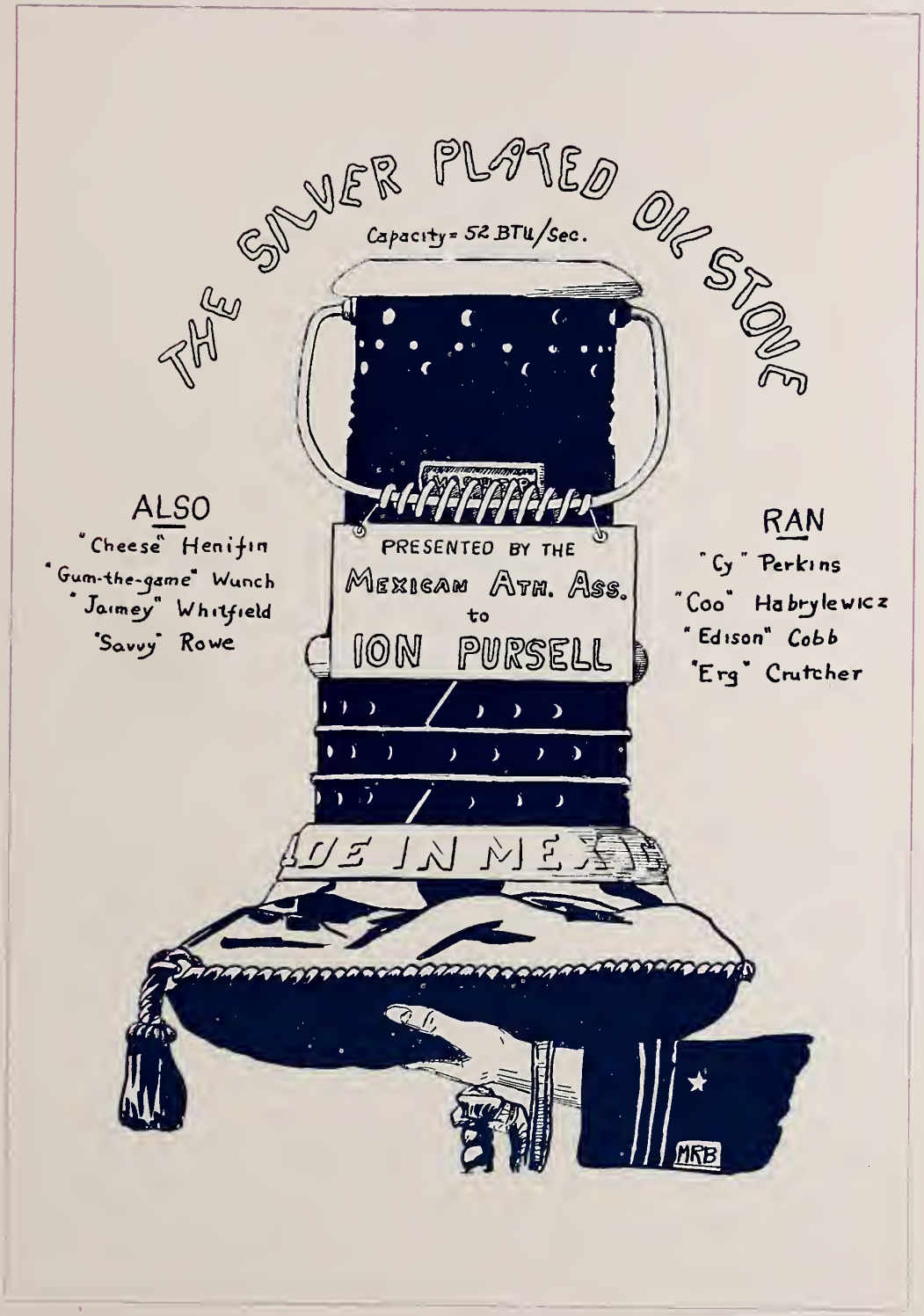
An All-American Mexican athlete—as the captains of all those four teams are—is born, not made—to be truthful for once—yet by hard, plugging work, any ambitious candidate can make his "B. H." Of course, it is one thing to make the team, and another to equal Jim Waddell's fluent flow, for he is far beyond all competitors for the Enameled Ear-protectors—the trophy for proficiency. Yet we urge all who think they have the stuff in them to come out for one of our teams; it may be an up-hill fight, for the established artists are legion, but the benefits are innumerable. Self-reliance, mental alertness, imagination, and the ability to throw a monstrous bluff—all these are assets gained by becoming proficient; witness, Swabo Courtney.

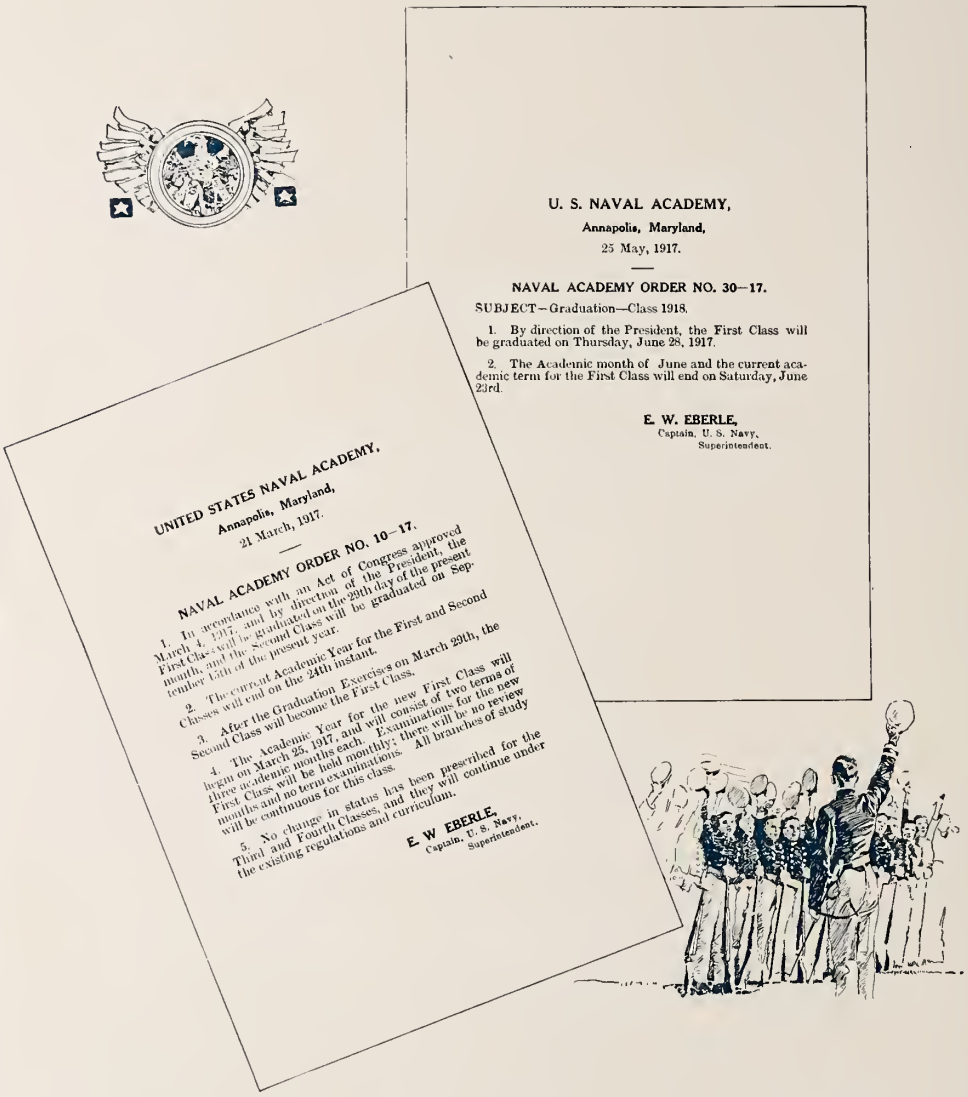
We have had few outside contests this season, and the Army fest had to be cancelled, but the interclub sessions were closely contested. The meet between the Radiator Ruffians and the Bull-Can Bohunks was an event that will go down in history. The bystanders gave the decision, unofficially, to the Bohunks, whose imaginative powers lent color to their attack.

The line-up of the victors was as follows:

POSITIONS	SLINGERS
Mainstay	Jim Waddell
Senior Assistant	Kaad Taylor
Senior Assistant	Leon Lovette
1st Backer	Kaad Taylor
2nd Backer	Red Bannerman
1st Bluff	Hezzy Hopkins
2nd Bluff	Swabo Courtney
Hide-the-Point	Captain Kidd
Advance	Sol Phillips
Retire	Eddie Murphy
Comeback	Jack Duncan
Goatkeeper	Savvy Malone

Gentle reader, we ask your attention for one last moment. As Bill Shakespeare might have said, but didn't "Mexican Athletes are of two classes—the non-rhino and the rhino, to name them in the inverse order of numbers." We have but one optimistic B. H. in the Academy, so there are wonderful opportunities for a clever optimist on any of the teams. We advise you to come out if you can be a really cheerful liar—not cheerful because you are rhino, but just naturally so. We need such men, and with them we can easily trim all comers; we're much better liars than any of them. So come out and help us heave!


THE SILVER PLATED OIL STOVE
Capacity = 52 BTU/Sec.
ALSO
"Cheese" Henifin
"Gum-the-game" Wunch
"Jaimey" Whitfield
"Savvy" Rowe
PRESENTED BY THE
MEXICAN ATH. ASS.
to
ION PURSELL
RAN
"Cy" Perkins
"Coo" Habrylewicz
"Edison" Cobb
"Erg" Crutcher
MRB



U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,

Annapolis, Maryland,

25 May, 1917.

NAVAL ACADEMY ORDER NO. 30—17.

SUBJECT—Graduation—Class 1918.

1. By direction of the President, the First Class will be graduated on Thursday, June 28, 1917.

2. The Academic month of June and the current academic term for the First Class will end on Saturday, June 23rd.

E. W. EBERLE,
Captain, U. S. Navy,
Superintendent.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY,

Annapolis, Maryland,

21 March, 1917.

NAVAL ACADEMY ORDER NO. 10—17.

1. In accordance with an Act of Congress approved March 4, 1917, and by direction of the President, the First Class will be graduated on the 29th day of the present month, and the Second Class will be graduated on September 15th of the present year.

2. The current Academic Year for the First and Second Classes will end on the 24th instant.

3. After the Graduation Exercises on March 29th, the Second Class will become the First Class.

4. The Academic Year for the new First Class will begin on March 25, 1917, and will consist of two terms of three academic months each. Examinations for the new First Class will be held monthly; there will be no review months and no term examinations. All branches of study will be continuous for this class.

5. No change in status has been prescribed for the Third and Fourth Classes, and they will continue under the existing regulations and curriculum.

E. W. EBERLE,
Captain, U. S. Navy,
Superintendent.

Two Slips that Counted, or
What Boosted the Dope Curve

DOPE

DOPE is known to be the invention of a fanciful imagination, but the originator is very seldom discovered because he is extremely careful to hand it out to the crowd as coming from some authoritative source. A Senator or a Representative serves this latter purpose very well, though "D. F. S."—Direct From Superintendent—dope is considered de luxe.

"Say, fellows, I just got this from high channels; I oughtn't let you in on it, but I reckon you can keep it quiet. You see———"and the next day everyone has it that we draw diplomas from the store without requisition on Friday morning. What was the original? That we might graduate a little early. Did they keep it quiet? Foolish question 15432685J.

There are as many varieties of dope as there are unsat marks in a Nav P-Work. The rhino guy springs a gloomy type. "Rube" Waddell, who is generally considered to be the King of them all, is of this class. Any Sunday afternoon of Second Class Year you could find the leaders of thought in joint session out at Doc's. The meeting is called to order by "Rube" in this wise, "I hear that the Steam Department is going to lower all the exam marks, because there were only fifty unsat." Leon Lovette, being the next ratey man, casually announces that one of the Duty Officers told him that the next fellow to get ragged with pockets would be turned back a class. And so it continues, becoming warmer and more warm every minute.

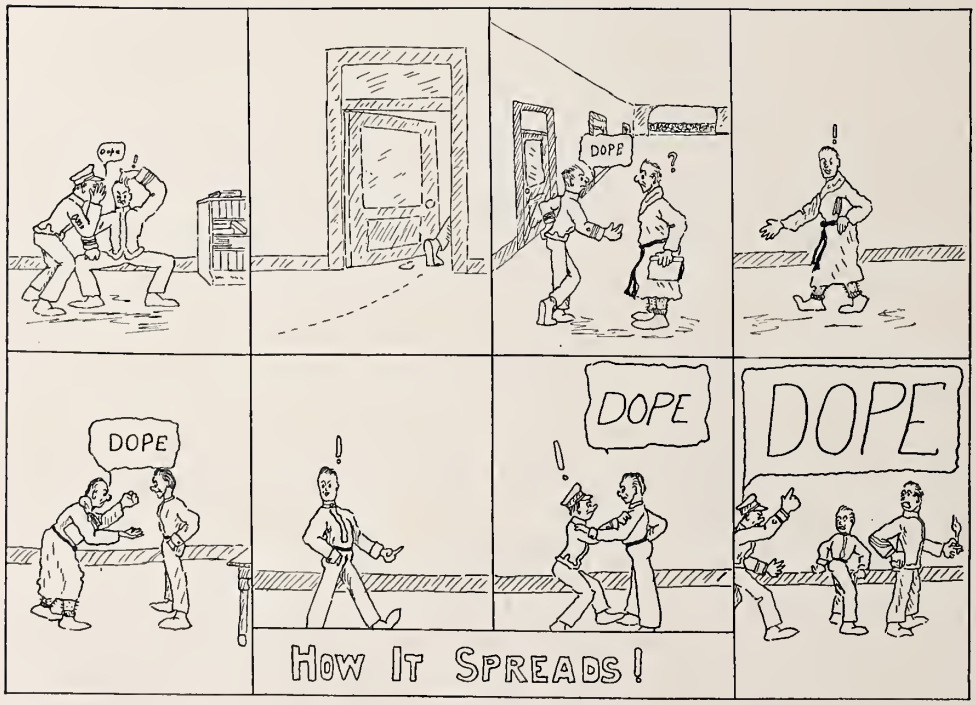
Those who heave an optimistic line are artists of no less ability, and their dope is equally far-fetched. Fowler, Flagg, Duncan, et. al., are numbered in this group.

Their verbiage runs something like this: "I wonder if we get eight cents a mile traveling expenses when we are sent home on a month's recruiting duty. You didn't hear about it? Why my Prof. in Ordnance told me———, etc." Then there are numerous kinds of intermediate dope and dopesters.

Long and constant practice is necessary before a person is enabled to put across his stuff. A novice at the game is certain to appear anxious and nervous, and expression is faulty. An experienced exponent of the pastime, on the other hand, assumes a nonchalant manner and unconcernedly proceeds to spread his lines. During the whole of plebe year, the fourth classmen sit on the bench and observe the methods. Their first real indulgence comes with the cruise and, by the way, this is the time when the seasoned veterans are at their best.

A skagging party is a most propitious occasion for dope fans. As an example, "Turkey" Loomis has just come off a signal watch. He busts in on the gang, lights one up, and announces, "Well, I guess we don't stick around Guantanamo much longer. We just sent a signal to prepare to shove off for New York tomorrow. Yep, the Flag Lieutenant said that these tubs are going to be sold for junk."

And so it goes, increasing in dimensions every minute. A midshipman without a continuous flow of dope is like a blind man without his dark spectacles. "Hey, Murphey, what's the dope?"



See the Midshipmen! Explore the Monster floating forts, they've just come through the Panama Canal! You'll find the battleship life, big guns, projectiles, etc., intensely interesting.

Round Trip Only . . . 25c Visiting Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Don't miss this opportunity to inspect the Pride of our Navy! It's your last chance! They leave Friday! See them tomorrow! Boats frequ from the

FAIR CAPTURED BY THE 'MIDDIES'

Naval and Military Exercises of Midshipmen Among Most Brilliant of Exposition.

Present and future admirals of the United States navy were honored at the exposition yesterday. Incidentally to the naval and military parade rep ed by Admiral Charles Fremont

SPORTS PERMITTED BY LIFTING OF BAN

But General Public Cannot Enter Academy Grounds.

"FOR MIDSHIPMEN ONLY."

Order for "Mugging" Of All Employes Has Not Become Effective at Local Reservation.

The stringent restrictions that have been enforced at the Naval Academy during the last several weeks since the strained relations between the United States and Germany developed, will be lessened up to some extent this week, in that the week-end program of athletic events will be permitted, according to schedule. For the past two weeks all functions of the sort have been cancelled.

But while the sports will take place, the grounds will be

AHOY! MERMAID SWIMS OUT TO VISIT MIDDIES

Mile's Work Wasted; Permission to Climb Aboard Wisconsin Is Refused Miss Anita Boling

CONNOLLY CRUISING.

Martin J. Connolly, the well known local boy who is a student at Annapolis, has written local friends, informing them of the cruise on which his partial fleet of the United States Midshipmen last week on the midship battleship Ohio and on the Wisconsin. Aboard with the midship will first visit Missouri, waters, the returning to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, will visit American Bay, Boston Bay, Boston Province. Town. Bay, Boston Bay, 11 The fleet will experience a long time on opportunity to see what a visit is like, looking forward to Bloom, and he is as to the

TIFFIN MIDDIE OFF ON CRUISE

Another Tiffin Boy Completes Course at Naval School and Third Departs to Enter School.

Olsen H. Bennebolt, son of John Bennebolt, and midshipman completing his second year in the U. S. naval academy at Annapolis, departed today on the U. S. battleship Missouri for the summer cruise. On this cruise the Missouri with its sister ships, the Ohio and Wisconsin, will be manned by middies from the naval academy.

The fleet will go to Culebra, Puerto Rico, where it will arrive

HIGH HONOR AT ANNAPOLIS WON BY BIRMINGHAM BOY

RALPH M'DOWELL

son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McDowell of Easley, a Birmingham man at United States Naval academy, who has just been made a cadet rank of senior lieutenant. Only the regimental commander with the cadet rank of senior lieutenant outrank him. commander and four battalion commanders

THE LOS ANGELES RECORD

MIDDIES' BALL, AGLEAM WITH BEAUTIFUL GIRLS AND MUCH GOLD BRAID, A BIG SUCC

WINS RECOGNITION AT NAVAL SCHOOL

Frank Courtney Commended for Work in Title Role of Class Play, "Raffles."

That Frank C. Courtney, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Courtney, West Ohio

MIDDIES TO BE HONORED BY FAIREST

1500 Invitations Are Issued to Leading Lights of Southern Society to Attend Brilliant Ball at Shrine Auditorium Tonight

Eight Hundred and Sixty Future Admirals Will Reach City Today With Arrival of Warships; Special Events Are Arranged

MIDDIES MAY NOT GO TO THE EXPOSITION

Canal Is Regarded Unnavigable Battleships

OFFICIALS IN CONFERENCE.

Are Now Devising Plans to Have Summer Cruise in Home Waters As Substitute.

It is very much now as though a regiment of midshipmen will not be sent to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at all, and in consequence the Navy academy authorities are now considering another plan for the disposing of summer practice cruises of the midshipmen.

This situation has been precipitated by the announcement of Colonel Goethals, of the Army, who has charge of the building of the Canal, that the new waterway on the Pacific side will not be ready for the passage of the U. S. battleships

Lieut. Pace Haynes, of the U. S. navy, left this morning for Washington, D. C., leaving immediately for Annapolis. He spent his vacation at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Haynes and his circle of friends have enjoyed his home-coming.

Midshipman Theodore Andrew Meyers picture was in Saturday's Times, illustrating the news that he was the first other Chicago boys would go from Annapolis into the war. The name under the picture was Andrew Hanger, the middy's story, more being omitted. The reader who sees the error thinks that "As Theodore will undoubtedly be heard of in the future, it is well that Our Theodore get used to the name.

Ye Good Old Navy

Forerunner of the Rigging Loft

EXTRACTS *from the* GREAT *and* NEAR-GREAT

Steamer Drill—Officer: What time is it, Mr. Taylor?
Kaad: About eight minutes to release.

O. O. D. at Staff Table: Chase the cow down this wa y please.
Gruff D. O.: Hey, boy, take the cow down where the calf is bawling.

Henry Moore, after a complete swabo in Juice: Sir, where are you going to take off three-tenths for missing message today?

Swabo: The anchor is secured by the davits in the hawse-pipe.

Cobb: What time does 9.30 bust?

Dago Ran: Whut chu meen you say, J'ai faim, I have woomen.

Habby: Stay where you damn are then. Hay T'ug, yuh draggin' tuh the Tanksgiving hop?

Olly: Iss not very briyant recitashun Musur Bullen' You got not mennie mundts more befor dee semy annul examinashuns an you doan know mooch. Aye tink some of our frens mus dayparte an eet will not be dose in dee firs seckshun.

Foolish G: You got two things, one in this hand and one in that, ta da ta da ta da.

Cow: Who's the seckun seck-shun leader? Take your lunch hooks off that switch, Mr. Fisher. Does this seck-shun understand its instruck-shuns for these connecks-shuns? Well, put 'em in again. Where did you get that datur, Mr. Harrison? Very strange, if true. Thirteen thousand watts with a current of one-fifth of an ampere.

Coggsy (to man making very poor recitation): Sketch me a snatch-block.

Max: You want to know what holds that drum up there. Two dotted lines hold that drum up there. I don't like boilers, anyhow. I like watches and bicycles. Take slips, gentlemen, no blanks today. Now we start the daily game—second class versus the gouge.

Cow: Mr. Bennehoff, will you please act as interpreter and explain to Mr. Habrylewicz the meaning of numerical sequence.

The Oeuf: If yer thandin' in the middle of a road and a felly cums down the road in a machine at twenty-five knots, an yuh get in, yuh got twenty-five mileth uh win' blowin' in yer faithe, won't it? Huh? If the targeth movin' to the lef' 'ith movin' those many yardth, ain't it? Thath the spirut uh the Nevvy, tuh 'ell with yuh, Jack, I'm all right. Ain't it? Huh?

Whitfield: Take a light and look for the explosive gases. Also be sure there is no sentiment in the feed-water.

George: (Requisition plebe summer) One tooth and shoe brush.

Kidd (upon receiving one of many letters) My God! If these women would only leave me alone.

Pursell: Select a camp-site with the wind blowing away from it.

Sinn Clare: You wouldn't understand women if you knew them for a hundred years.
Pink N Harry: Sir, I am not particular about understanding them. I just like to be with them.

Seamanship Prof: If a German sailor murdered a French officer on a British ship in an American port, what do?
McCartin (hopefully): Arrest them both.
Prof: What???
Mac: Oh! no, sir, hold the dead one for evidence.

Walrus (dictee): Ker la per teet Hellun ate her urs, (repeats rapidly). I've said it four times. If you don't get it, it's not my fault.

Remington: Mr. Scott, meet my roommate, Miss Blank.

Si Perkins: I don't like the stuff: it doesn't agree with me; I just can't drink it. Just a wee morsel, please.

Hank F.: Now have I answered your question? I don't believe I have. I wonder do I make myself clear? No! I don't believe I do.

Flagg: How are we to address our baggage when we don't know where our ship is?
Mike Flynn: Why in a case like that, send it in care of Postmaster.

Georgie Ross: Oh, thir, I knowed how to thpell it, but my chalk thlipped.

Jupp's classification of Contraband according to Grotius:
Things useful only in war.
Things useful only in peace.
Things useful during neither war nor peace, such as statuary and painting.

Quartermaster at Drill: Who knows what a 'hank' is?
Dodge: That's what a social bud blows her nose in.

Connolly: Pud, if you want to do me a big favor, just go out and talk me up to her.

Barringer (at staff table): His stupidity was appalling.

Leventen: Where does the helmsman go when it rains?

At a dinner in Frisco: Mr. Moore, will you have an oyster cocktail?
Henry: No, I'll have a glass of beer, please.

Browning (taking sights): I wonder how they keep the mercury horizontal.

Phenomena: What's your topic.?
Geiselman: Lamentations of an armature core.

Iverson: The head of the comet is made up of two parts—the comma and the mucilage, the comma being in the glowing edge of the mucilage.

Pat: Mr. Perkins, name the fittings of this boiler.
Si: Exhaust and—
Pat: Absurd! Ridiculous! Go over and stand in the corner.

Allan Flagg: Sir, what is a good anecdote for Nitric Acid?

Hawkins: In getting up anchor at night, leave P on the blinker.

Baldwin: The function of the muscles is to hold the bones together.

Perkins (quoting Shakespeare):

I am an old man, broken with the storms of state,
Come to lay my weary bones among ye.

Plonk (describing a movie): It was so exciting, I ate four bags of peanuts in ten minutes.

Sol Phillips (sketching): Sir, shall I put this space in or leave it out?

Swabo Courtney: Do the gunners aim at the target or at the splash-diagram!

Shipp: Now it's not A-A-A-A, and it's not A-A-A prime, but it's A-A-A-A-A double prime.

Smoof Cobb: Sir, are we using both propellers, the starboard engine doesn't seem to be turning over.
Chief Engineer: My God, man, we're at anchor.

Whispering J.: Captain, are you sleeping in your hammock there below?

Hound: Now what's that rotating band used for?
Habby: to keep down the longitudinal stress in the base of the projectile.

G-nom-e Grimm: I don't hope so.

Breed: Sir, how much does this pound of air weigh?

Jimwhiffel: A dinjy is a small market-boat used by the captain and called a jig.

Busk: Section rise. Pass out.

Olaf: These floating mines, sir. They're anchored, aren't they?

Flagg: My goodness, I heaved all the spoons overboard.

Cow: The order distinctly calls for eyelets on each page, Mr. Perkins, eyelets on each page.

Our Adjutant: Hey, mister, you crummy looking individual, what's your name?
Sherman, sir!

G-nom-e: Hear about the dirty shirt? That's the one you've got on.

Bos'n's Spanish: Bum-boat-O, come alongside-o.

Jimmy-James: Where's your R. A. M. O.?
Henry: We haven't drawn it yet, sir.

Jimwhiffel: The four requisitions of an aeroplane engine are—

Habby: The stern-tube bearing is made of cotton, soaked in linseed oil.

Name two diseases transmitted by insects.

ACADEMIC SLANG DICTIONARY

A DICTIONARY *of the* MIDSHIPMEN'S LANGUAGE

Absolute Zero—Entire absence of B. T. U.'s; sufficiently frigid to congeal the ears of a phosphor bronze monkey of standard dimensions.

Academic Board—Coroner's jury convened twice a year to clear the profs of manslaughter charge.

Amount Available—Purely imaginary mathematical conception increasing inversely as the cost of living; what makes the mare mark time.

Anchor Man—Hairbreadth Harry; the last in file; the rear guard of the class.

Anchor Watch (obsolete)—Naval Intelligence Agent, generally of fourth class, formerly stationed at strategic points to obtain advance information on tactical maneuvers of the O. C. during the production of smoke screen.

Ans—Second Battle of the Marne; yearly orgy of slaughter held by the Academic Department.

Ballyboo—Any condemned battleboat of vintage earlier than 1880, detailed for service on a midshipmen's cruise.

Bat (*v*)—To strike with irresistible and crushing force, as a Bones exam; to knock for a ghoul.

Bat (*n*)—Battalion; (wing of Bancroft Hall).

Battle Wagon—Any capital ship; any iron ship with wooden complement; bateau grande.

B. C.—Busted Candidate; aspirante de marine, who has failed to realize his aspirations.

Bilge (*v*)—To join the back-to-the-farm movement; to go by the board; to be cast into outer darkness.

Bilger—Ex-midshipman; deceased occupant of the vacant chair; lost at sea.

Binnacle List—Those hors de combat; refugees from the Academic Departments, hiding in Sick Bay in the clutch of the Medical Department.

Blind (*a*)—Unconscious of danger, heedless of risk. To drag—; to escort the friend of a friend; more broadly to take a chance.

Blinker—Three-tenths off your Seamanship recitation.

Blood—One of the Four Hundred; lifelong acquaintance of J. P. Morgan, the De Puy Puysters, et. al. One who wears a monocle and a cane in all kinds of weather, or breaks out a greasy blou for an inside formation.

Bluff—To conceal by means of historical allusion, classic English, and involved scientific analysis of doubtful water-tight properties an absolute ignorance of the lessons assigned.

Boiler Compound—Acid applied to Mess Hall offerings, to reduce chances of scurvy.

Bone (*v*)—To study; to put on the cerebral machinery; the last resort of the mentally deficient.

BOY

Bones (*n*)—Naval Hygiene or the evils of alcohol, tobacco, and shell fire in three reels.

Boy, Mess—Garcon de la table; cumulo nimbus cloud in the employ of the Commissary Department.

Boy, Corridor—The white wings on duty on the decks of Bancroft Hall.

Brick—Any female built on battle cruiser lines; any member of the fair sex making false representations; one who violates man's hereditary right to be ugly.

BRICK

B. T. U.—Present in all matter except radiators.

Bull (*n*)—A hot line; fuel of the Mexican athlete; contents of the windjammer's gravity tanks.

Bull (*v*)—To indulge in the national pastime of Mexico; to pass the honey; to heave the hop.

Bust (*v*)—To gum the deal; to make a snatch-block of yourself; to make a faux pas.

Busted—Deprived of rank; reduced, not in the ordinary department store sense of the word.

Buzzard—Eagle above chevrons, the heraldic device of the petty officer; insignia of the foolish virgins sans oil.

Buzzer—Three-tenths off your Juice mark.

C. & S.—Clean and sober, only recently introduced into naval parlance.

CANDIDATE

Candidate—On the verge of insanity; generally a hot sketch preparing to take the veil.

Canned Willie—Product obtained by treating meat condemned during the Spanish-American War with Potassium Cyanide, Muriatic Acid and TNT.

Capsule A—Standard Navy remedy for influenza, indigestion, measles, scurvy, typhus, leprosy, flat feet and housemaids' knee.

Catch—To catch one—To surreptitiously emulate a destroyer making smoke screen.

Caulk Off—To remove the caulk from the deck by continuously lying thereon; to woo Morpheus out of hours.

Chow—Term coming from the Chinese for sustenance; generally applied to all species of food, edible or otherwise.

Christmas Tree—The proscribed of Sulla; warned of the wrath to come; list of those in no danger of starring for the first term.

Cit—On the outside looking in; a civilian.

Cits—Civilian raiment; the royal purple of Sep leave and Christmastide.

Clean Sleever—High private in the rear rank; one who "has created grave doubts as to his fitness for the Naval Service."

Collision Mats—Species of griddle cakes of high elastic strength; made of condemned cordage, cast-off footwear, vulcanized rubber and coal tar residue.

Com—The Judge, Jury, Prosecuting Attorney, and Coroner; Commandant of Midshipmen.

Crab—Fair denizen of Crabtown.

Crab Fleet—Back channel ballyhoos, so named because of their propensities to walk sideways.

Crabtown—The suburbs of the Naval Academy; built in 1546 and completed the following year.

Cross-Country—Former weekly constitutional of those members of the Radiator Club not on the weak squid.

Cough B—Standard preparation applied in cases not covered by Capsule A.

Dago—The native patter of Jean d'Arc and Don Quixote; any of the romance languages sans romance.

Day's Work—The third degree in Nav; test for which the midshipmen are allowed two hours.

Demerits—Small masses of matter acting in accordance with the law of gravitation; the only thing the O. C. was ever known to give anybody.

Dope—The latest misinformation; a calorific line; piece de resistance of the anvil chorus.

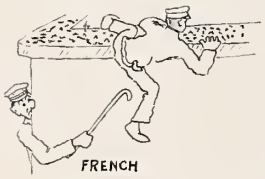
Drag—To escort a femme to a hop, game, etc.

Duty—Standing watch and watch with yourself for twenty-four hours. *Extra*—Saturday afternoon purgatory of the insurgent class; doomed for a certain time to walk the terrace.

4.0—The maximum mark given for memorizing text, punctuation and date of publication of any scientific work.

Femme—Scandinavian for lass.

Forty Per Cent.—A conservative Harvard professor asserts that forty per cent. of the midshipmen are crazy; *Club*— those in advance stages of insanity.


FRENCH

Foufou—Powder not of the gun or bug variety.

French — To leave the Academic limits without the usual side honors; to jump ship; to make a liberty over the wall.

Fruit — Something soft, like a Bones' exam.

Function—An unknown quantity, half candidate, half plebe.

Fuss—To blossom out; to engage in tea fighting or other reprehensible social practices.

Fusser—A parlor snake; a drawing room reptile; anyone capable of balancing a tea cup in one hand and talking with his mouth full of sandwiches.

Goat—The under dog; the center of impact.

Gonk—That part of the superstructure above the load collar line; top hamper (in the majority of cases).

Googoo—Philippino mess boy.

Gouge (n)—Solution of exam or P-work; water wings for the wooden prof.

Gouge (v)—To violate the rules of warfare; to obtain information otherwise than as prescribed by Naval Academy regs.

Grade—List of those "at home" during current academic months.

Grad Terms—Legitimate form of blackmail; pitfall of the gullible.

GRADE

Grease (v)—To apply oil in excessive quantities; to boot-lick; to make flowery ovations.

Grease (n)—Golden opinions; good standing at court.

Greaser—The boy who brings teacher an apple every morning.

Gyrene—Marine; sea-going soldier and landlubbery sailor, but a real fighting man.

Hell Cats—Agents of the Evil One, sent to arouse the dead; two bluejackets and a gyrene with drum and bugle, in the role of angel Gabriel at 6.20 A. M.

HELL CATS

Holy Joe — The sky pilot; celestial navigator of the Naval Academy; Chaplain.

Hop—Former fortnightly diversion of the pampered darlings; so called because some are unable to dance.

Hundredth Night—Hundred nights before graduation; all side arms except knives abolished at supper.

Hustlers—Those who make the team but don't get an N; the center of impact in the Varsity's battle practice.

James Limbs (Jimmy Legs)—One of the cordion of yard police, trained in handling riots, detailed to prevent the pampered pets from tearing their trou on the barbed wire entanglements of the wall.

Johnny Gow—Descendant of Judge Jeffery and emissary of the Spanish Inquisition, responsible for the subject of mechanism.

Juice—Punishment prepared for the damned; shocking revelations of a naval electrician.

June Week (obsolete)—So called because of the general prevalence of heavy rainfall at that time.

King's Own Rifles—Picked company who shoulder arms every Saturday; extra duty squad.

Late Blast—"A" sharp, sounded on the bugle anywhere from one to four minutes after formation. *Late Blast Shirt*—Shirt readily adapted to quick adjustment.

Liberty—See Declaration of Independence; life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Log—Academy Nautical Almanac; the Weekly Mistake; rival of the Evening Calamity and Saturday Evening Post.

Lovers Lane—An open gravel path devoid of all shelter, the whole of which is visible from any window of Bancroft Hall.

Man Overboard—A spoon capsized in a cup, eminent danger of strangulation.

MAN OVERBOARD

Masqueraders—The local Thespians; home talent behind the footlights.

Math—Born October, 1914, died February, 1917; "Requiescat in Pace."

May Pole—Those in danger of becoming persona non grata; list of candidates for the Academic axe, published early in the spring.

Mess Gear—Coaling apparatus rigged thrice daily.

Mess Hall—So called because the midshipmen are fed there.

Middie—Term of endearment inflicted on the chosen few by the Associated Press and those who write Naval Academy romances.

MOKE

M. C.—Midshipmen in charge of deck; the center of dispersion when anybody gets ragged on his deck.

Moke—Sunburned Adonis; the man without a country.

Morgue—Place of incarceration of the ship's supply of meat; air-tight isolation ward of the more pungent of the vessel's viands.

Nav—That science which enabled Noah to beach the ark on Mt. Ararat.

Non Reg.—Pertaining or characteristic of the insurgent class; not afflicted with overwhelming sense of duty; see Herodotus on "Damocles."

O. C.—Officer in Charge; Grand Sultan of Bancroft Hall; our prison warden.

O. D.—Officer of the Day; the O. C.'s jumping-jack.

Oil—Chewing tobacco; liquid fuel which may be consumed without generation of smoke; *Burner*—One who indulges in the lady-like habit of chewing tobacco.

Ordnance—Science invented by Prof. Walter Lucian Taylor; enables one to find omeggar sub-alpher, knowing f.

Pampered Pets—Deflammatory and scurrilous title applied to inmates of the Naval Academy by benevolent congressmen.

Pap—The daily publication of the Discipline Department; list of the previous day's casualties; *to frap the pap:* to have one's name inscribed thereon.

Pink Hash—Savory product of the Naval Cuisine, confined chiefly to midshipmen's cruises; exhumed horse flesh, chopped up fine to prevent its walking off.

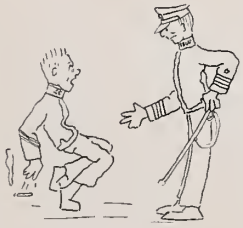
Plebe (obsolete; now fourth classmen)—The representative of the vulgar throng; the masses; those present but not voting.

P-rade—Parade; Inauguration, Dewey's Funeral, etc.

P-Work—Practical work; any two-hour engagement with a department, illustrating the difference between theory and practice.

Queen—A cold 4.0; descriptive of the "Girl Back Home"; cold, because of frigid properties generally attaching to same.

Radiator Club—Naval Academy Lodge of the I. W. W. (meaning, I won't work.) Society for the Prevention of Over-Activity at the Academy, deriving its name from the usual trysting-place of its members.


RAG

Rag—To terminate a race successfully; to catch or clutch anyone in the act. *To rag the marks;* to surreptitiously obtain the Standing of the Clubs while the prof is Caulking Off.

Rates—Draco's unwritten code; the laws of the Medes and Persians as amended by midshipmen legislators; the proof of R.H.I.P.

Ratey—Applied to one who violates Boyle's Laws; in the danger space; see non-reg. Also applied to senior officer present.

Red-eye—Disinfectant for mess hall chow. "Set sail the *Red-eye;*" kindly pass the ketchup.

RED EYE

Red Mike—Fortunate being, generally of an optimistic temperament, free from entangling alliances; misogynist; one who habitually keeps out of range of maneuvering mammas and designing debutantes.

Reg (a)—Regulation; according to Hoyle and in perfect accord with the practice of the Best Families; living on a Rankine Cycle.

Reg (n)—Anyone of the n + 1 rules governing military life.

Reina—Floating palace made in Spain under direction of the Spanish Inquisition and designed for use as a cold storage for the insurgent class.

Req—Requisition; a written request for anything from two thumb tacks to week-end leave in Chicago.

Review of Reviews—Literary metaphor used to designate hash in all stages of oxidation.

Rhino—Radiating gloom; cheerful as an open grave.

R. H. I. P.—"Rank Has Its Privilege"; unwritten preamble to the Articles for the Government of the Navy.

Run—To make a snatch-block of anyone; mild form of hazing.

Salt Horse—Carne del caballo subjected to electroplating process to prevent oxidation; horse flesh carefully embalmed and "good till used."

Sat—On soundings; to windward of a 2.5; in the manageable semi-circle.

Savoir—Anyone equipped with mental installation of 3.00 k. w. or above.

Savvy—Pertaining to or characteristic of a savoir; muy sabio.

Scuttle Butt—Mechanical device for diluting and heating sea-water for drinking purposes.

Sea Gull—Poultry which has served over twelve years with the colors; chicken down to fighting weight.

Sec Nav—The Secretary of the Navy.

Semi-Ans—The first battle of the Marne; Mid-winter drive of the Academic Departments.

Senior Asst.—The Senior Assistant to the Commandant, now known as Executive Officer, Bancroft Hall.

Sep Leave—Yearly pilgrimage of the pampered pet to his native heath; thirty days in God's country.

Shivering Liz—Delicatessen product of the Commissary Department; a normal solution of hydrated glue with a mixture of shellac and turpentine.

Sick Bay—Rest for the weary; a good lee just before an academic typhoon.

Skinny—Physics and Chemistry in concentrated doses, treatment extending over one year.

Sleep—A misnomer; interval from sunset to sunrise; used in computation of hour angle of any given event, as for instance, graduation.

Sleuth—Cerberus; Lord High Jimmy Legs; James Limb Plenipotentiary, ex officio, ad interim, per se, ad infinitum.

SLUM

Slum—Chemical compound of somewhat hazy constitutents, possessing supposedly nutritious properties.

Smoke Hall—Supersedes the rendezvous of the Radiator Club, Forty Percent. Club and Fatima Fraternity first class year.

SNAKE

Snake (*n*)—Social Aid; one versed in the art of passing the honey to the Rocking Chair Brigade, Yard—: habitue of King's Palaces and Officer's Quarters.

Snake (*v*)—To engage in a social raid; to eat out among 'em.

Sob Sunday—Baccalaureate Sunday; occasion for weeping and gnashing of teeth on the part of fond parents; uniform: handkerchiefs and smelling salts.

Soup Strainer (*n+1*)—Blou used for inside formations and dark days.

Speed Cones—Croquettes made according to Bureau of Standards' Specification.

Spoon on—To knock off rates with a plebe (by shaking hands with it.)

Spot (*v*)—To report; to throw or frap anyone on the pap; see rag.

Spuds—Potatoes enlisted in the naval service.

Squid—Corruption of Squad.

WEAK SQUID

Stag—Parasite of the hop, one who drags, chaperones, and entertains himself.

Star—Anyone having a safety factor greater than 3.4; batting in Ty Cobb's league; see savoir.

Statement—The deadly weapon of the sea lawyer; attempt to establish an alibi.

Steam—Investigations of reasons for explosion of Boiler No. 3.

Stove, Oil—The silver-plated, diamond-studded trophy bestowed by unanimous vote upon that individual most successful in concealing any suggestion of mentality.

St. Johnny—Local Kaydet; inmate of the St. John's Seminary.

Swedish Gymnast—Involuntary athlete; member of the weak squad; an adroit performer on "wopes," "boomp," and "wa' bars."

Swabo (*n*)—Absolute zero; zip; a red disc waved violently across the target to indicate that if the target was a man the marksman on the firing line would never be hanged for murder. *Mental*—Nothing above the eyebrows but heavy timber; one whose center of gravity is somewhere above the chin.

Supe—The King of Siam; Czar of Academic Limits, holding office by virtue of the Divine Right of Kings.

Tea Fight—Any of the more aggravated forms of society function; for instance a Saturday afternoon "at home," or a meeting of the Rocking Chair Brigade.

TENDENCY

Tea Hound—Tea cup acrobat; see snake, also, fusser.

Tecumseh—The God of 2.5; wooden god Baal worshipped by the wooden man; guardian angel of the Bone-Dome Squad.

Tendency—A draft of air outboard, produced by systematic arrangement of doors, windows, transoms, etc.; a necessary condition for catching a smoke without straining diplomatic relations with the O. C.

Tough (*n*)—A hard guy; a rough egg; calorific stuff.

Tough (*a*)—Tough as the proverbial sea gull.

Tree—Weekly publication issued by a department, containing a list of those academically absent during the past week; the writing on the wall.

Trou—Trousers; more broadly, pants. *High Water*—Trou which do not reach down to mean high water level when topping lifts are set taut.

2.5—The minimum allowable factor of safety, water just in sight in the water gage.

Unsat—On a lee shore; to leeward of a 2.5; in the dangerous semi-circle.

Valentine—A suggestion from the See Nav that your resignation would not be unwelcome.

White House—See Reina.

Wooden—Nothing above the collar but a heavy thirst; nobody to answer the door bell; illuminative reason, 20 candle-power or below.

Youngster—Past plebe; large stockholder in terrestrial real estate.

Zip—See Swabo.

YOUNGSTER

MILESTONES

THAT HAVE MARKED OUR PASSAGE

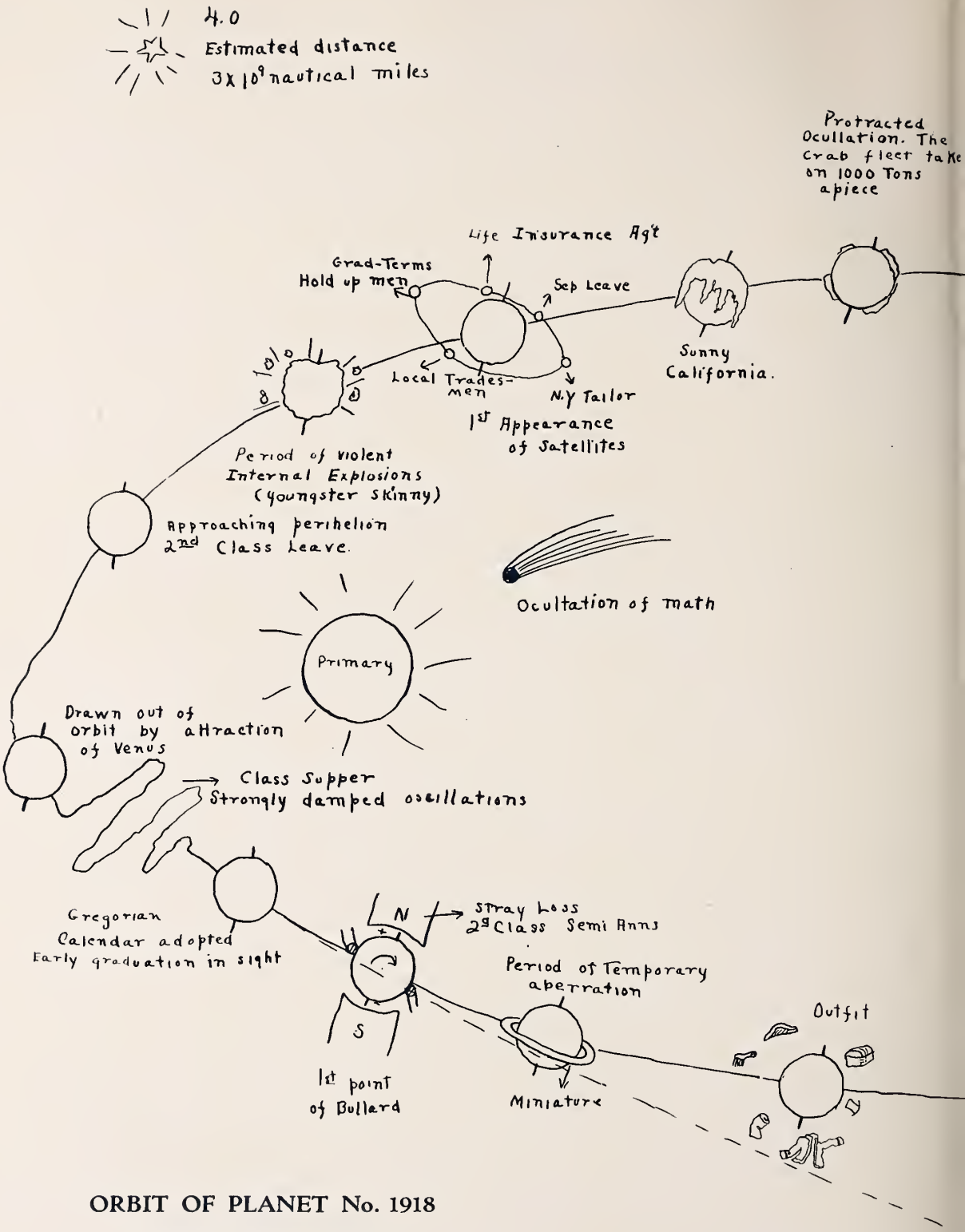
Changes! Changes! Verily, 1918, thy middle name is changes. Ten days after we entered, the June bilgers were sent to join the vessels of the Practice Squadron—a thing undreamed of before. Khaki uniforms became the vogue two months after our entrance, and with their arrival, blue service at drills ceased to exist. We sported that same khaki, too, in Baltimore, in the first P-rade outside of Annapolis for plebes in lo! these many years. Of course we had our own little cruise up the Bay while the upper classmen were on leave.

With October and the upper classmen, came ensignette caps, and constantly shifting striper lists. About this time the business concerns that had been reaping a rich harvest in the basement of Bancroft Hall were ejected. Extra study squads were inaugurated and attendance was at first forcible, and later voluntary.

Then July, 1915, brought the end of hazing and of dope for exams. We returned from our semi-Sep leave to find plebes with green overcoats, youngsters with hop liberty, and second classmen visiting Annapolis Sunday afternoons. A month later we enjoyed the first over-night liberty ever granted midshipmen at an Army-Navy game, and on our return to Annapolis found another choice gift in the way of three days Christmas leave.

Later, cross-country walks on Thursdays were knocked off after New Year's Day, while at the same time reveille inspections became so rigid that "sleeping in" lost its attractiveness. There was an increase in the number of companies and a complete change in first class insignia. Also the Reina became a home for first offense smokers —in fact, even the routine of those poor wretches changed, for they were required to dine on board the old battlewagon.

Next October saw a plebe class of double the normal size, and we found ourselves again in plebe rooms, plebes in first class rooms, and the upper classes lost at formations among the swarms of fourth classmen. But we also found Saturday night liberties, regular weekly informals, permission to make small cash purchases at the store, and a big Christmas leave. It was along about this time that dope began to come true, and things happened to break up Academy routine so rapidly that no one can tell what changes are permanent, and what temporary. But we seriously doubt if any class of any school, cit or Service, can beat 1918's record of changes.



ORBIT OF PLANET No. 1918

Constructed from Data compiled by Eastport School of Astronomy

First appeared as nebulous matter, June 10, 1914.
Lost to science by total disintegration June 28, 1917.
Sidereal period—1114 days and a sleep.
Eccentricity—40%.
Primary—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

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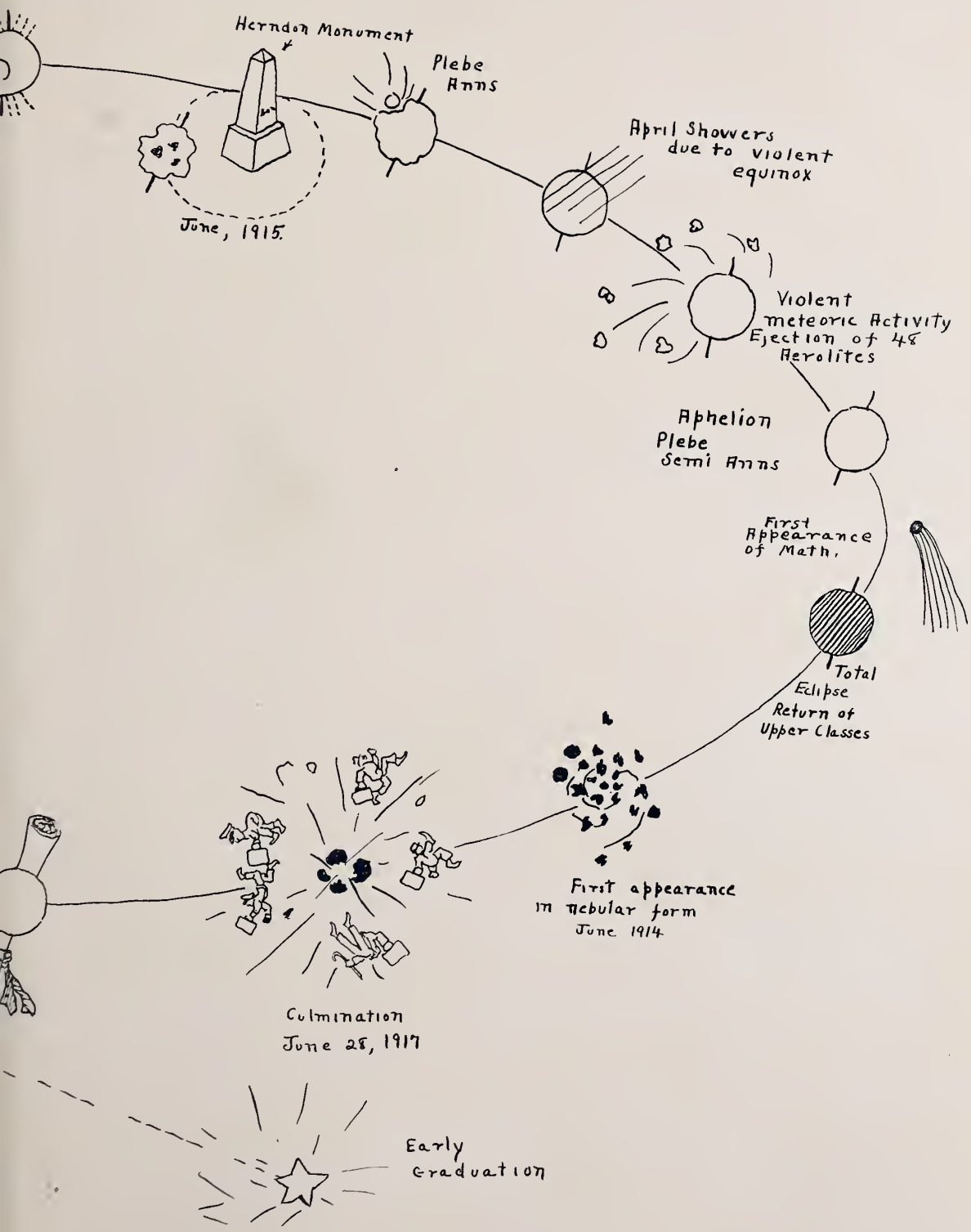
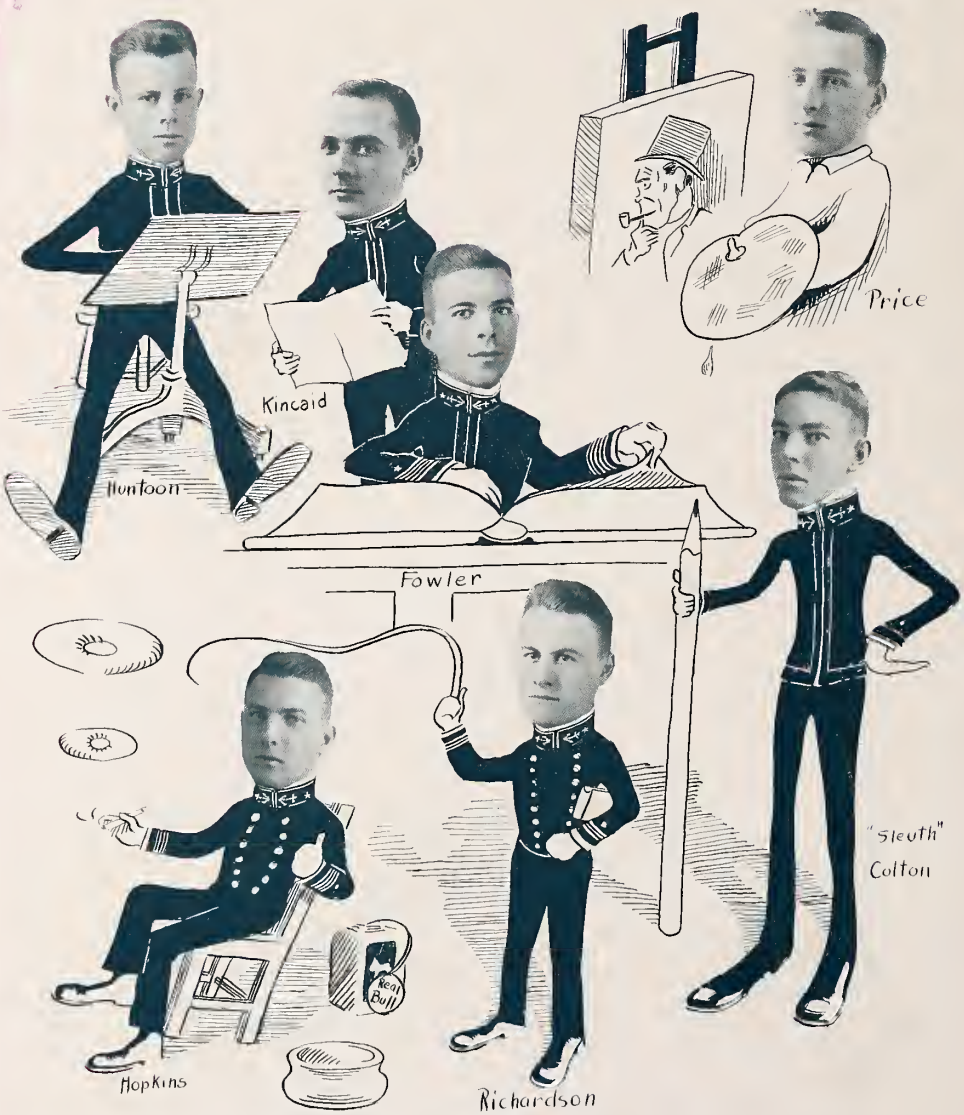


LUCKY BAG STAFF



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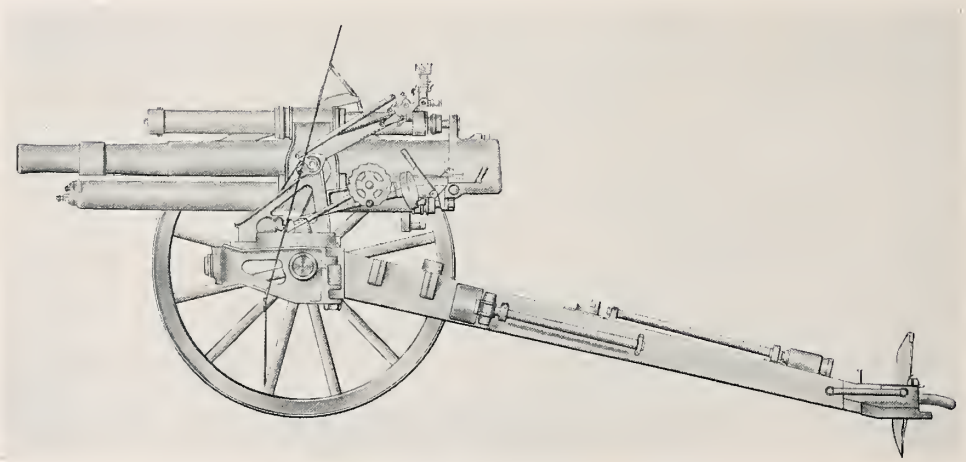

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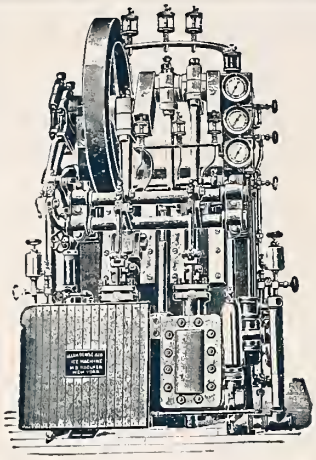

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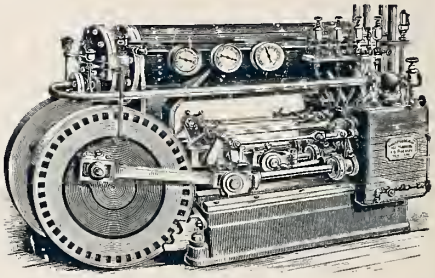

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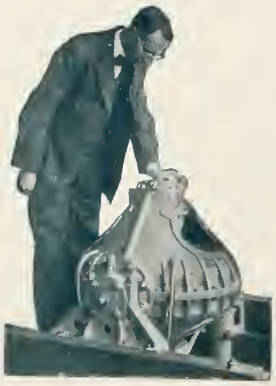

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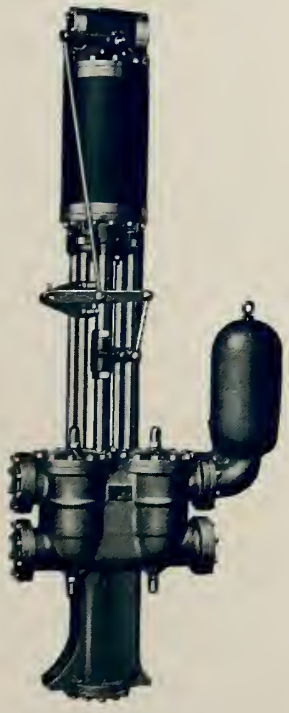

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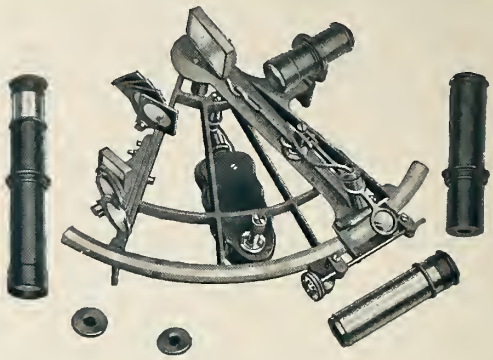

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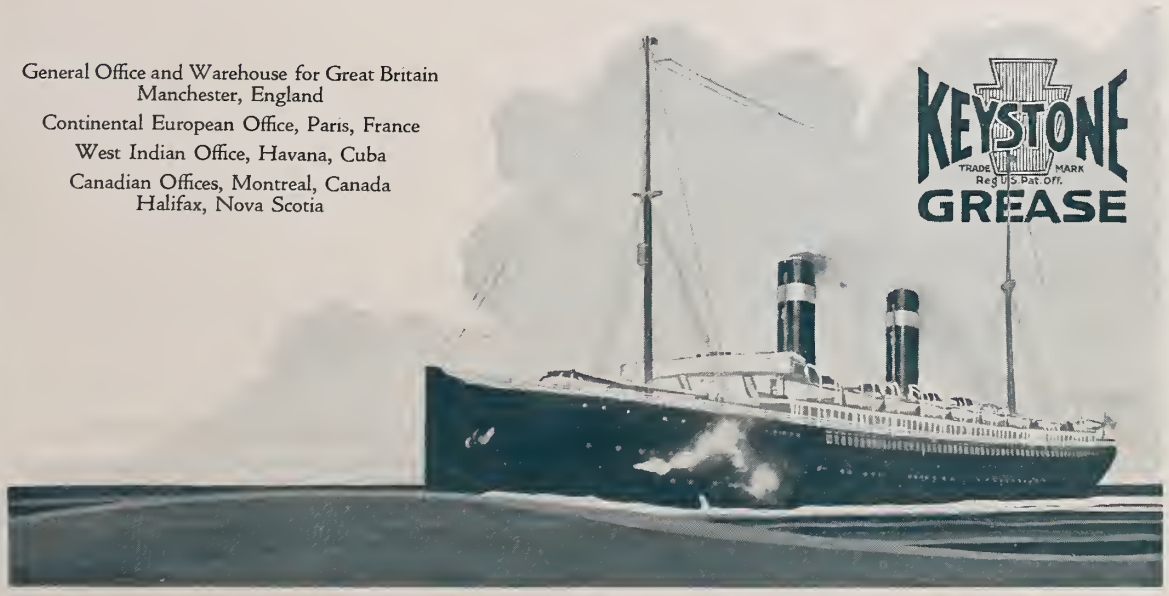

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